THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JAN. 8, 1916 — 5cts. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
Z. P. NIKOLAKI

Are We Downhearted? No!—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Men Who Sell Motor Cars Know The Worth Of

HYATT

QUIET BEARINGS

"The average owner today does not want to trouble with the mechanism of his car. He never needs to touch the bearings if his automobile is Hyatt equipped."

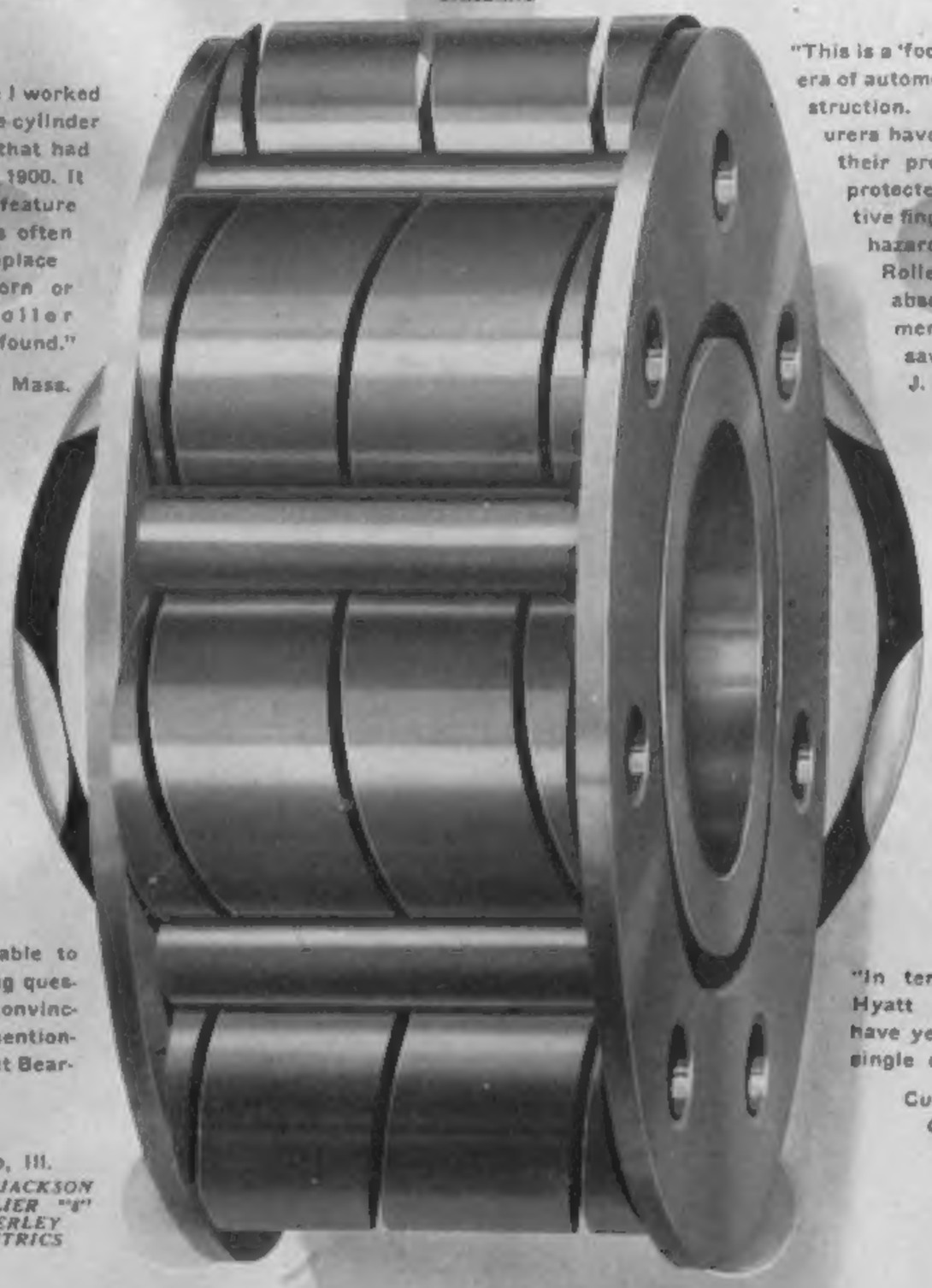
L. S. Vaughan, Oklahoma City, Okla.
OAKLAND

"At one time I worked on the one-cylinder Cadillac cars that had been run since 1900. It was a notable feature that while it was often necessary to replace other parts, a worn or defective Hyatt Roller Bearing was never found."

E. F. Guinazzo, Boston, Mass.
PAIGE

"This is a 'fool proof' era of automobile construction. Manufacturers have learned that their product must be protected against inquisitive fingers as well as the hazards of use. Hyatt Roller Bearings require absolutely no adjustment and no attention, save occasional oiling."

J. E. Staley, Des Moines, Ia.
KING



"Hyatt Roller Bearings give most satisfactory service at the points where stress and friction are greatest. They represent the difference between bearing satisfaction and trouble."

Albert E. Huyt,
Chicago, Ill.
CHEVROLET-MONROE

"I have paid special attention to the performance of automobile bearings and Hyatt Quiet Roller Bearings have proved the most dependable yet manufactured for use in motor vehicles."

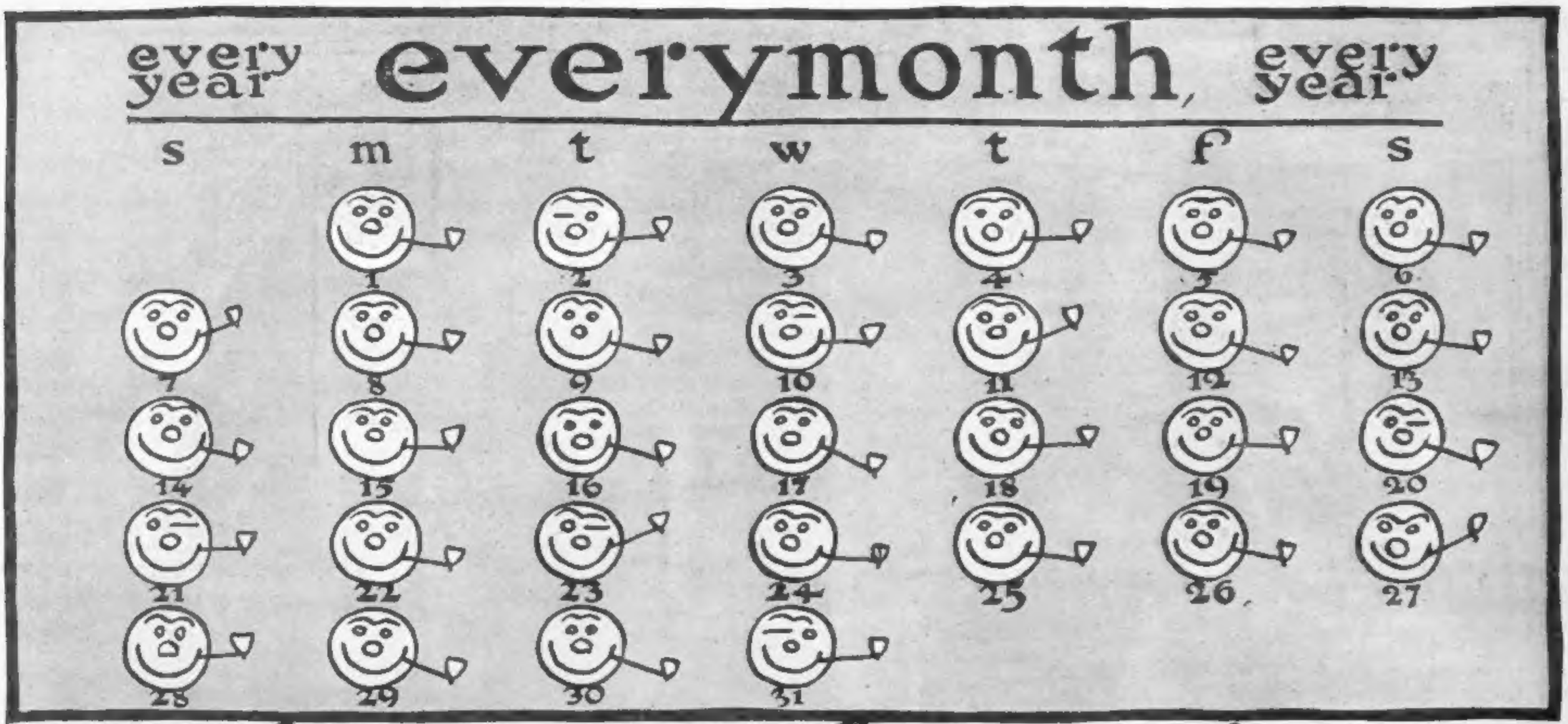
Thomas A. Murphy,
Portland, Ore.
FORD

"Our salesmen are able to dispose of the bearing question quickly and convincingly, simply by mentioning that Hyatt Quiet Bearings are used."

F. D. Cerf,
Chicago, Ill.
EMPIRE-JACKSON
HOLLIER "8"
WAVERLEY
ELECTRICS

"In ten years of selling Hyatt equipped cars, I have yet to come across a single dissatisfied user."

Curtis M. Betts,
Chicago, Ill.
MITCHELL



happy days!

"Tux" is the happy smoke. It just packs the smoker's calendar so plumb full of fragrant delight that a gloomy day can't crowd itself in edgewise. That mild, soothing taste of "Tux" has introduced many a man to the joy of pipe-smoking and a regular unending procession of happy days.

WILLIAM COLLIER
Actor—Popular Comedian

"My pipe is always Tuxedo-filled. I tried other tobaccos before I discovered Tuxedo. Now there IS no other."

William Collier

Tuxedo

The Perfect Pipe Tobacco

By far the most pleasant pipe-smoke in the world is Tuxedo. With Tuxedo you can smoke your pipe all day, and day after day, without a particle of discomfort. Because the rich, sun-ripened Burley leaf for Tuxedo is *nature-aged* for three to five years. *Then* the original "Tuxedo Process" removes every trace of bite and irritation.

There is only *one* "Tuxedo Process"—that's why there *cannot* be another tobacco like Tuxedo. The "Tuxedo Process" has been imitated many times, but *never* successfully.

Smoke Tuxedo for a week and you'll know you've found the tobacco that's plumb full of content and satisfaction.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped moisture-proof pouch . . . 5c
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c

Famous green tin with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c
In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

IVORY SOAP appeals to men. Its quick lather and easy rinsing save time. Its purity and quality enable it to cleanse thoroughly and without irritation. It floats conveniently at hand. It leaves no odor. And it sells at a price that makes it a superior value.

IVORY SOAP.....

.....99 44/100% PURE

IT FLOATS

Factories at Ivorydale, Ohio; Port Ivory, New York; Kansas City, Kansas; Hamilton, Canada.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright 1916
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 188 *PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 8, 1916* *Number 28*

"Are We Downhearted? No!"

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THERE are certain people who will never understand this story, people who live their lives by rule of thumb. Little lives they are, too, measured by the letter and not the spirit. Quite simple too. Right is right and wrong is wrong.

That shadowy No Man's Land between the trenches of virtue and sin, where most of us fight our battles and are wounded, and even die, does not exist for them.

The boy in this story belonged to that class. Even if he reads it he may not recognize it. But he will not read it or have it read to him. He will even be somewhat fretful if it comes his way.

"If that's one of those problem things," he will say, "I don't want to hear it. I don't see why nobody writes adventure any more."

Right is right and wrong is wrong. Seven words for a creed, and all of life to live!

This is not a war story. But it deals, as must anything that represents life in this year of our Lord of Peace, with war. With war in its human relations. Not with guns and trenches, but with men and women, with a boy and a girl.

For only in the mass is war vast. To the man in the trench it reduces itself to the man on his right, the man on his left, the man across, beyond the barbed wire, and a woman.

The boy was a Canadian. He was twenty-two and not very tall. His name in this story is Cecil Hamilton. He had won two medals for life-saving, each in a leather case. He had saved people from drowning. When he went abroad to fight he took the medals along. Not to show. But he felt that the time might come when he would not be sure of himself. A good many men on the way to war have felt that way. The body has a way of turning craven, in spite of high resolves. It would be rather comforting, he felt, to have those medals somewhere about him at that time. He never looked at them without a proud little intake of breath and a certain swelling of the heart.

She Took Out the Boy's Photograph and for a Long Time Sat and Looked at It

On the steamer he found that a medal for running had slipped into one of the cases. He rather chuckled over that. He had a sense of humor, in spite of his seven-word creed. And a bit of superstition, for that night, at dusk, he went out on to the darkened deck and flung it overboard.

The steamer had picked him up at Halifax—a cold dawn, with a few pinched faces looking over the rail. Forgive him if he swaggered up the gangway. He was twenty-two, he was a lieutenant, and he was a fighting man.

The girl in the story saw him then. She was up and about, in a short sport suit, with a white tam-o'-shanter on her head and a white woolen scarf tucked round her neck. Under her belted coat she wore a middy blouse, and when she saw Lieutenant Cecil Hamilton, with his eager eyes—not unlike her own, his eyes were, young and inquiring—she reached into a pocket of the blouse and dabbed her lips with a small stick of cold cream.

Cold air has a way of drying lips.

He caught her at it, and she smiled. It was all over for him then, poor lad!

Afterward, when he was in the trenches, he wondered about that. He called it "Kismet" to himself. It was really a compound, that first day or two, of homesickness and a little furtive stirring of anxiety and the thrill of new adventure that was in his blood.

On the second afternoon out they had tea together, she in her steamer chair and he calmly settled next to her, in a chair belonging to an irritated English lawyer. Afterward he went down to his cabin, hung round with his new equipment, and put away the photograph of a very nice Toronto girl, which had been propped up back of his hairbrushes.

They got rather well acquainted that first day.

"You know," he said, with his cup in one hand and a rather stale cake in the other, "it's awfully bully of you to be so nice to me."

She let that go. She was looking, as a matter of fact, after a tall man with heavily fringed eyes and English clothes, who had just gone by.

"You know," he confided—he frequently prefaced his speeches with that—"I was horribly lonely when I came up the gangway. Then I saw you, and you were smiling. It did me a lot of good."

"I suppose I really should not have smiled." She came back to him with rather an effort. "But you caught me, you know. It wasn't rouge. It was cold cream. I'll show you."

She unbuttoned her jacket, against his protest, and held out the little stick. He took it and looked at it.

"You don't need even this," he said rather severely. He disapproved of cosmetics. "You have a lovely mouth."

"It's rather large. Don't you think so?"

"It's exactly right."

He was young, and as yet more interested in himself than in anything in the world. So he sat there and told her who he was, and what he hoped to do and, rather to his own astonishment, about the medals.

"How very brave you are!" she said.

That made him anxious. He hoped she did not think he was swanking. It was only that he did not make friends easily, and when he did meet somebody he liked he was apt to forget and talk too much about himself. He was so afraid that he gulped down his tepid tea in a hurry and muttered something about letters to write, and got himself away. The girl stared after him with a pucker between her eyebrows. And the tall man came and took the place he vacated.

Things were worrying the girl—whose name, by the way, was Edith. On programs it was spelled "Edythe," but that was not her fault. Yes, on programs—Edythe O'Hara. The business manager had suggested deHara, but she had refused. Not that it mattered much. She had been in the chorus. She had a little bit of a voice, rather sweet, and she was divinely young and graceful.

In the chorus she would have remained, too, but for one of those queer shifts that alter lives. A girl who did a song and an eccentric dance had wrenched her knee, and Edith had gone on in her place. Something of her tomboy youth remained in her, and for a few minutes, as she frolicked over the stage, she was a youngster, dancing to her shadow.

She had not brought down the house, but a man with heavily fringed eyes, who watched her from the wings, made a note of her name. He was in America for music-hall material for England, and he was shrewd after the manner of his kind. Here was a girl who frolicked on the stage. The English, accustomed to either sensuous or sedate

dancing, would fall hard for her, he decided. Either that, or she would go "bla." She was a hit or nothing.

And that, in so many words, he told her that afternoon.

"Feeling all right?" he asked her.

"Better than this morning. The wind's gone down, hasn't it?"

He did not answer her. He sat on the side of the chair and looked her over.

"You want to keep well," he warned her. "The whole key to your doing anything is vitality. That's the word—Life."

She smiled. It seemed so easy. Life? She was full-fed with the joy of it. Even as she sat, her active feet in their high-heeled shoes were aching to be astir.

"Working in the gymnasium?" he demanded.

"Two hours a day, morning and evening. Feel."

She held out her arm to him, and he felt its small, rounded muscle, with a smile. But his heavily fringed eyes were on her face, and he kept his hold until she shook it off.

"Who's the soldier boy?" he asked suddenly.

"Lieutenant Hamilton. He's rather nice. Don't you think so?"

"He'll do to play with on the trip. You'll soon lose him in London."

The winter darkness closed down round them. Stewards were busy closing ports and windows with fitted cardboards. Through the night the ship would travel over the dangerous lanes of the sea with only her small port and starboard lights. A sense of exhilaration possessed Edith. This hurling forward over black water, this sense of danger, visualized by precautions, this going to something new and strange, set every nerve to jumping. She threw back her rug, and getting up went to the rail. Lethway, the manager, followed her.

"Nervous, aren't you?"

"Not frightened, anyhow."

It was then that he told her how he had sized the situation up. She was a hit or nothing.

"If you go all right," he said, "you can have the town. London's either for you or against you, especially if you're an American. If you go flat ——"

"Then what?"

She had not thought of that. What would she do then? Her salary was not to begin until the performances started. Her fare and expenses across were paid, but how about getting back? Even at the best her salary was small. That had been one of her attractions to Lethway.

"I'll have to go home, of course," she said. "If they don't like me, and decide in a hurry, I—I may have to borrow money from you to get back."

"Don't worry about that." He put a hand over hers as it lay on the rail, and when she made no effort to release it he bent down and kissed her warm fingers. "Don't you worry about that," he repeated.

She did worry, however. Down in her cabin, not so tidy as the boy's—littered with her curiously anomalous belongings, a great bunch of violets in the wash bowl, a cheap toilet set, elaborate high-heeled shoes, and a plain muslin nightgown hanging to the door—down there she opened her trunk and got out her contract. There was nothing in it about getting back home.

For a few minutes she was panicky. Her hands shook as she put the document away. She knew life with all the lack of illusion of two years in the chorus. Even Lethway—not that she minded his casual caress on the deck. She had seen a lot of that. It meant nothing. Stage directors either bawled you out or petted you. That was part of the business.

But to-night, all day indeed, there had been something in Lethway's face that worried her. And there were other things.

The women on the boat replied coldly to her friendly advances. She had spoken to a nice girl, her own age or thereabouts, and the girl's mother or aunt or chaperon, whoever it was, had taken her away. It had puzzled her at the time. Now she knew. The crowd that had seen her off, from the Pretty Coquette Company—that had queered her, she decided. That and Lethway.

None of the girls had thought it odd that she should cross the ocean with Lethway. They had been envious, as a matter of fact. They had brought her gifts, the queer little sachets and fruit and boxes of candy that littered the room. In that half hour before sailing they had chattered about her, chorus unmistakably, from their smart, cheap little hats to their short skirts and fancy shoes. Her roommate, Mabel, had been the only one she had hated to leave. And Mabel had queered her, too, with her short-bobbed yellow hair.

She did a reckless thing that night, out of pure defiance. It was a winter voyage in wartime. The night before the women had gone down, sedately dressed, to dinner. The girl she had tried to speak to had worn a sweater. So Edith dressed for dinner.

"I've Got a Scheme. I'll Draw Enough Ahead to Send You Back"

She whitened her neck and arms with liquid powder, and slicked up her brown hair daringly smooth and flat. Then she put on her one evening dress, a black net, and pinned on her violets. She rouged her lips a bit too.

The boy, meeting her on the companionway, gasped.

That night he asked permission to move over to her table, and after that the three of them ate together, Lethway watching and saying little, the other two chattering. They were very gay. They gambled to the extent of a quarter each, on the number of fronds, or whatever they are, in the top of a pineapple that Cecil ordered in, and she won. It was delightful to gamble, she declared, and put the fifty cents into a smoking-room pool.

The boy was clearly infatuated. She looked like a débutante, and knowing it, acted the part. It was not acting really. Life had only touched her so far, and had left no mark. When Lethway lounged away to an evening's bridge Cecil fetched his military cape and they went on deck.

"I'm afraid it's rather lonely for you," he said. "It's always like this the first day or two. Then the women warm up and get friendly."

"I don't want to know them. They are a stupid-looking lot. Did you ever see such clothes?"

"You are the only person who looks like a lady to-night," he observed. "You look lovely. I hope you don't mind my saying it?"

She was a downright young person, after all. And there was something about the boy that compelled candor. So, although she gathered after a time that he did not approve of chorus girls, was even rather skeptical about them and believed that the stage should be an uplifting influence, she told him about herself that night.

It was a blow. He rallied gallantly, but she could see him struggling to gain this new point of view.

"Anyhow," he said at last, "you're not like the others." Then hastily: "I don't mean to offend you when I say that, you know. Only one can tell, to look at you, that you are different." He thought that sounded rather boyish, and remembered that he was going to the war, and was, or would soon be, a fighting man. "I've known a lot of girls," he added rather loftily. "All sorts of girls."

It was the next night that Lethway kissed her. He had left her alone most of the day, and by sheer gravitation of loneliness she and the boy drifted together. All day long they ranged the ship, watched a boxing match in the steerage, fed bread to the hovering gulls from the stern. They told each other many things. There had been a man in the company who had wanted to marry her, but she intended to have a career. Anyhow, she would not marry unless she loved a person very much.

He eyed her wistfully when she said that.

At dusk he told her about the girl in Toronto.

"It wasn't an engagement, you understand. But we've been awfully good friends. She came to see me off. It was rather awful. She cried. She has some sort of silly idea that I'll get hurt."

It was her turn to look wistful. Oh, they were getting on! When he went to ask the steward to bring tea to the corner they had found, she looked after him. She had been so busy with her own worries that she had not thought much of the significance of his neatly belted khaki. Suddenly it hurt her. He was going to war.

She knew little about the war, except from the pictures in illustrated magazines. Once or twice she had tried to talk about it with Mabel, but Mabel had only said, "It's fierce!" and changed the subject.

The uniforms scattered over the ship and the precautions taken at night, however, were bringing this thing called war very close to her. It was just beyond that horizon toward which they were heading. And even then it was brought nearer to her.

Under cover of the dusk the girl she had tried to approach came up and stood beside her. Edith was very distant with her.

"The nights make me nervous," the girl said. "In the daylight it is not so bad. But these darkened windows bring it all home to me—the war, you know."

"I guess it's pretty bad."

"It's bad enough. My brother has been wounded. I am going to him."

Even above the sound of the water Edith caught the thrill in her voice. It was a new tone to her, the exaltation of sacrifice.

"I'm sorry," she said. And some subconscious memory of Mabel made her say: "It's fierce!"

The girl looked at her.

"That young officer you're with, he's going, of course. He seems very young. My brother was older. Thirty."

"He's twenty-two."

"He has such nice eyes," said the girl. "I wish ——"

But he was coming back, and she slipped away.

During tea Cecil caught her eyes on him more than once. He had taken off his stiff-crowned cap, and the wind blew his dark hair round.

"I wish you were not going to the war," she said unexpectedly. It had come home to her, all at once, the potentialities of that trim uniform. It made her a little sick.

"It's nice of you to say that."

There was a new mood on her, of confession, almost of consecration. He asked her if he might smoke. No one in her brief life had ever before asked her permission to smoke.

"I'll have to smoke all I can," he said. "The fellows say cigarettes are scarce in the trenches. I'm taking a lot over."

He knew a girl who smoked cigarettes, he said. She was a nice girl too. He couldn't understand it. The way he felt about it, maybe a cigarette for a girl wasn't a crime. But it led to other things—drinking, you know, and all that.

"The fellows don't respect a girl that smokes," he said. "That's the plain truth. I've talked to her a lot about it."

"It wasn't your friend in Toronto, was it?"

"Good heavens, no!" He repudiated the idea with horror.

It was the girl who had to readjust her ideas of life that day. She had been born and raised in that neutral ground between the lines of right and wrong, and now suddenly her position was attacked and she must choose sides. She chose.

"I've smoked a cigarette now and then. If you think it is wrong I'll not do it any more."

He was almost overcome, both at the confession and at her renunciation. To tell the truth, among the older Canadian officers he had felt rather a boy. Her promise reinstated him in his own esteem. He was a man, and a girl was offering to give something up if he wished it. It helped a lot.

That evening he laid out his entire equipment in his small cabin, and invited her to see it. He put his mother's picture behind his brushes, where the other one had been, and when all was ready he rang for a stewardess.

"I am going to show a young lady some of my stuff," he explained. "And as she is alone I wish you'd stay round, will you? I want her to feel perfectly comfortable."

The stewardess agreed, and as she was an elderly woman, with a son at the front, a boy like Cecil, she went back to her close little room over the engines and cried a little, very quietly.

It was unfortunate that he did not explain the presence of the stewardess to the girl. For when it was all over, and she had stood rather awed before his mother's picture, and rather to his surprise had smoothed her hair with one of his brushes, she turned to him outside the door.

"That stewardess has a lot of nerve," she said. "The idea of her standing in the doorway, rubbering!"

"I asked her," he explained. "I thought you'd prefer having some one there."

She stared at him.

II

LETHWAY had won the ship's pool that day. In the evening he played bridge, and won again. He had been drinking a little. Not much, but enough to make him reckless.

For the last rubber or two the thought of Edith had obsessed him, her hand on the rail as he had kissed it, her cool eyes that were at once so wise and so ignorant, her lithe body in the short skirt and middy blouse. He found her more alluring, so attired, than she had been in the scant costume of what to him was always "the show."

He pondered on that during all of a dummy hand, sitting low in his chair with his feet thrust far under the table. The show business was going to the bad. Why? Because nobody connected with it knew anything about human nature. He formulated a plan, compounded of liquor and real business acumen, of dressing a chorus, of suggesting the feminine form instead of showing it, of veiling it in chiffons of soft colors and sending a draft of air from electric fans in the wings to set the chiffons in motion.

"Like the Aurora," he said to himself. "Only not so beefy. Ought to be a hit. Pretty? It will be the real thing!"

The thought of Edith in such a costume, playing like a dryad over the stage, stayed with him when the dummy hand had been played and he had been recalled to the game by a thump on the shoulder. Edith in soft, pastel-colored chiffons, dancing in bare feet to light string music. A forest setting, of course. Pan. A goat or two. All that sort of thing.

On his way down to his cabin he passed her door. He went on, hesitated, came back and knocked.

Now Edith had not been able to sleep. Her thrifty soul, trained against waste, had urged her not to fling her cigarettes overboard, but to smoke them.

"And then never again," she said solemnly.

The result was that she could not get to sleep. Blanketed to the chin she lay in her bunk, reading. The book had been Mabel's farewell offering, a thing of perverted ideals, or none, of cheap sentiment, of erotic thought overlaid with words. The immediate result of it, when she yawned at last and turned out the light over her bed, was a new light on the boy.

"Little prig!" she said to herself, and stretched her round arms luxuriously above her head.

Then Lethway rapped. She sat up and listened. Then, grumbling, she got out and opened the door an inch or two. The lights were low outside and her own cabin dark. But she knew him.

"Are we chased?" she demanded. In the back of her mind, fear of pursuit by a German submarine was dogging her across the Atlantic.

"Sure we are!" he said. "What are you so stingy about the door for?"

She recognized his condition out of a not inconsiderable experience and did her best to force the door shut, but he put his foot over the sill and smiled.

"Please go away, Mr. Lethway."

"I'll go if you'll kiss me good night."

She calculated the situation, and surrendered. There was nothing else to do. But when she upturned her face he slipped past her and into the room. Just inside the door, swinging open and shut with every roll of the ship, he took her in his arms and kissed her, not once but many times.

She did not lose her head. She had an arm free and she rang the bell. Then she jerked herself loose.

"I have rung for the stewardess," she said furiously. "If you are here when she comes I'll ask for help."

"You young devil!" was all he said, and went, slamming the door behind him. His rage grew as he reached his own cabin. Damn the girl, anyhow! He had not meant anything. Here he was, spending money he might never get back to give her her chance, and she called the stewardess because he kissed her!

As for the girl, she went back to bed. For a few moments sheer rage kept her awake. Then youth and fatigue triumphed and she fell asleep. Her last thought was of the boy, after all. "He wouldn't do a thing like that," she reflected. "He's a gentleman. He's the real thing. He's ——"

Her eyes closed.

Lethway apologized the next day, apologized with an excess of manner that somehow made the apology as much of an insult as the act. But she matched him at that game—took her cue from him, even went him one better as to manner. When he left her he had begun to feel that she was no unworthy antagonist. The game would be interesting. And she had the advantage, if she only knew it. Back of his desire to get back at her, back of his mocking smile and half-closed eyes, he was just a trifle mad about her since the night before.

That is the way things stood when they reached the Mersey. Cecil was in love with the girl. Very earnestly in love. He did not sleep at night for thinking about her. He remembered certain semiharmless escapades of his college days, and called himself unworthy and various other things. He scourged himself by leaving her alone in her steamer chair and walking by at stated intervals. Once, in a white sweater over a running shirt, he went to the gymnasium and found her there. She had on a "gym" suit of baggy bloomers and the usual blouse. He backed away from the door hastily.

At first he was jealous of Lethway. Then that passed. She confided to him that she did not like the manager. After that he was sorry for him. He was sorry for anyone she did not like. He bothered Lethway by walking the deck with him and looking at him with what Lethway refused to think was compassion.

But because, contrary to the boy's belief, none of us is quite good or quite evil, he was kind to the boy. The khaki stood for something which no Englishman could ignore.

"Poor little devil!" he said on the last day in the smoking room, "he's going to a bad time, all right. I was in Africa for eight years. Boer War and the rest of it. Got run through the thigh in a native uprising, and they won't have me now. But Africa was cheery to this war."

He asked the boy into the smoking room, which he had hitherto avoided. He had some queer idea that he did not care to take his uniform in there. Absurd, of course. It made him rather lonely in the hours Edith spent in her cabin, preparing variations of costume for the evening out of her small trunk. But he was all man, and he liked the society of men; so he went at last, with Lethway, and ordered vichy!

He had not allowed himself to think much beyond the end of the voyage. As the ship advanced war seemed to slip beyond the edge of his horizon. Even at night, as he lay and tossed, his thoughts were either of the next day, when he would see Edith again, or of that indefinite future when he would return, covered with honors, and go to her, wherever she was.

He never doubted the honors now. He had something to fight for. The medals in their cases looked paltry to him, compared with what was coming. In his sleep he dreamed of the V. C., dreams he was too modest to put into thoughts in waking hours.

Then they reached the Mersey. On the last evening of the voyage he and Edith stood on the upper deck. It was a zone of danger. From each side of the narrowing river flashlights skimmed the surface of the water, playing round but never on the darkened ship. Red and green lights blinked signals. Their progress was a devious one through the mine-strewn channel. There was a heavy sea even there, and the small lights on the mast on the pilot boat, as it came to a stop, described great arcs that seemed, first to starboard, then to port, to touch the very tips of the waves.

"I'm not crazy about this," the girl said, as the wind tugged at her skirts. "It frightens me. Brings the war pretty close, doesn't it?"

Emotion swelled his heart and made him husky—love and patriotism, pride and hope, and a hot burst of courage.

"What if we strike a mine?" she asked.

"I wouldn't care so much. It would give me a chance to save you."

Overhead they were signaling the shore with a white light. Along with the new emotions that were choking him came an unaccustomed impulse of boastfulness.

"I can read that," he said when she ignored his offer to save her. "Of course it's code, but I can spell it out."

He made a move to step forward and watch the signaler, but she put her hand on his arm.

"Don't go. I'm nervous, Cecil," she said.

She had called him by his first name. It shook him profoundly, that and the touch of her hand on his arm.

"Oh, I love you, love you!" he said hoarsely. But he did not try to take her in his arms, or attempt to caress the hand that still clung to him. He stood very erect, looking at the shadowy outline of her. Then, her long scarf blowing toward him, he took the end of it and kissed that very gravely.

"I would die for you," he said.

Then Lethway joined them.

III

LONDON was not kind to him. He had felt, like many Canadians, that in going to England he was going home. But England was cold.

Not the people on the streets. They liked the Canadians and they cheered them when their own regiments went by unhailed. It appealed to their rampant patriotism that these men had come from across the sea to join hands with them against a common foe. But in the clubs, where his letters admitted the boy, there was a different atmosphere. Young British officers were either cool or, much worse, patronizing. They were inclined to suspect that his quiet confidence was swanking. One day at luncheon he drank a glass of wine, not because he wanted it but because he did not like to refuse. The result was unfortunate. It loosened his tongue a bit, and he mentioned the medals.

Not noisily, of course. In an offhand manner, to his next neighbor. It went round the table, and a sort of icy silence after that, greeted his small sallies. He never knew what the trouble was, but his heart was heavy in him.

And it rained.

It was always raining. He had very little money beyond his pay, and the constant hiring of taxicabs worried him. Now and then he saw some one he knew, down from

"You Know," He Said, "It's Awfully Bully of You to be So Nice to Me"

Salisbury for a holiday, but they had been over long enough to know their way about. They had engagements, things to buy. He fairly ate his heart out in sheer loneliness.

There were two hours in the day that redeemed the others. One was the hour late in the afternoon when, rehearsal over, he took Edith O'Hara to tea. The other was just before he went to bed, when he wrote her the small note that reached her every morning with her breakfast.

In the seven days before he joined his regiment at Salisbury he wrote her seven notes. They were candid, boyish scrawls, not love letters at all. This was one of them:

Dear Edith: I have put in a rotten evening and am just going to bed. I am rather worried because you looked so tired to-day. Please don't work too hard.

I am only writing to say how I look forward each night to seeing you the next day. I am sending with this a small bunch of lilies of the valley. They remind me of you. CECIL.

The girl saved those letters. She was not in love with him, but he gave her something no one else had ever offered: a chivalrous respect that pleased as well as puzzled her.

Once in a tea shop he voiced his creed, as it pertained to her, over a plate of muffins.

"When we are both back home, Edith," he said, "I am going to ask you something."

"Why not now?"

"Because it wouldn't be quite fair to you. I—I may be killed, or something. That's one thing. Then, it's because of your people."

That rather stunned her. She had no people. She was going to tell him that, but she decided not to. She felt quite sure that he considered "people" essential, and though she felt that, for any long period of time, these queer ideas and scruples of his would be difficult to live up to, she intended to do it for that one week.

"Oh, all right," she said, meekly enough.

She felt very tender toward him after that, and her new gentleness made it all hard for him. She caught him looking at her wistfully at times, and it seemed to her that he was not looking well. His eyes were hollow, his face thin. She put her hand over his as it lay on the table.

"Look here," she said, "you look half sick, or worried, or something. Stop telling me to take care of myself, and look after yourself a little better."

"I'm all right," he replied. Then soon after: "Everything's strange. That's the trouble," he confessed. "It's only in little things that don't matter, but a fellow feels such a duffer."

On the last night he took her to dinner—a small French restaurant in a back street in Soho. He had heard about it somewhere. Edith classed it as soon as she entered. It was too retiring, too demure. Its very location was clandestine.

But he never knew. He was divided that night between joy at getting to his regiment and grief at leaving her. Rather self-engrossed, she thought.

They had a table by an open grate fire, with a screen "to shut off the draft," the waiter said. It gave the modest meal a delightfully homey air, their isolation and the bright coal fire. For the first time they learned the joys of mussels boiled in milk, of French *soufflé* and other things.

At the end of the evening he took her back to her cheap hotel in a taxicab. She expected him to kiss her. Her experience of taxicabs had been like that. But he did not. He said very little on the way home, but sat well back and eyed her with wistful eyes. She chattered to cover his silence—of rehearsals, of—with reservations—of Lethway, of the anticipated London opening. She felt very sad herself. He had been a tie to America, and he had been much more than that. Though she did not realize it, he had had a profound effect on her. In trying to seem what he thought her she was becoming what he thought her. Her old reckless attitude toward life was gone, or was going.

The day before she had refused an invitation to a night club, and called herself a fool for doing it. But she had refused.

Not that he had performed miracles with her. She was still frankly a dweller on the neutral ground. But to that instinct that had kept her up to that time what she would have called "straight" had been added a new refinement. She was no longer the reckless and romping girl whose abandon had caught Lethway's eye.

She had gained a soul, perhaps, and lost a livelihood.

When they reached the hotel he got out and went in with her. The hall porter was watching and she held out her hand. But he shook his head.

"If I touched your hand," he said, "I would have to take you in my arms. Good-by, dear."

"Good-by," she said. There were tears in her eyes. It was through a mist that she saw him, as the elevator went up, standing at salute, his eyes following her until she disappeared from sight.

IV

THINGS were going wrong with Lethway. The management was ragging him, for one thing.

"Give the girl time," he said almost viciously, at the end of a particularly bad rehearsal. "She's had a long voyage and she's tired. Besides," he added, "these acts

(Continued on Page 57)

A Woman and Her War Babies

By Cameron Mackenzie

Herbert Contributed His Protest

FOR many months previously the thing had been in the making. Every steamer from Europe had been bringing either a buying commission from one of the fighting nations or a score of returning American business men, their heads dizzy with visions of sudden wealth, their pockets bulging with munition contracts. Idle wheels had begun to turn, cold furnaces to blast, and the whispered word had been passed that lush years had come once more. Already a half hundred "war babies" had been born, and under the astonished eyes of men who had declared that such things could never be again prices were beginning to jump as if shot from the mouths of seventy-five-centimeter guns. In short, it was the first part of the summer and the boom was getting really under way.

Hilda Greeve had been for some time conscious of odd, unusual stirrings in the world of speculation. She had heard quotations mentioned at dinner tables; in busses and street cars snatches of talk had reached her; newspaper paragraphs had momentarily attracted her eye. But a boom was an abstraction to her: a vague, remote happening that had its confines strictly within the realm of men and affairs. That it could by any chance have bearing upon her own existence did not occur to her until early in July, when there came a telephone call. It was from Grace Sinclair, a friend of Hilda's, of uncertain temperament and equally uncertain finances, who had been gaining a livelihood in a predatory shop of interior decorating.

"I've quit my job," shrilled Grace over the wire.

"Quit your job?" echoed the amazed Hilda. "Why under heaven did you do that?"

"Come to lunch and I'll tell you."

Hilda went and learned the other's story. Upon the tip of a kindly customer Miss Sinclair had made eight thousand dollars in a war stock.

"But a woman! I never knew that women could make money in stocks."

"Women not make money in stocks?" cried the other. "Why, my dear, thousands of 'em at this very minute are getting rich."

Hilda's mind was dangerous ground for such seed. To begin with, her life threatened to be meager. She was not married; chance, something—it does not matter—had left her single. She lived with her brother, Herbert, paying her share from the precious little money of her own that she had. Watchfulness, shrewd expedients of economy were daily necessities. But, more than this, her brother-in-law, Smith Rollins, had in recent years made a great deal of money, and her younger sister, Ines, had been giving her for some time a near view of approximate wealth, its soft comforts, its soothing luxury, its haughty prestige. Consider what the effect must have been of the constant projection upon Hilda's vision of the ideas of clothes, trips, travel, parties, myriad pleasures far beyond her reach! In any case the soil was fertile and the spirit prepared. But the important, the significant thing is not what led Hilda into the market; it is what led her out.

She was at this time twenty-eight years of age—a fine, upstanding figure of a girl with pleasant blue eyes and a firm, honest mouth. Her glance was steady, her voice moderated and even, her movements unhurried, purposeful. There seemed nothing heady or venturesome or reckless about her; both feet were squarely upon the ground; she was balanced, controlled, thoroughly sane and sober. And it was that kind of woman who early in July bought Hammersley Arms.

The stock was then an inconspicuous, almost despised issue, selling at 12. She bought it upon the advice of Jack Spate, a friend of hers, who wore shepherd's plaid and snug-waisted suits, and was employed in the brokerage office of Scott & Hallen; also she bought outright, being conscious only dimly that there was any other way in which to buy. Her initial capital—a solid proportion of her slim patrimony—got her 200 shares, and then she told her brother what she had done.

For a time he was very thoughtful.

"Well, Hilda," Herbert finally said, "I'm very sorry you have done it."

"Why?" she asked. "Afraid I'll lose?"

"No, it's not that. Fundamentally, or over five years' time, it's not a great matter either way, whether you win or lose. My objection is of an entirely different kind. It is that stock speculation isn't a woman's game, and particularly now, if, as some people say, we're in for a boom."

"I don't follow you. Why shouldn't a woman try to make money out of the market just as much as a man?"

"It's bad for her."

"More than for a man?"

"It's bad for some men and it's bad for practically all women. And where it's bad for a man it's doubly bad for a woman. The danger, more than anything else, is a moral one. Speculation makes rational normal individuals into excitement-fed hectics, and they become hectics not for the hours between ten and three, while the trading is on, but for the entire twenty-four hours of their day. In the trail of every big sensational stock movement you can see people whose lives have been made over by it. And women are by far the easiest victims. No, I'm afraid of stock speculation for women—not so much for what it may do to their pocketbooks as for what it may do to their souls."

"Well," laughed Hilda, "I think I'd have a good deal better soul if I had a little more cash."

"As in everything else," returned Herbert, "it depends upon how the cash is acquired."

The girl pondered her brother's view carefully. She believed that there might possibly be something in it as a general proposition; she doubted if it had any bearing upon her personal case. Nevertheless, she resolved that regardless of whatever happened she would keep upon even keel, not get demoralized, and this determination had just been well made when Hammersley with a quick bound jumped five points.

She received the news over the telephone. For a second it seemed incredible. Then, when she took in the fact that she had won, she seized a pencil to make certain that two hundred multiplied by five did make a thousand and that she was the richer by that many dollars. With the coming of a full and definite realization of what had happened Hilda experienced the most ecstatic sensation of her life. It was infinitely delicious, like a drug or drink; exotic, to be sure, but soul-lifting, glorious, propelling. She wanted to rush out and spread the news abroad; she could not stop smiling; she could not sit still; she was at a loss what to do with herself. Of one thing she was certain—she was not going to do anything so prosy as marketing, and she hunted up her friend Grace Sinclair.

"I just had to have someone to talk to who would understand," she told her friend, and for three hours they exulted, with the result that when she sat down to a warmed-over dinner with her brother that night she was still in high mood. She immediately proposed that they should go out to the theater and supper—a highly unusual proceeding for either.

"No, no, take your winnings calmly," cautioned Herbert. "Nothing very wonderful has happened. It's only that you're not accustomed to making money. If you were even a little used to it you would not be in any such silly frenzy. As it is, you're practically intoxicated with the elation of easy profits. That's a perilous poison for the blood."

But, poison or no poison, Hilda prized her spiritual glow almost as much as the money she had made, and the next morning, in hopes of keeping it, she again hunted up Miss Sinclair. This time the talk was less of Hilda's coup and more of speculation in general, and before noontime that day Hilda had become acutely aware of what she had not won because she had failed to trade on margin. The edge of her earlier delight was dulled; a kind of impotent rage possessed her, and, searching about for an objective, fixed itself upon Spate. Why hadn't he told her? And she called him up with a stiff protest.

Women as Plungers

"BUT we don't want the women among our customers to trade on margin," he told her.

"Why not?" asked Hilda with some indignation.

"Well, it's like this," replied Spate: "Margin intensifies the game, dopes it up, so to speak, and we think the racket is severe enough for women as it is. We don't want to make it any more difficult for some of them to keep their heads. With men it's different. They're less flighty. They're not so wild when they win; not so crushed when they lose. We've got to do something to help the women stay down to earth."

"But think of it! I might have made twenty-five hundred or three thousand dollars!"

"Yes, I know," acquiesced Spate. "And, of course, if a woman customer insists—positively insists—it's different. Our advice is against it though."

Spate's advice had already proved good and Hilda hesitated. But the thought was a gnawing canker with her. In an odd way she became almost more afraid that Hammersley would go up, and she would make only two hundred dollars a point, than she was that it would go down. Indeed the chance of its going down had somehow passed out of her reckonings.

Her whole mind was focused upon what an upward rise might or might not mean to her. So distressed did she become that she could not help opening the subject to her brother. He—honest, cautious, theoretical—attempted to draw certain ethical distinctions between margin trading and outright buying.

"Now, if I tried to give you the right and the wrong of any other business transaction you would listen to me, wouldn't you?"

Within herself Hilda knew that this was true, but that did not make it the less easy for her to sit by complacently. The idea was intolerable that she should not reap maximum benefits, and when Hammersley did shortly move up a few points more, ethics, prudence, advice, conservatism, all went scuttling.

"I simply can't stand losing money this way," she burst forth, and called up Jack Spate.

He made no further difficulty about the matter, and Hilda found herself in possession of five hundred shares upon a forty per cent margin. She wanted to make it twenty per cent, but, being a war stock, the brokers refused.

Next day came the memorandum slip of the transaction. It is of moment to observe that Hilda examined it with great care to see if the commission was reckoned correctly; also that she reflected that $12.50 for buying a hundred shares of stock was a pretty heavy rate. But, more important, that while she was studying the paper she took in the fact that Scott & Hallen maintained an uptown branch in the magnificent Hotel X——. However, at the time she was merely surprised and mildly interested, and nothing more.

"I'm Ashamed of You. I Don't Believe That You'll Have the Character to Refuse Him"

Meanwhile Hilda's life was gradually undergoing a change. For one thing she was restless. Disquiet beset her hourly; old occupations—reading, paying casual calls, walking—went by the boards. She had not been to see her sister and brother-in-law for ten days; that was almost unprecedented. But she did not want to go. Grace Sinclair's company and talk offered greater fascination. It would often be with the utmost difficulty that she managed to bridge the interval between the times when it was decent to ring up Spate. She was always purchasing countless editions of the evening papers. Had it been possible she would have installed a ticker in her home. The price of Hammersley was the begin-all and the end-all of her existence.

But it was fun; there was a tang in life that there had not been before; her existence had new interest and purpose, and she told herself that that was a good thing. Instead of dribbling her days away in inconsequential pursuits that gave her only a vacuous kind of amusement she declared that she was now living with zest. Besides, she believed that she was learning a great deal; she was confident that she could now read a balance sheet—and that was, she felt, a worthwhile accomplishment. Concerning herself and her own spiritual well-being she was entirely at rest. As a matter of fact, she was tense and high-keyed, and her brother saw it.

"What women won't realize is that their nervous organizations are not made for that sort of thing," he said. "They're too delicate, too finely strung, too highly emotionalized by nature. Hysteria and a boom are inseparable, and women are far more subject to hysteria than men. You're all out of whack, inordinately pitched up from normal."

"Oh, Herbert, you're perfectly absurd!" declared Hilda with a rush of impatience that belied her words.

But the next drive at Hilda was upon totally different ground. She was proceeding upon her concentrated, palpitating way, thinking, sleeping, dreaming Hammersley. The stock hovered just above 20. Suddenly, behaving like a true war baby, it took a bound that was one of those startling, sensational, unbelievable things which somehow seem in keeping with a world in chaos. Anyway, just overnight, almost with an intake of breath, it shot to fifty. Its high point was touched at closing time and Hilda was then in her home.

With a gasp she hung up the receiver and half-reeled across the room. She laughed, she cried, she sat down, she got up, she picked up a sofa pillow, she flung it down, and ended by collapsing upon a couch and burying her head and trying to think. She had made more than sixteen thousand dollars beside her original investment! It couldn't be true; it wasn't true; but she knew it was. Everything in life seemed at the moment all right. No more worrying, pinching, foregoing, she thought. Without precisely calculating what she could do with the amount of her winnings she had a sense that she was rich. A passing vision came to her of pretty hats, stunning clothes, week-end jaunts whither she pleased. And then suddenly all was obliterated by a terrific fear that was bred by the mere magnitude of her profits. Suppose Hammersley should immediately go down! The thought fairly crucified her.

Endless possibilities of disaster occurred to her. The Hammersley plant might burn down overnight; if she could have gone and guarded the place she would. Peace in Europe might suddenly and mysteriously be declared; she literally prayed for a continuance of the war. Someone might be merely manipulating the market; her education had progressed far enough for her to consider that contingency. In any case, she had well prepared herself for the attack that was made on her that night.

At Herbert's summons a family conclave was held in the Greeve home. Inez and Smith Rollins attended, and Hilda's sister, brother and brother-in-law directed themselves severely at her. She was told in no measured terms that she would have to sell. No mention was made of the shadows beneath her eyes, of the tensity which showed in her mouth, of her never-still fingers. The entire plea was upon the grounds of common sense; that the chances were that the boom had reached its crest; that she must take profit while she could and make certain of the little fortune she had made. Hilda agreed; everyone sighed, and the next day the stock was sold.

Two Nervous, Lonely Weeks

IT WAS shortly after noontime when Jack Spate reported that he had got Hilda out at an average price of fifty. Her first emotion was a fathomless sense of relief. The very fibers of her being seemed to relax. She thought for a time she would go to bed and merely lie there. But as the day advanced quiet made less of an appeal, and she wandered forth to find Grace Sinclair. Her friend was dancing in excitement over a new venture of hers, Popeley Tube, and for anything else had deaf ears. Hilda had a vagrant sense of isolation, of being out of it; but that was more than compensated by the thought of the balance to her credit at Scott & Hallen's.

The two weeks that followed were memorable. Her chief activity was the engrossing one of clothes. She had determined that of her winnings an even fifteen thousand should be kept intact. The surplus above that she decided to spend, and there was plenty of interest in doing it. Far less than ever before did she question prices or deliberate over material. She bought with freehandedness and it was all like a pleasant dream. But in due course it came to its end, and Hilda's life was ready to sink back to its usual plane, relieved in contrast to what it had been by her bettered income. At least that is what she said to herself.

But her existence somehow refused to slip back. Her days were empty; there was nothing entertaining enough to do; the world seemed stale and tasteless. She craved sensation and there was none. Dejected and listless, she

would wander about, puzzling how she could fill in her time. Occupations which had once seemed adequate were hopelessly boresome now. Even new pleasures which she felt that she could at last afford failed to give her much of a stir. Books did not hold her mind; even the theater could not take her completely out of herself.

"I don't know what's the trouble with me," she told her brother. "If I do find something to do I can't settle down to it, but for the most part I can't find anything to do."

"I'll tell you what's the trouble with you," replied Herbert: "it's Wall Street. Now if you were a man you would have the exactions and interest of a job to engross you after your superheated experience in the market. You would have to work, and there is nothing in the world more steadying than work. It's man's greatest check against abnormality.

"When a woman hasn't anything of that sort to steady her she should guard against excesses of excitement; they're doubly dangerous. I can see your present plight clearly enough."

Diagnosis, however, was not cure, and as dull days succeeded one another Hilda's mind kept turning back to that bright period when she had been in the midst of her financial adventure. She recalled vividly the priceless emotion of the day she had made her first thousand dollars. Memory of her agonized fears when the stock went to 50 faded and was overshadowed by a recollection of the wonderful moment of relaxation, like the sudden cessation of pain, which had followed word that her stock had been sold. She prized that along with the constant thrill which had been hourly in her existence while she had held Hammersley. She revolted at the present flatness of everything. It seemed to her that she had lost a most invaluable possession—ardor in life. Meanwhile, it was not unnatural that she should keep cursory track of stock quotations, most particularly of the argosy-laden Hammersley. And the next turning point in Hilda's financial career came when the shares, of which she did not own a single one, performed another miraculous feat and went from fifty to seventy.

She writhed; it was intolerable to think what selling out had cost her. Nor did she blame herself; all recollection of her fears when the stock had made its other phenomenal jump was gone. She simply heaped imprecations upon her sister and brother and brother-in-law. With every point that Hammersley rose her resentment went with it. The matter assumed many of the aspects of a family quarrel.

"What I contend is that you three practically robbed me of something like ten thousand dollars," she declared. "It was outrageous."

"Oh, come now," urged Herbert. "Be reasonable. Can't you understand that no matter if Hammersley goes to a thousand it was still the right thing for you to sell when you did?"

"The right thing? I should say I could not understand that!"

Still Going Up

"IF YOU knew a little more about trading in stocks you would. No man would curse out his relatives because they had given him the most ordinarily prudent advice. But a woman with a woman's ignorance does, and, because of her very lack of knowledge, quarrels."

"Well, I'll never listen to your advice again," she asserted. And when a few days later she read in a newspaper that there were predictions that Hammersley would go to 100, and a plan, which had been forming itself in Hilda's mind, began to take more definite shape, she gave no heed to the beseechings of Herbert and the Smiths. "They're a stupid and poky lot, anyway," she reflected, and went ahead with her scheme.

Hammersley was then close upon 75, and with ten thousand dollars from her original winnings she again bought. Even as Hilda gave the order she could feel life recommencing for her. Her blood coursed warmly, her cheeks glowed, springiness returned to her step and her eyes had fire in them once more. No longer was existence stale, profitless, undirected. She found all the zestful sensations for which she had been craving, and with avid interest she followed the fortunes of her "war baby."

"Taking your particular kind of drug again," commented Herbert in despair.

"Call it what you like, I'm getting rich at it," retorted Hilda.

"You are rich," answered her brother.

"My dear Herbert," said the girl, "my ideas aren't so small as they once were. I should like to have about fifty thousand dollars."

"There you go again! That's another thing a boom does for a woman. Let me tell you that if you had slaved in an office somewhere for every penny that you've got you wouldn't think you were so badly off. You'd know what a dollar meant. You've lost all your sense of values."

Hilda only laughed, and laughed again when the stock continued a little farther in its amazing career.

"It certainly is the life," she confided to Grace Sinclair; "and it's easy to make money if you just know how, isn't it?"

Increasingly that became her state of mind, and more and more Herbert's talk fell upon well-nigh scornful ears. Hammersley was simply making a joke of all counsels of caution and prudence and in so doing was augmenting Hilda's profits. There stood in her name at the broker's something over three hundred shares of the stock. Along toward the middle of August it was selling above 85. The girl was nearly twenty thousand dollars ahead since she had first begun trading.

"Your whole attitude toward money and how it's earned is changing for the worse," her brother told her. "Not only are you developing a certain contempt for the unromantic virtue of going slow, but I believe you're coming to despise the careful, plodding people—the people who are the social backbone—because in ten days you make more than most of them make in, perhaps, ten years. That mental condition is unfair and vicious and false. If you had the larger economic vision of a man you'd never be guilty of that mistake. You're being tricked into a deplorable misunderstanding of the basic laws of the universe. There is nothing in your life or experience to set you straight. Only a good smash can do that for you now."

But Hilda cared nothing for the basic laws of the universe while Hammersley was on the rise, and, during the month that followed, her development proceeded rapidly. It was as if the very fabric of her was changing. She was the helpless victim of the heady poison of speculation, and one by one the vestiges of the controlled, moderated, rational girl that she had been disappeared, and she began to assume the aspect of one fed and driven by excitement. There was nothing to check her, because she was always winning; that fact seemed to her the ultimate justification of her system of life and thought, and she gave herself over to the business of what she termed "cleaning it up." With each new jump of the market she knew less of restraint.

Hilda Tries Living on Her Nerves

THIS growing abandon penetrated in many directions. For one, after the tense hours ending at three o'clock it was perfectly intolerable to return quietly home. Various expedients failed her, until she hit upon an occupation only a little less exciting than making money—namely, spending it.

"Why shouldn't I blow in fifty dollars to-day? I've made a heap more than that," she would argue to herself, and then sally forth to shop. She opened accounts at stores which shortly before she had not believed that she could afford to enter. Bandboxes and parcels nightly littered the hall of her home. She got practically everything she wanted and a good deal that she did not need. When she came to realize that some purchase had been unnecessary, she would merely shrug and observe that it didn't matter.

"You're turning into a spendthrift," Herbert preached. "You've changed from a once watchful, economizing person into an easy-money fool. You're forgetting that it did rain for you for a long time, and you're chucking thrift to the winds. That is what this boom is doing for you!"

Another manifestation was a constant and growing desire to be abroad at night. Having no office hours and no appointments to meet in the morning, it made, in one respect, small difference when she reached bed. Hilda took full advantange of this to escape the ennui of long, uneventful evenings alone with her brother. She and Grace Sinclair began to arrange parties that started with dinner and were limited only by the character of their chaperonage. These brought reciprocal parties. Soon it was rare that she was at home either for dinner or after it, until very late. And, of course, hand in hand with this went a greater freedom with stimulants.

Indeed, stimulants were playing a constantly larger part with Hilda. This was due to a variety of causes; one of which was that no long time passed before she widened her speculative activities—that is, she traded in other war issues besides Hammersley. There were Popeley Tube and Guidon Steel, and more besides. She drove a string of ponies where she had driven one before, and the excitement was proportionately increased. Moreover, she developed certain theories of buying and selling, such as to acquire Popeley at opening of the market each day and to sell it at closing. Someone had explained that system to her, and she took it up—not so much in reality because she believed in it as because it put a keener edge on the game and gave her more to do. And with the keener edge came a greater nervous fag and craving for false goads.

"You're Turning Into a Spendthrift and Chucking Thrift to the Winds," Herbert Preached

(Continued on Page 30)

THE PRACTICAL JOKER

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

THIS tale may be classed almost with the historical novel. For it happened in an age of New York so remote that even those inhabitants who have escaped the perils of automobile collisions, hobnail liver and neurasthenia have difficulty in recalling that vanished era. In those days the Singer Tower was the highest eminence of the city; the space where the Woolworth Building now stands was occupied by an archaic relic of a still older era. In those days the "new" subway was a novelty. The social customs kept the simplicity of a bygone age. There was only one step in the one-step. It was called turkey trotting and was regarded by the prudish as immoral. Waltzing still maintained the ancient one-two-three beat.

The *thé dansant* was in its infancy. People went in flocks just to see that late invention, the aëroplane! Europe was a place to go to and not to read about.

The city's intellectual life partook of the same antique quaintness. A large body in the American Colony still held to the theory that the United States every year assimilated millions of immigrants and gave them American habits of thought. Still others among our best thinkers maintained that woman's place on election day was the home; and the idea of real ladies parading on Fifth Avenue would have brought only laughter. There was as much talk then of corporation abuses and trusts as there is to-day of preparedness and an adequate navy. The modest yet substantial fortunes of that period had been made in such staple commodities as oil, steel and coal; the swollen munitions fortunes of this day were as yet undreamed of.

An old, old New Yorker, resident on Manhattan for at least eleven years and still pretty free from neuritis or paranoia, finds himself sitting of nights before the glowing steam register and calling up one by one the quaint scenes of that youth of his, some seven or eight years ago. He remembers the day when Roosevelt came back from Africa, waving his old-fashioned top hat to the blare of bands which played the primitive and forgotten ragtime of a vanished era. He remembers—— But there is a book in all that.

The Girls Had Held Counsel on His Case, and the Verdict Was Favorable

I must hurry along and record the one fact pertinent to this story. Seven or eight years ago the Post-office Department, always a little behind the ripest thought of the nation, had only just begun to issue fraud orders against certain popular and lucrative forms of high-low finance; and the New York Police Department had not yet thoroughly awakened to a certain danger in our midst. Which is why Barry Turner, having closed up, at the proper psychological time, the Betting Syndicate Ltd., of Missouri, had opened, in a building near the subway but above the Wall Street deadline, the Circle Syndicate Ltd., of New York.

Simple in its natural human beauty was the Circle Syndicate Ltd. It offered the bait not only of gain, but also of mystery. As Barry Turner once said in one of his critical moments, the sucker, to class as really valuable seafood, must have an imagination; and nothing stimulates imagination like mystery. To summarize briefly a game which constituted a great work of art, the Betting Syndicate, now the Circle Syndicate, existed mainly because of the mystery surrounding the talents of Barry Turner as a race-track tipster. It was supposed, by those who are born every minute, that he possessed superhuman judgment and some marvelous inside track to the minds and plots of the men who controlled the discredited horse-racing game. The supreme beauty of his scheme was this: The more you believed that racing was crooked, that the events were all fixed and the horses doped or pulled, the more you must believe in Barry Turner's plan to enrich the public. Every editorial on the race-track iniquity was a whoop for the Circle Syndicate Ltd. Turner, Barry Turner, you see, had a line on the councils of corruption; and the thicker the muck the richer the crop.

It was a sure thing; only to work the game as he wanted to work it required capital, more capital than Mr. Turner, as an old victim of race-track frauds, could command. That was why he was letting in the public. He paid, out of the earnings, three per cent a week regularly. Some weeks, it was true, the returns would run much higher than three per cent. This surplus was Barry Turner's reward for his trouble—could anything have been fairer than that? He did not, like unsound financiers, hold out the hope that the surplus would be an added dividend at the end of the year. No, he just paid out the regular three per cent in New York, as he had done for a whole six weeks in Kansas City. Three per cent for fifty-two weeks is one hundred and fifty-six per cent. Not only that; stock paying three per cent a week is just bound to rise. A hundred dollars invested in such stock may be worth almost anything as soon as Wall Street perceives its value!

So Barry Turner sat in his suite of offices, on a pleasant morning in early summer some seven or eight years ago, taking thought of the future with Pete Creigan and Lew Milliken, the rest of the Circle Syndicate Ltd.

Pete had begun life as a solicitor for a newspaper. This had fitted him for higher flights in finance. He was the advertising head of the Circle Syndicate, which depended for its life mainly on advertising judiciously done. Pete was a little, round-headed man in a fancy waistcoat and diamonds. His face would have been handsome if it had not been a little pasty. His countenance was always cheerful; and the tighter the hole in a life full of holes, the more pleasant his expression.

Pete, however, looked a little too much like his game to be of much use for personal contacts with the customers of the Circle Syndicate. Lew Milliken furnished that personal touch. He was about thirty-five and looked younger by electric light. He dressed correctly and could use the English language almost perfectly. In short, he was made up, just at present, for the part of a respected and prosperous Wall Street broker, just as two years before, when engaged in selling stocks of a gold mine the location of which had been revealed by a dying prospector, he had impersonated a sincere but uncultivated son of the untamed West. His keen, smooth-shaven, dark countenance was rather serious and solemn in expression. This served to create confidence in suckers; but it belied the character within, which was lightsome and gay through all changes of fortune. It was, in fact, merely the mask of the habitual joker. Add Barry Turner himself, with his comfortable waistline, his smile which showed a row of perfect white teeth, and the net result was as merry a gang of pirates as ever scuttled ship. When they sat, as they did that fine summer morning, and discussed a knotty point in their business they had the air of men who are putting up a fine joke on the public—and getting paid for it.

Pete Creigan waved his hand toward the open door of Barry's private office. From outside that door came sounds of honest industry. Louise, the blonde, was typing out a new circular letter to Barry's private Eastern Sucker List. Cora, of the haughty pompadour, was copying on a mimeograph another circular message describing in detail the winners which Barry had picked in the previous week. Rosie, brunette in coloring, with high nose and bright, full eyes, was making out elaborate voucher checks for three dollars each—the week's rake-off to the customers.

"Well," said Pete Creigan as he waved his hand, "you're taking risks with the girls, too, ain't you? Big risks and quick profits is our motto!"

Barry Turner, more cautious than the rest, removed one fat leg from another fat leg, rose and closed the door before he replied:

"Lovely woman stays with her job and asks no questions, especially when she's getting fifty per cent more here than she could get anywhere else. What's that Cora thinking behind her pompadour just now? Fellers, beaux, steadies, and that écru lace lingerie waist cut on the bias she's going to buy when the wad comes in on Saturday night. I've had 'em blonde and I've had 'em brunette, but I never yet had 'em show any curiosity about the business. Even after the touch-off, they're always surprised and won't believe it—I'm such a nice man! If we had to have a bookkeeper, why didn't you get a woman?"

"Because," replied Pete Creigan, good-humored still in spite of the splutter of his chief, "a staff of women don't make a noise like a growing concern at all. Go into an office all girls, and it looks cheap, don't it? Even when they're pippins like we picked here. You ain't in this office afternoons when you're over to the track, are you? And Lew can't be counted on—he's got other things to do. Who's here to give tone and confidence when I'm away?"

Here Lew Milliken came in with that imitation of a smooth Eastern accent which had become almost habitual to him since he transferred his field of operations.

"We got to have a bookkeeper, now the money's coming in. That's right. But why didn't you get a grafter while you were about it?"

The chief threw out, at this suggestion, a gesture of impatience, which was made at once articulate in the speech of Pete Creigan.

"A grafter!" echoed Pete. "A grafter? Yes, and let him in for a split of the rake-off! And have him blow our game wide open to that double-crossing New York bunch of sure-thing players that hang round the Hotel Hamblen lobby! Not on your loose bank roll. Say," he added, turning full on his associates, "can't I size up a man when I see him? Anything ever wrong with my sense for human thought and psychology? This fellow I've hired is going to take program, I tell you."

"Where did you get this ——" began Barry Turner, and paused to consult a note scratched on the memorandum pad before him—"this Mr. A. M. Breece?"

"Employment agency," said Pete. "They lined up half a dozen candidates for me yesterday afternoon. He'd just registered. I picked him from the bunch. His caliber is about 22 B. B., which is what we want. He's going to draw his salary and do no thinking, just like the girls. Previous employment looked all right. He offered to be bonded ——"

"And have the bond company gum-shoeing round to get information on his new employers?" inquired Lew Milliken.

"Certainly not," replied Pete. "But he offered."

"Well," said the chief, bending back and forth a flexible celluloid ruler as he considered, "that's up to you, Pete." His tone changed and took on the hard accents of a cart-tail orator as he added a passage from his old patent-medicine spiel: "'A coward never made a fortune and a faint heart never won a fair lady.'"

Hard upon this a knock came at the door, and Louise, the blonde, entered. "Gemun to see you, Mr. Creigan," she said. "Mr. Breece," she added, glancing down at the card in her brilliantly manicured hand.

"All right, sweetness," said Lew Milliken, rising to take away the card. "Say, smell my rose." He indicated a suspiciously stiff-looking bud in his buttonhole.

"What is it?" asked Louise. "All right, I'll be the goat." She lowered her pink, tip-tilted little nose toward the rosebud. Lew's hand, in his coat pocket, made a sudden convulsive motion. The rosebud broke out a delicate spray, which bedewed the countenance of Louise.

"Bah!" sputtered Louise, reaching to her belt for her handkerchief. "They made that perfume in a soap factory! Smart Aleck! If you gotta have perfume, get good perfume!"

Barry and Pete broke into roars of laughter; but Lew Milliken, the jester, smiled never a smile. His countenance grew more solemn, if anything, as he said: "Left pocket, perfume for ladies! Right, water for gents!"

He Was Reading With Ostentatious Absorption

"Smart Aleck!" repeated Louise, dabbing her nose. "Do I show the gentleman in?"

"Wait until I ring," said Barry Turner, his face sobering into the expression of business. "Another thing," he asked as Louise closed the door, "how are you going to explain to this bookkeeper about the bank roll? The kind of business he's been doing don't keep its money in a safe-deposit vault, but in a bank."

"Easiest thing you know!" replied Pete. "I've thought that out. This is a race-track game, and we have to have the ready cash to bet, don't we? We can't put it up to the bookies in checks, can we?—you see!"

"All right," responded Barry Turner with the air of a man who leaves it all up to a subordinate. "All right! Let's have him in." He rang the bell, and with that ring the three members of the Circle Syndicate Ltd. fell into the rôle. Barry Turner drew toward him a filing-box filled with papers, which he began to finger authoritatively. Pete settled down to the little desk in the corner and fell to examining the documents in the pigeonholes. There being no more desk room, Lew Milliken gazed thoughtfully out of the window. And escorted by Louise, still wrinkling her tip-tilted nose, there entered a little, dapper man, with a narrow jaw, a pair of rather sleepy blue eyes and a small waxed mustache.

Barry Turner fumbled with the papers for a few minutes before he looked up. As though still absorbed, he referred to the memorandum pad.

"Ah, Mr. Breece," he said, "sit down. You are the man who wants to be our head bookkeeper, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir. I have applied for the situation," replied Mr. Breece.

The applicant answered a rapid string of questions concerning his habits, circumstances, training, previous employment. He understood bookkeeping, both old double-entry and the filing cabinet system. "We'll stick to double entry," said Barry Turner at this point. Barry had learned how to falsify or destroy sets of books; card-index systems presented a new problem. And so Mr. Breece was engaged at thirty dollars a week, with the promise of a raise in salary for diligence.

"Very well, sir, thank you," said Mr. Breece, gently twirling his mustache.

"Then show Mr. Breece the office, Mr. Milliken," said Barry Turner as he settled himself again, "and explain to him, please, that you will take care of the cash. It is necessary, in the nature of our business, Mr. Breece, to have peculiar banking arrangements."

Patting the last hair of his mustache into place, Mr. Breece followed his guide. As Lew Milliken passed Rosie, who sat industriously preparing checks for the signature of the president and treasurer, he stepped softly up behind her on the left, reached over and touched her right shoulder. Rosie turned. No one was there, of course.

"I'm on to you, fresh!" she remarked as, without glancing up again, she resumed the manufacture of easy riches and quick money.

Milliken did not change expression as he stepped over to a flat-top desk, opened a drawer, drew out a rather thin and messy set of books and started to explain. While Mr. Breece stooped over the cashbook, trying to unravel its many and unique peculiarities, Lew straightened up, tiptoed to the desk where Louise was industriously tapping at her machine. Cora saw him approaching and her features lit up with a smile of intelligent anticipation. Lew took something out of his pocket, laid it down on the desk. The something was attached to a rubber tube ending in a bulb. Lew squeezed the bulb, and a realistic little gray mouse ran across the desk into range of Louise's vision.

"Mercy!" shrieked Louise, spilling on the floor a heap of circulars and prospectus pamphlets.

"You mean thing!" spoke up Rosie from her desk.

"Say, I'm getting it all!" exclaimed Louise, when she regained control of herself. "Be the little village cut-up with somebody else, can't you?"

Mr. Breece had looked up from his work to watch this episode. He joined in the general laugh. But as he looked back to his book the smile suddenly left his face. He sat for a moment with his filmy blue eyes fixed on vacancy, with his mouth half open, with his motions frozen to a statuesque immobility. Then he began busily turning the leaves of the cashbook and resumed his smile, as though the excellence of Lew Milliken's joke had come back to his mind.

II

FOR a fortnight after that the Gods of Graft smiled on the Circle Syndicate Ltd. The advertising of Pete Creigan, placed in those mediums which would attract the greatest attention from the easy and the least from the muckrakers, bore golden fruit. No less successfully did Lew Milliken spread the tidings by word of mouth. The checks, the money orders, the ready United States currency poured in floods across the desk. Pete permitted himself the luxury of getting drunk for a night. Barry Turner smiled more broadly than ever on his world. As for Lew, he took out his high spirits in such a debauch of practical joking as even he had never known before.

For a few days he picked Louise for his pranks, until she passed from the state of saucy irritation proper to a young lady receiving attentions from a gentleman to a case of sulks.

Perceiving that there was no more proper resistance in Louise he switched to Rosie, making her days uncertain and hideous. If Rosie lacked sense of humor on these proceedings she did not lack the vindictive spirit. One morning the members of the Circle Syndicate Ltd. were holding a conference in Barry Turner's private office. The first hot day of the season had arrived, and so they sat in their shirt sleeves. Outside Cora, Louise, Rosie and Mr. Breece went languidly through the motions of work. By now Mr. Breece was established in the office routine, was settled into the machinery of the place. The girls, of course, had long ago held feminine counsel on his case, and the verdict was favorable.

"He's kinda slow, but he's all right," said Louise, who was captious but kind.

"He wouldn't do for a matinée favorite, but that's an awful cute dimple in his chin," said Rosie, who was observant but charitable.

"He's not one of those fresh ginks that's always gettin' new with a girl—I bet you could trust him," said Cora, who was experienced but sentimental.

Mr. Breece had, in fact, a caressing way with women. Though he said little, his manner always proved him aware that they were there. So it happened that Rosie remarked to him that morning as she dipped her pen in the inkwell and studied the nib:

"It's getting so I can't be sure when I use ink that it won't be grape-juice or somethink. I wouldn't let him know it for the world, but he's got me goin'. Every time he passes back of me I get the creeps for fear of what he'll do next."

"Well," said Mr. Breece without looking up from his books, "why don't you come back at him? He's having it all his own way. If I was you I'd do something—I'd joke back, I would."

"I can't think of anything to do," said Rosie, running her finger down the sucker list while she looked for a name. "I was never in vawdville."

"F'rinstance," pursued Mr. Breece, "there's his coat. If I was a girl and had a needle and thread in my desk I'd sew up the sleeves of his coat."

Three pairs of feminine eyes traveled to the rack in the corner by the side door where hung Milliken's snuff-brown coat.

"Fine!" exclaimed Louise, in a tone of suppressed excitement. "Here, Rosie, I'll go in and keep him busy explaining this letter—and you ——"

"Sure!" said Rosie, Cora and Mr. Breece all together. In three minutes Rosie had threaded a needle from the sewing kit in her desk, had taken down the coat, had turned back the lining of the sleeves, had basted two firm seams, had turned the linings back. When Louise returned, her face expressing melodramatic tension, the coat hung innocently in its accustomed place.

Half an hour later Lew Milliken emerged through the door of the inner office, remarking as he did so to someone within that he must hurry along. The whole office watched him from eye-corners as he lifted the coat by its collar, swung it back of him, thrust his right hand into the proper sleeve, and stopped, on encountering the obstacle, so neatly and yet so abruptly that one might have said he was merely changing his mind.

"I guess," he said slowly and distinctly, "it's such a hot day I'll just carry this coat over my arm."

"You mean thing!" said Rosie. "You're stung, and you won't admit it! Didn't I tell you, Mr. Breece, when you told me to do it ——"

"To what do you refer to, Hortense?" replied Lew as he strode toward the door.

Then the postman came, bearing a very heavy sack of mail, from which checks, money orders and cash fell like autumn leaves. That morning, also, two of those cautious and inquisitive persons who always investigate before investing called at the office of the Circle Syndicate Ltd. Barry Turner himself spent an hour with them, explaining; and they left behind two luscious rolls. The wheels of honest industry revolved so fast that there was no time even for a thought of practical joking; though Cora found time to remark to Louise, in passing, that Mr. Milliken was bound to get it back on Mr. Breece.

She was right. Just after luncheon the incorrigible Lew Milliken strolled in casually and drifted over to Breece's desk with an innocent query about the day's receipts. He was just clipping, with the gold cutter on his watch chain, the end of a new cigar.

"Have a smoke," he remarked casually, presenting his cigar case, which contained but one cigar. Mr. Breece, absorbed in his task, took it absently, bit off the end and inserted it in his mouth. Milliken struck a match and lit up for both. Breece, puffing as he talked, went on explaining:

"No, sir, it was a thousand and twenty-one up to noon. I didn't enter the checks that came in this aft——"

Bang! Breece's cigar went off with a sharp explosion. The lighted end blew halfway across the room and brought up against a window. Mr. Breece, as he faced his fellow workers with a comic expression of utter amazement, even of fear, still held tightly clenched in his tense lips a shattered butt composed of wood with a Havana wrapper. Rosie, Cora and Louise shrieked in chorus, first with alarm and then with laughter. Pete Creigan, poking his head from the door of the inner office, took in the situation and joined in the merriment.

"Got it back, old boy," remarked Lew Milliken, still very solemn of countenance, as he took off his coat, hung it on the rack and followed Creigan into the inner office. A customer entered just then; merely a person asking for circulars. The office choked back its laughter and resumed the appearance of work. But when he was gone Louise stopped her busy machine to remark:

"We all oughta get it back at him."

"Sure," said Rosie. "Pinch his watch or something."

"Well, there it is," said Mr. Breece. Lew Milliken's smart, brown machine-homespun coat still hung on the rack. From its bouquet buttonhole to its breast pocket ran a slender thread of smart gold chain.

Without another word the enterprising Louise tiptoed over to the rack, extracted the watch, and stood uncertain, her eyes on Mr. Breece as though seeking guidance from the only masculine influence in the room. Mr. Breece said nothing, but he gestured with his hand and with his eyes. And everyone saw the point. Cora dropped her head on her desk and clapped both hands over her mouth to suppress her laughter as Louise crept over to the spot designated by Mr. Breece, fastened the watch and chain carefully into place, and returned to her work.

At the end of half an hour filled with joyous expectancy Lew strode briskly out of the inner office, threw on his coat and started for the door. At the very threshold he seemed to miss something. His hand went to his breast pocket. He started; he turned back and cast an accusing eye upon the office group. But Louise, tapping away on a circular, Cora tightening up a loose screw on her mimeograph machine, and Rosie decorating a gilded stock certificate with her perfect hand, presented an unbroken front of apparent innocence. As for Mr. Breece, he was entering figures as solemnly and methodically as ever.

Lew hurried back to the inner office. The conspirators permitted themselves an exchange of looks as they heard him ask:

"Did I leave my watch in here?"

A moment later he was back; honest industry was going on as methodically as ever. So after another glance, in

which suspicion melted to confidence, he repeated his question. Louise was the only one who admitted that she heard.

"Your watch?" she said absently, bending over the platen of her machine as though searching for a mistake. "No. Lost it?"

"You're dead right I've lost it," said Lew Milliken. "Can't remember whether I had it when I came into the office. I wonder if I was picked? Somebody jostled me at the Forty-second Street Subway."

At this everyone turned with anxious queries and suggestions. Where had he last taken out the watch? Did he remember what time it was when he looked at it? Where did he have luncheon? Wasn't it possible he laid it on the table?

"Can't see how I could lose it that way," said Lew. "Say, you ain't running a joke on me?"

"A joke!" said Louise, feigning indignation. "I don't joke with people's property. Where did you have lunch?" she repeated.

"At Kahn's."

Mr. Breece spoke up.

"Why don't you telephone there then?" he asked.

"Good idea," said Milliken. "Say, Louise, you call 'em up—Kahn's, you know."

Louise, a quick thinker, hesitated only a moment before she said.

"Hadn't you better call them up yourself? You can describe it. I never saw your watch."

"Oh, very well," replied Milliken.

He had seated himself at the little telephone desk in the corner, he had taken the receiver from the hook, before he glanced at the transmitter. There was his property! Louise had fastened it by the chain in such manner that the watch hung over the diaphragm. The office blew up in a burst of laughter. Lew reddened a very little. The chronic practical joker is likely to resent a good joke on himself.

"Say, which one of you swell dips picked me?" he asked as he slipped the button of his watch chain into the proper buttonhole.

"I did, smarty! You're sore—can't take a joke—can't take a joke!" said Louise.

"Anyhow, I bet none of you girls had the brains to think up that telephone trick!" was his parting shot as he slammed the door.

Yet for three days Lew Milliken, who was capable of laying for his prey like a submarine, showed no disposition to get revenge on Mr. Breece. Not that he stopped his joking. Toward the girls he became more mischievous than ever. He had found on Broadway a little novelty shop that specialized on mechanical devices for producing laughs. And now the office became like a scene in Hanlons' Fantasma. Cora, who attended to the morning mail, could not open a package without fear that a pretty book or a neat little box would open and explode. Louise could not lift a pile of papers from her desk with certainty that a paper lozenge beneath would not rise up, what with the release of pressure, and become a jack-in-the-box. Drawers opened suddenly, disclosing realistic paper snakes. Fifty-cent pieces, lying temptingly on the floor, were found glued down. The thing went so fast and so riotously that Barry Turner, the boss, felt it necessary to put in a word of warning.

"This practical joke business is all well enough," he told Lew Milliken; "keeps their minds from getting curious about things that are none of their business. But it's getting so it interferes with work."

Nevertheless, that very afternoon Lew took his revenge on Mr. Breece. The Circle Syndicate Ltd., as I have said, kept its real funds in a safety-deposit vault. There was, however, a checking account to cover the three per cent a week and to pay office expenses. From that also the members of the syndicate drew for their personal needs.

Barry Turner had just sent Mr. Breece to the bank to draw two hundred dollars. It lay now on the bookkeeper's desk, two separate packages of ten-dollar bills, each inclosed in a little paper wrapper.

Lew Milliken entered, glanced at the money, was about to make some remark, when Mr. Breece walked to the other side of the room, took down a book from a rack and began to study its pages. As quick as thought Lew picked up one of the packages and made rapid disposition of it. Everyone in the office force except Mr. Breece, who remained absorbed in his book, seemed to observe the motion. Louise looked for a moment as though she were disposed to give the joke away; but Lew fixed his eye upon her. She laughed under her breath and returned to her work with an expression which said:

"It's a joke—I'll be a sport."

Lew busied himself looking over a letter file. Mr. Breece closed the book and returned to his desk. He glanced down at the slide where he had laid the packages of bills. Cora, watching without looking, as women know how to do, observed that he gave a slight start. He cast a quick, suspicious glance at Lew's back, and then with an assumed air of nonchalance settled down to his work.

For five minutes the girls and Lew Milliken watched furtively the pantomime of a young man trying to look at his ease, trying to be game, while he wondered whether he was in trouble or merely the butt of a joke. It was Rosie whose compassion first broke through her sense of humor. Rosie had been a long time in the industrial struggle. She knew the value of three weeks' salary. Besides, she was a woman, and woman resents cruelty in humor. Cora and Louise, had she only known it, felt the same; but Rosie had the initiative and also the tact.

"Say," she spoke up inconsequentially, "have you been reading about the man who has the new flying machine? It goes 'way, 'way up in the air!"

Lew Milliken caught the spirit of her remark; Mr. Breece apparently had not heard at all. He was beginning nervously to go through his desk, as though his fortitude were breaking down. So Lew put in a remark of his own:

"I was in Bronx Park last Sunday. The birds were singing sweetly 'way, 'way up in the top branches."

Still Mr. Breece paid no attention to the conversation; he had plainly reached the point of real anxiety.

Lew walked to the center of the room and began gazing upward. The girls rose and joined him. In a solemn group they stared toward the ceiling.

Just then Mr. Breece wheeled in his chair. He saw this extraordinary grouping of the office force; he followed their gaze. Affixed by a rubber band to a high ornament of the chandelier, just at the end of Lew's long reach, hung the package of bills.

"Say, every day's April Fools' Day here!" said Mr. Breece, none too good-naturedly.

The girls laughed; but it was apparent that there was another thought behind their laughter. And when Lew Milliken was gone Rosie spoke her mind.

"It's fierce!" said Rosie. "He's got all the money he needs, but we haven't. Suppose you'd really lost it and had to make good? You were nice and game, Mr. Breece. Of course you suspected it was a joke, but how could you tell? I know just the way you felt."

"You oughta hand him one of those jokes—with his own money or something—too. Let him see how he likes it," said Louise.

"Take it from me, he won't like it any better'n us," said Cora.

Mr. Breece Picked Up the Bag and Vanished

III

ALL this time, and while the sunshine of humor beamed in the outer office of the Circle Syndicate Ltd., clouds were gathering over the private office within. Even Lew Milliken, the well of humor, found his mind somewhat occupied with serious matters. Several incidents, at first apparently unrelated, had come together in the middle of the Circle Syndicate Ltd., and the result spelled peril.

For instance, a prospective customer from Syracuse began writing letters, asking, before he invested, for more and yet more details about the Circle Syndicate Ltd. About the time when his questions became persistent enough to attract attention a customer called in person on somewhat the same mission. He looked like what he assumed to be—a butcher from Yonkers. He was interviewing Louise when Lew Milliken entered the office and swept over him a glance that stopped and rested at his feet. Forthwith Lew took the conversation away from Louise, and announced to the butcher from Yonkers that the stock books were closed for the present.

"Those were police feet!" he announced in the inner office, later. "You can't fool me on police feet!"

At once Barry Turner sent Pete Creigan on the hunt—for he was a police expert as well as an advertising expert. He started out that Monday afternoon, his inside pocket stuffed with cigars and bribe money, and was lost to view for a night and a day. It was, in fact, five o'clock of Tuesday afternoon when he reappeared at the office, with his pocket empty. The world knows that the police keep stool pigeons to watch the operations of crooks; it does not know perhaps that crooks often keep stool pigeons of their own among the police. That was where the money had gone—to a certain person who betrayed the police for a consideration.

"Well, boys," he said as Turner and Lew Milliken rose to greet him, "this looks like the touch-off, but it ain't so bad but it might be worse."

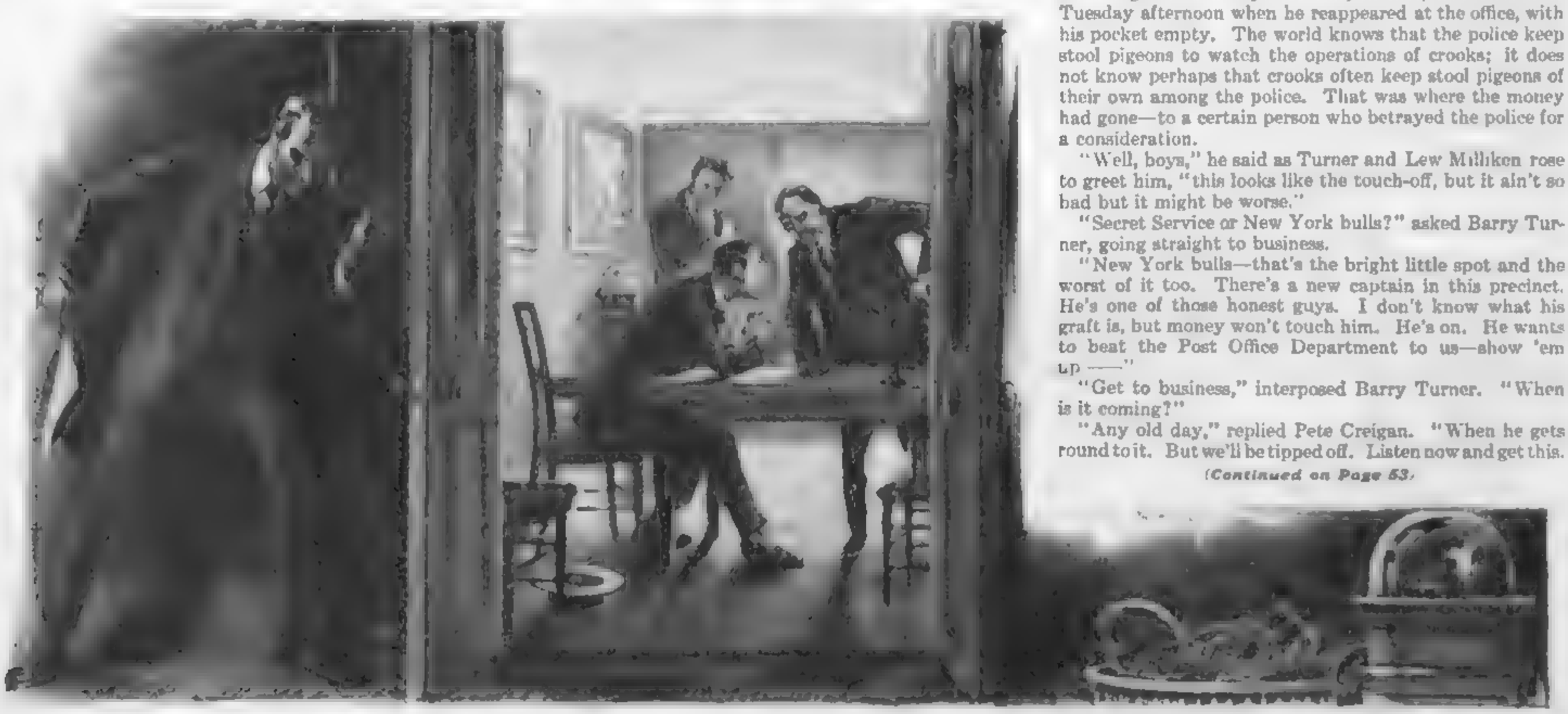
"Secret Service or New York bulls?" asked Barry Turner, going straight to business.

"New York bulls—that's the bright little spot and the worst of it too. There's a new captain in this precinct. He's one of those honest guys. I don't know what his graft is, but money won't touch him. He's on. He wants to beat the Post Office Department to us—show 'em up ——"

"Get to business," interposed Barry Turner. "When is it coming?"

"Any old day," replied Pete Creigan. "When he gets round to it. But we'll be tipped off. Listen now and get this.

(Continued on Page 53)



During the Latter Stage of That Conversation Mr. Breece Had Stood Just Beside That Crack

RED LIGHTS ON THE SWITCH

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

A POLITICAL future that isn't judgeable by the present isn't a future at all. It's a past. Admitting it is academically true that there is no known manner for securing advance information on the way a nonpolitical cat will jump, it is quite certain that the jump of a political cat, or elephant, or donkey, or moose, will be influenced by set conditions and self-interest. Therefore, as the conditions are set, and as self-interest is one of the immutable corollaries of politics, all that is necessary is to know the conditions to solve the self-interest problem, and coming events will be shown quite plainly.

Hence, if the President of the United States, presumably a candidate for reelection by his party, were to sit down one day and make a list of his greatest prospective troubles, this is about what that list would come to:

Item—Germany.

Item—Increased revenues and how to get them.

Item—The House of Representatives.

Item—William Jennings Bryan.

Item—T. Roosevelt.

Undoubtedly he might think of many others, but these are the major ones he would write on his slip of paper. The sequence, as presented, may or may not accurately indicate importance. Also, it may happen that some of these may turn out to be assets rather than liabilities. Troubles work that way sometimes. Still, the future of the Democratic Party and of the President is rather closely bound up in the manifestations and machinations of these five elements. They are his hurdles. He must take them all before he is reelected, and he must carry the Democracy over with him. That outfit cannot jump one of them unassisted.

Wherefore, the recent meeting of the Democratic National Committee in Washington has its interest. Speaking scientifically, a national committee is a small body of infrangible materials entirely surrounded by politics; while a president is a large body—sometimes impenetrable, sometimes not—completely encircled and often submerged by the same substance.

In the broad sense our relations with Germany are American and not Democratic; but, being a Democrat, anxious for the continuance in power of his party, the President cannot consider those relations without reference to the local political side of them, any more than he can consider a speech in the House of Representatives by Mann, the Republican leader, or in the Senate by Penrose, the Republican leader there, attacking his policies, as nonpartisan. The very nature of his situation and the exigencies of our system of government demand that there must be party reflexes in any international question, even in so tremendous a question as this European war.

The President's Assets

IT IS well enough for my purposes to write little about the German phase of our domestic politics, because that phase is constantly shifting and changing in its aspects. What might be correct to-day would be incorrect to-morrow, and several weeks must elapse between the writing and the printing of these remarks. However, notwithstanding the attacks that have been made and will be made on the President's past course, and on whatever he may do in the future, it is safe enough to say that the patriotism of his policy will far overshadow whatever of partisanship circumstances may inject into it. Also, until this present time of writing, his conduct during these many months of the war has been his greatest asset with the people. In the mass the Americans are pleased with what he has done and what he has not done, despite individual or even concerted criticism in various quarters.

So far as the war is concerned, and our graver problems appear to rest largely with the Central Powers, it is likely that this sentence from the President's address to Congress has in it an indication of the President's feeling:

> We are at peace with all the nations of the world, and there is reason to hope that no question in controversy between this and other governments will lead to any serious breach of amicable relations, grave as some differences of attitude and policy have been and may yet turn out to be.
>
> It has so fallen out that our chief interior and exterior war difficulties have been with the Central Powers; and this has caused much apprehension among certain astigmatic politicians that the Democratic Party and Mr. Wilson in the coming elections will be opposed by the so-called German-American vote. That is probably true in a sense, but the great bulk of the so-called German-American vote in this country is Republican and always has been. The politicians are afraid the President will lose something he and his party never have had. Of course there are Democrats of German descent and blood; but mostly these citizens are Republicans, and it is perhaps possible that if those Democrats vote against the Democracy their loss will be offset by a corresponding gain from other sources.

Item—William Jennings Bryan

The two great assets of the President, with no particular troubles attached, are the war and prosperity. If the war continues the President is likely to be continued, and if prosperity continues it will be very hard to defeat him. If he succeeds in keeping us out of the war, that will be a potent success so far as election goes.

Therefore, letting our foreign relations await the event, what of our domestic relations—or the President's, rather? These, it may be remarked, are sufficiently complicated and convoluted to suit the most fastidious seeker after harassments. The President and the Democrats have domestic troubles to a disturbing sufficiency. Inasmuch as the Congress that is to remain on his nervous hands for some months convened on a Monday, and his National Committee convened on the following Tuesday, both in Washington, these indications of vexation centered in that week. The President and the politicians had the whole mess under acute and immediate observation. It became easy to catalogue them. There was no particular concealment. About all the President's opponents are fairly well out in the open. His troubles are in plain view to a considerable extent.

Real troubles, I mean—not growling national committeemen. Always a national committeeman growls. He takes himself and his organization more seriously than the facts admit. A national committee is a repository of one leading political citizen from each state and other subdivision of our territory—including our colonial possessions and the District of Columbia, where the policy of taxation without representation has its fullest exemplification—or one political citizen who thinks he is leading, which amounts to the same thing.

National committeemen consider themselves the custodians of the party and the molders of its fortunes. What they really are is a collection of professionals and semiprofessionals in whose bosoms hope springs eternally and is as continually sprung.

In reality every national committee is dominated by half a dozen men, often by a smaller number; and these are creatures, agents and often enemies of the candidate or the president. They must do what a candidate tells them to when a campaign is on, for if they do not, and the candidate should happen to be elected, then the president would not do as they beg him. The chief function of a national committee is to get money—if possible—and to spend it, which always is possible. No national committee ever elected a president *per se*, for no national committee can create a sentiment. It can foster a sentiment already existing; but that is as far as it can go.

Now if one could call a roll of the Democratic National Committee, for example, and get a real reply—an honest reply—it would be found that, being professional politicians, most of these men are lukewarm toward the President. National committees always are. It is a part of their system. Their nearest prototypes are the bureau chiefs in the executive departments at Washington. Those men look with calm disdain on the advent of new Cabinet chiefs. "Temporary," they say; "while we are permanent. They come and go; but we go on forever." Likewise a real, typical national committeeman. Presidents come and go; but he is permanent—in a way.

Where to Get the Money

NO PRESIDENT could satisfy a national committeeman, who always is exclusively partisan and who always operates on the basis of "What is there in it for me?" Wise presidents do not try to do so. They tell the national committees what they want and, appearing to hold aloof and not mix in these party affairs, usually have the deciding voice. For example, suppose a president who was sure of renomination should say he desired the convention to be held in a certain place. The convention would be held there at that identical place.

The virtue of national committee meetings is that they focus national politics—sort of clear the air and get things going. That is what this latest meeting of the Democratic National Committee did, aside from taking down a hundred thousand dollars from St. Louis as a reward for bestowing the convention on that city next June. They passed a resolution lauding the President, which was adequate in showing that the committeemen know the President will be renominated, growled their growls, and were happy to shake his hand when he gave them a luncheon on the day following their deliberations.

Also, they talked with the Democratic congressional statesmen and with one another; and they learned some things. These things, in their various aspects, are as set down in the list of troubles above. And, taking the talk back and forth, the information imparted, the conclusions reached and the situations sensed, the presidential situation—which means the Democratic situation—is as shall here be described, barring foreign relations.

The difficulties over preparedness, as outlined by the President in his address to Congress, will not be over the policy of increasing our navy or our army, except in a minor degree. Taking the membership of the Congress as a whole, there are not so many men who are opposed to the principle if it isn't made more partisan than necessary. Indeed, most of the men in Congress—not all, but most of them—are in favor of an increase in both our army and our navy differing in the degree. As it appears now, that can be smoothed out, and will be. The real fight over preparedness will not be over how many new naval ships we shall have or how much more of an army, but over the means and methods to be used in getting the money to pay for those increases.

That is the crux of it. The President tentatively recommended in his message certain new taxes, including a tax on gasoline, on bank checks, on pig iron and fabricated steel, on automobiles and internal-combustion engines, increasing the income tax, and so on. Also, he rather guardedly hinted at the retention of the duty on sugar—or the restoration of it. When you come to the question of raising money by taxation you hit plumb at the congressional solar plexus. Individually no member of Congress likes to pay taxes, and individually and collectively neither do the constituents of that member. Thus, it comes to be a personal and vital question when the raising of new and extraordinary revenues is proposed—the self-interest, which works both ways. It is personal to the member and

it is personal, and acutely so, to the voters who are to be relied on to retain that member in office.

Aside from this, when you touch the subject of revenues or finances of the Government you at once touch the particular point on which, almost without exception, the congressional statesman considers himself an expert.

It makes no difference whether the congressional financier has never had a bank account in his life larger than his monthly salary check; he is a financial expert the minute he gets into Congress, just the same, and the longer he remains in Congress the experter he becomes. No governmental topic is subject to so much loose thinking and loose talking as finance; and when it comes to utilizing the resources of the Government for added revenues the amount of yawp is interminable and amazing. Money is only a thought, anyhow, and when the scrambled mind begins thinking thoughts about a thought the yammer never ceases.

Every statesman will have his own ideas about how to raise the revenue that is needed. Those ideas will be predicated on three personal propositions, as follows: *a*—that statesman's self-interest and the interests of his constituents; *b*—that statesman's personal idea of his wide knowledge of governmental finance; and *c*—that statesman's political necessities. All persons who are familiar with the framing of the special war taxes after the European war began, for example, know exactly why an automobile tax was not imposed in that schedule as adopted. And it was not a revenue reason. It was a personal and political reason.

It is safe enough to say that after the usual or mayhap an extraordinary amount of impassioned discussion, which will range from acute pacificism to acuter bellicosity, a compromise program for some sort of preparedness will be contrived and adopted.

There is no telling how closely the completed program will adhere to the presidential recommendation, but it seems well enough assured that there will be something—probably a good deal.

How to pay for it? There is where this esteemed Congress of ours will go up in the superheated air, and there is where it will remain, yawping wildly, for weeks and weeks—yawping in committee rooms and yawping on the floor, and proposing amendments and new schemes and new taxes, and so on. All the experts will be experting. They will expert all over the place. New financial geniuses will leap boldly into the arena, waving statistics in the air, and howl for their only logical, just and Christian solution, which allows the people outside of their districts to pay the new imposts.

The Question of Cloture

PRESUMABLY the President had troubles enough of his own; but when he proposed this new one he took over an assortment that will make most of the others seem like pale shades of troubles—ghosts of harassments. The new revenue must be provided, of course; but before it is provided we shall observe many things, and among these will be the sneers and jeers of the Republicans over the Democratic policy of a revised tariff, exultant pæans of praise for Protection, impressive claims that if the Democrats hadn't monkeyed with the tariff this need for additional revenues would never have come along, and viewing the deficit with alarm, each day from two until four. The smuggest people in the world are members of a congressional minority when a revenue proposition is up. Always they can claim, without fear of successful contradiction—as they say that if their advice had been followed this never would have happened; and as it has happened there is no way of making adequate denial.

Most of this acute trouble will come in the House of Representatives. The Senate will not bother so much. Those senators are rather agile when it comes to sidestepping annoyance in the way of interior disturbances; and they never exemplified that so adroitly as they did during the week they were caucusing just previous to their opening session. The Senate had some troubles of its own, looming more or less large. The Senate, running true to form, squashed those troubles expertly, swatted them, chloroformed them.

There was that question of cloture. Many senators have maintained that there should be cloture in the Senate, regardless of the fact that, before it quits, the Senate usually does what it has to do in a legislative way. There has not been a time in the past quarter of a century when a program of delay—a filibuster—has not brought forth loud demands for cloture from restless, energetic, nervous Solons.

The shameful, as they say, retarding of public business by oratory—the more than shameful killing of virtuous and meritorious projects because the rules of the Senate admit of unlimited debate—has roused many an ardent statesman to protest, and has as frequently caused propositions for restricted debate to be bruited about; which, by the way, is what similar propositions always are in the Senate—not discussed or formulated, but bruited. The dignity of the Senate demands bruiting. It is the recognized definitive term.

In the past few years some of our most vocal senators have conducted filibusters of various sorts and thereby worked much damage to certain programs, notably the ship-purchase bill of the last session. Immediately there arose the clamor for cloture; and the Citizen Fixit of the Senate, Mr. Owen, proceeded to formulate his plans to get real cloture, and get it in a hurry.

Well, the truth of it is that, no matter how many senators appeared to deprecate the holdup of public business and the killing of bills, and so on, by long-continued talk, appeared thus to deprecate publicly, there were very few senators who inwardly did not approve. So they discussed the matter, gravely maintaining their dignified composure even when the most notable of the advocates of cloture consumed seven hours, or such a matter, in advocating it. Then, after cloture had been talked to a comatose condition—imagine that—no cloture on cloture!—they killed it in a decent and orderly manner, thus satisfying most of the senators, avoiding the acrimony of a debate on it in the chamber, and smoothing all concerned save Mr. Owen and Mr. Stone, who once spoke for eighteen hours at a stretch and knows the need of cloture to save himself from a future similar strain.

That out of the way, those eminent pacificists, Senators Hughes and James, undertook to apply first aid to another situation that had potentialities of disturbance. That kindly and genial soul, Senator Clarke, of Arkansas, was one of a little body of senators who helped kill the ship-purchase bill. Mr. Clarke, having been president pro tempore of the Senate, wished to remain such. There was opposition. It was felt that he was irregular, albeit quite regular in other things. Mr. Pomerene, of Ohio, had ambitions to be president pro tempore.

So the battle was joined; but, with clanging ambulance and plenty of emollients and bandages, Messrs. Hughes and James rushed to the spot, applied the salve, and the result was that the senators who ran out with Clarke on the ship-purchase bill were not disciplined. Clarke was reëlected, and all is serene again in the Greatest Deliberative Body in the World—especially as Hughes and James carried credentials from the White House testifying to their belonging to the regular corps of operatives. All is forgiven and forgotten. There is no cloture. Mr. Clarke and his associate rebels are regular again, and the Senate, having a pronounced Democratic majority, probably will act in harmony with the Wilsonian idea to a certain extent. Anyhow, it isn't likely to put on a protest show

But in the House—in the House it is different. Nobody has salved that outfit and nobody can. There isn't enough salve. The Democratic majority in the House is less than thirty and the Democratic membership entire consists of a choice collection of persons who claim they are individuals and not cogs. It has never been determined whether the Fathers, in framing our Constitution, acutely distrusted the Senate it provided for by ordaining that all revenue measures must originate in the House, or whether that was done because the House is closer to the people. At any rate, it was so ordained; and for that reason, standing firmly on the Constitution, the House considers itself the cute little ultimate, not only in revenue producing but in revenue devising.

Also, the House, after a long period of eclipse by the Senate, has come to think very well of itself again. Further, the House has a grouch, has a close sense of responsibility for the varying peaceful and warlike emotions of the districts, and thinks that it doesn't give a hoot for Mr. Wilson. These varying attributes and the fact, previously referred to, that each member of the House becomes a financial expert when he is elected have rather set the House in an uppity situation. The House has the swelled head. It is determined to do things it desires done. It seeks to establish the individuality it claims.

Mr. Bryan's Grievances

TO THAT end the House is inclined, and will be more inclined as the session progresses, to take apart Mr. Wilson's proposals and see what makes them tick. There are fifty or sixty Democrats therein who will seek the spotlight constantly. Inasmuch as there is not enough spotlight to go round, the struggle for the stage center will be vigorous. Before there is any preparedness or any revenue provided, therefore, there will be enough excited talk in the House to fill the Atlantic Ocean if it could be solidified. The House is going to do a little "off its own," as our English friends say. You watch it perform.

There will be many moments in the next six months when Mr. Wilson will wish that the House could be dropped off the Washington Monument. But it cannot be, and even if it could there stands the awesome figure of William Jennings Bryan. Talking privately the Democrats, both of the Congress and of the National Committee, say there seems to be no doubt that Mr. Bryan is off the reservation definitely and for keeps. They say he has left Mr. Wilson flat and from now on intends to make it as difficult as possible for his former chief. Mr. Bryan, it is understood, says practically the same thing privately, and thus the issue may be considered as joined—that is, Mr. Bryan has joined it, whether Mr. Wilson has enrolled or not.

Mr. Bryan has catalogued his grievances to some persons. It appears that though his personal relations with the President were extremely cordial and pleasant, his official relations were not so happy. Indeed, it is the opinion of Mr. Bryan, as those reporting his conversations say, that he had very few official relations with this Administration; in fact, the Administration appears to have conducted the office of Secretary of State along its own lines rather than those of Mr. Bryan, if Mr. Bryan had any lines.

There were many things, it is said, done without the knowledge or connivance of Mr. Bryan. He cites the appointment of some several ambassadors, for example, saying that certain of these dignified representatives of this country at sundry courts would not have been appointed by him in even the remotest event. He grows circumstantial on this, citing the case of Ambassador Gerard, who, it is claimed Mr. Bryan said, on a certain day at twelve, noon, could not and would not be appointed, but whose appointment had been announced at the White House one hour before Mr. Bryan made this emphatic and final declaration. *(Concluded on Page 52)*

IF I WERE BOSS

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

II: Age Knows

WHEN, on the Monday after Rice's leaving, Slosson had come in to the conference of salesmen and announced that Mr. Charles McClure was herewith made sales-manager, the other—and older—salesmen had looked amazed and hurt. Little Thomas had muttered: "Well, I'll be compoundedly gol-darned!" deliberately winked at the others, and slapped his knee with his cupped hand, making a peculiarly annoying sound. But little Thomas Snider was a gentleman of great astuteness, and instantly he began to welcome an appointment that would enable him to loaf on the job. He arranged a congratulation lunch for the following Saturday noon.

The lunch was at the Magnificent, which was the unofficial headquarters of salesmen in the novelty, toy and juvenile-book businesses. The news that young Charley McClure had been made sales-manager for Greene & Slosson had spread, and apparently every salesman on earth was there to grin at him when he took his seat at the head of the table reserved for the Greene-Slosson salesmen.

His first great discovery was that by becoming sales-manager he had not ceased to be young Charley McClure, whom it was fairly easy to "kid." Little Thomas said gravely to Charley: "Read about that poor old deaf-and-dumb man going to court, in the papers this morning?"

"No," said Charley. "How was that?"

"Yump, he went to court to get his hearing," answered Little Thomas.

You may agree with Charley McClure that this humor was not world-shaking, but the whole table roared, people at other tables looked over, and Charley felt that the entire world was contemptuously sizing him up as a butt and a failure.

Later during the lunch Charley became conscious that Little Thomas and the Southern salesman were discussing the question of why negroes always seem to have whiter teeth than Caucasians. It was such a dull argument that it fairly hurt. Charley couldn't stand it. He finally interrupted with: "I don't suppose negroes' teeth really are any whiter. They just seem so by contrast." Then all the lunchers banged their several fists on the table, and pounded with their several spoons, and made a noise like the zoo at feeding time, and declaimed all together: "Don't—you—suppose—we—knew—that—before? We were waiting for you to say it!"

Charley was not, perhaps, the first young man to be thoroughly and conscientiously badgered by five older men, but he felt as though he were the one perfect idiot in history. He kept embarrassedly moving things—knife one inch to the right, coffee cup round and round in its saucer.

Yet he had the dignity of a man who could do his job. When they lighted large cigars and the air became a good, firm, dependable solid that you could chew, Charley suddenly turned from cub into boss without in the least planning how to do so. He rapped on the table, and with a youthful but effective stiffness announced his policy as manager. He expected to make mistakes, he told them; but one thing he would try to do—not take himself too seriously. He would be as chummy with them as they permitted —— From the other end of the table a faint, ironic cheer from Little Thomas.

Charley stopped full-tilt. "I see that Little Thomas feels that I'm too confiding. Now, Thomas, you tell us what you'd do if you were boss."

The truth was not in Little Thomas, and his ways were the ways of falseness. He spoke up with an ingenuous smile, protesting: "Oh, you got me wrong, Chollie; I didn't mean you were too confiding." He looked innocent, and Charley looked suspicious, while the other salesmen nodded their heads as though the new sales-manager had won the first scrimmage.

For the first time the mist of embarrassment cleared from Charley's eyes and he was able to look casually about the restaurant. He noted the pompous head waiter, the bus boys with pudgy rolls, the salesmen from other firms. They were no longer an intimidating mob of geniuses, but just plain folks like himself. And he could handle them! Perhaps some day he could even handle Little Thomas.

Charley Discussed the Men in the Office, and Lanston Opened Up Like an Unfolding Flower

And, again, perhaps he couldn't! For one disagreeable fact remained after the luncheon—Little Thomas insisted on calling him "Chollie," and the other salesmen followed Thomas' example. Monday morning following, Little Thomas' exquisite, subtle, almost vorticist sense of humor moved him to keep shouting "Chollie" so mightily that all the office beyond the semipartition could hear. Charley, sitting self-consciously at the sales-manager's conspicuous corner desk, pretended not to hear. He was sending Little Thomas out on a short trip to show a new summer game and to encourage pick-up orders on Golluf. With Little Thomas away his task would be easy.

It was. By the time Little Thomas returned Charley had learned to act as though he knew everything, and to give arbitrary answers, like a real boss. And he had been married, and in the little house in Jersey was still reverently discovering how happy life could be. Agnes had immediately become adorably matronly in manner, and delighted Charley by her solemn way of discussing the cleaning of the refrigerator as if she had been married twenty years.

His first struggle was the absurdly petty one of changing his name. The whole office seemed to have found merit in the assertion of Little Thomas—such a wit, that Thomas!—that Charley was a Chollie-boy. Charley found it impossible to command respect with that handicap. For the first time in his earnest and simple-hearted career he made himself learn the acting, the Machiavellian craft, that is part of the equipment of every manager of men.

He tackled the big, broad-shouldered Southern salesman, who was a red-headed cross between a Scotchman and a Yankee and hailed from Nova Scotia—hailed loudly and firmly at that. He lured the Nova Scotian into calling him "Chollie," then sprang up from his desk and said very loudly: "See here, Mr. Benner, do you mean to insult me by calling me 'Chollie' or are you merely ignorant?"

He was young, and his joints moved with a rather formidable ease. He looked as fierce as he could, as though he were hungering and thirsting for a terrific fight, a knock-'em-down-and-stamp-on-'em-and-gouge-their-eyes-out fight. He wasn't really. He was frightened almost to death.

The Nova Scotian was puzzled. It had been his theory that he could beat Charley McClure with one hand tied behind him; but the youngster looked very aggressive and, like most reasonable men, the Nova Scotian was willing to revise his theories in accordance with new scientific discoveries. He evaded.

"Thought you were going to be so chummy and all," he growled.

"Oh, cut out the sparring! Just why do you insist on insulting me?"

"Ah, thunder, I didn't mean to insult you, McClure! Gosh, you take a fellow up so!"

After that the force didn't call him "Chollie"—usually.

They were not bad chaps, the Greene-Slosson salesmen, and Charley intended to avoid Rice's error—of expecting them to do more than was humanly possible. But Charley had never known how often Rice had been called in by Slosson and urged to make the salesmen do a whole lot more than was humanly possible.

The Sweetix and Sue Series was slowing down. Buyers were not interested in reorders. Slosson demanded the reason. Well—Charley hesitated, tapping his fingers on Slosson's desk and carefully clearing his throat—there wasn't any special reason why the books weren't selling, except that they weren't selling.

"Then what have we got salesmen for?" snapped Slosson. "Mr. McClure, if the salesmen round this establishment don't happen to like the Sweetix and Sue books enough for their own personal perusal, or to steal them and present them to their relatives, that's very sad; very, very sad indeed. But I really think I must ask you to beg these gentlemen to sell them nevertheless. How they are going to sell them is up to you and to them. Poke them up a little and see if we can't get some business. Too much overhead, McClure, too much overhead! If you find that they are too busy holding up bars to sell goods I wish you'd just let me know."

So Charley went out into the salesmen's room and started a small Central American revolution—with an uneasy feeling that Slosson was there just behind him. He, in turn, was very sarcastic about their holding up bars. And the salesmen didn't like it. But it was Charley they resented, not Slosson.

"What's all the fevered special rush about these Sweetix books? They're going well enough," said the Southern salesman, who was preparing for a Baltimore and Washington trip.

"I don't know that you need any special reason. What I want you to do is not to reason, but to make the buyers think about Sweetix and Sue."

"Yea, and you that were going to be so chummy, and let us understand all this star-chamber business. What's the special hunch on Sweetix?"

"The special hunch is that if you don't sell a bigger bill on all the juveniles I'll have to know why," said Charley, and, turning his back on the Southern salesman, he pretended to be very busy with correspondence.

Charley found that some of the salesmen were beginning to make certain towns in their territory over-Sunday picnics, skipping other towns to reach them by Saturday night. He remembered how pleasant it had been to spend Sunday with friends, and for a few hours to forget the hotel smell of oyster crackers and roast veal. But still, that wasn't any excuse for scanting intervening towns; and he changed the territories round, after spending three evenings at home over a huge map, with a wet towel round his head and the gentle Agnes bringing him small cups of coffee.

Now, the general subject of routing is about as safe to introduce among salesmen as dynamite in a stove. Once the office knew that it was on the carpet every salesman who was in town immediately had bright ideas with which to help out Charley. They came round and said: "If I were making out the routes ——" They sneaked in and spoke furtively at all hours of the day, and were very solicitous about getting Charley out to lunch. All their ideas were concerned with getting better territory and easier connections for themselves. And they all desired short, lucid explanations for every single change he made—or didn't make.

"Why, the best territory I've got is Northern Michigan," complained Charley's successor in the Middle West. "Why don't you give me the South Dakota bad lands and the Arizona desert? It's as easy to sell to a butte or a cactus as to a mine storekeeper."

Charley knew how they felt. It was a battle, and what you won you won. He himself had tried to abstract good towns from other salesmen. He sympathized, but he couldn't satisfy everybody, and if he attended to all they said he wouldn't have satisfied anybody. So he became arbitrary. Then, looking from his desk into the sample room, he saw three salesmen conferring quietly, glancing at him as they talked. He had joined in just such discussions so short a time before. He knew that they were saying: "What this office needs is a sales-manager with some training! The poor yahoo expects me to cover Seattle and Key West on the same day, so far as I can make out. I tell you, if I were boss I'd arrange the routing so that the fellows would be satisfied with their territory. Yessir, that's the very first thing I'd do!"

He refused to change his map, once he had completed it; but he tried desperately to regain their friendship.

To the men out on the road he did his best to get credit information, samples and price changes as soon as the material came to him. For the men who were in town he bought various discreet drinks. He tried to keep himself from growing into that habit of hasty blaming which bosses so easily and unconsciously acquire—some bosses, not you or I, of course. And Charley tried not to be vexed by his subordinates' habit of denying all faults which, equally, most employees acquire—though never you or I, of course.

He succeeded fairly well in impressing the salesmen with his justice. Even the subject of routing—which belongs with religion and politics and the psychology of women, as a subject that is always good for a furious argument - did not come up so often that it kept them from working together. Charley liked authority, liked the chance to put through first-hand his ambitious plans for increasing sales, liked the salesmen under him, and in the new life of going home every night to Agnes and her wistful care he was imaginatively happy. He tried sincerely to be the little office sunbeam.

But he knew, and they all knew, that the truce in the battle would last only until the great Little Thomas Snider came back from the road with his reserves and artillery of "kidding." Charley knew that he had yet to match awkward youth and serious effort with the suave cynicism and experience of Little Thomas, and that, if he lost, the other salesmen would not grieve; because it is a safe general rule that another boss is always a better boss.

Charley had learned two military principles from this early border fighting. The first was one that every probationer policeman has to discover: If you wear the uniform or badge of office, and look as though you expect people to obey you, they will do so. The badge and a brazen visage will do the trick, no matter how much you are quaking down in your plain, ordinary, unofficial insides. The second trick that Charley learned was that it is better to start the fight and get it over. To Agnes, in their long evening talks about everybody in the office, he wailed.

"Oh, honey, I don't want to be hard, but if Tom Snider thinks I'll stand for anything when he gets back, he'll find out." Agnes sat and knitted and rocked and warmly agreed with him.

It was a day on which Fate had decided to do a day's work and show the world just how vicious he could be. When Charley arrived at the office his own office boy was sick, and a salesman was blithely and publicly considering resigning because he had a better offer. Charley felt it was a peculiarly nasty trick of the salesman to leave him in the lurch. While he was still worrying and carrying his own messages out to the packing room in the absence of the office boy, Charley's suburban landlord dropped in.

The landlord required very tactful handling because he was thinking, but not thinking hard enough to get a headache, about making certain repairs which Charley had demanded. Suburban householders will understand—that little matter of the broken rainpipe which was discoloring a ceiling. Apparently the landlord's decision as to what he would do depended on how much he should like Charley's conversation and office and cigars. He was willing to take the whole day off and discuss the history of repairs, from the first broken gate in the Garden of Eden to the millennium, when ceilings will never be discolored because the International Government will pass a law against it. He sat on the edge of Charley's desk and talked—and talked—and talked, while Charley's correspondence was untouched, and only the thought that Agnes had commanded him to be diplomatic as a pair of velvet breeches kept him from telling the landlord to take his rainpipe and go to the deuce with it.

When the landlord had brought the general subject of repairs, the kindness of landlords and the carelessness of tenants down to about the age of Julius Cæsar, in came the buyer from the New England jobbers, an unimportant-looking man with a mustache like a well-used back-porch broom, but so powerful that he never let salesmen buy him dinners. He wanted, he announced, to see McClure himself. He also wanted to make a protest against the fact that the cover of the latest Cutey book was in two colors, not three. While Charley was paying royal court to him and trying to slip in some pleasant words about Golluf, one of the office girls came into the sample room and whispered:

"Mr. Slosson wants to see you, Mr. McClure, and I guess he's got an awful mad on this morning. You better hurry! Gee, you ought to seen him call me and Mamie down because we was laughing, gee, just a weenty little bit when he come by!"

"Well, he'll have to wait," Charley whispered.

But while he was giving flattering heed to the remarks of the Boston buyer, he, who had once been so simple-hearted a salesman, was learning something of a boss's worries. One-half of his brain was busy with Slosson and Agnes and the landlord and repairs and the salesman who might quit and the sick office boy. Just as the Boston buyer was taking leave lingeringly, as though he might think of another joke for this appreciative listener, the office girl announced that two men were waiting to see Charley, and added in a stage whisper that Slosson had a headache and was getting nastier and nastier.

Charley was inspired to introduce the two waiting men to each other. He started them discussing that immortal topic, "Is business picking up your way?" while he himself fled into Slosson's room.

It was a short interview, but potent. If poor S. R. Rice had ever been so cranky Charley would have resigned instantly. But he couldn't afford to give up so good a job as sales-manager, especially with Agnes dependent upon him.

"McClure," Slosson grated, "I'm not very fond of being kept waiting. Of course I don't expect you to show up till it's convenient—oh, quite convenient—but sometimes I'd be glad if you could make it convenient for me too."

In the corner old Greene bent over his desk, more gray and futile and afraid of his partner every day.

"Had to see three buyers, sir."

"Well—look here, McClure: Tom Snider is due back to-day."

"Why, no, sir, not till to-morrow."

"I tell you he's coming to-day. Now, look here: There's one thing that you may never have given any attention to, but it's highly important. There's a rule in this office that no smoking is allowed except here in our private room. But you and Rice between you have simply let that rule become a dead letter. The salesmen all smoke; all of them sit round puffing like factory chimneys. I do wish we could get managers that would just make some slight effort to carry out the bare rules of this establishment, even if nothing else. Smoking makes a very bad impression on everybody who comes into the office, to say nothing of its effects on the throats of the girls that work here. If necessary Mr. Greene and I will give up our own smoking in here, because the smoking in the outer office simply must and will stop. And I expect you to see to it that the salesmen do their part. Now, Snider is the worst offender, and I expect you to start right in with him and see to it that he toes the mark. That's all."

Charley felt that it was enough. The picture of himself trying to keep the glib Little Thomas from smoking lacked all color and charm.

He remarked crossly:

"All right then. Say, the Boston jobbers won't take the Big Gun Gang remainders. And Caruthers is thinking of getting through—better offer. I guess we'll have to raise him."

"Those things are up to you, McClure. I can't be bothered with them. But we won't raise Caruthers. Too much overhead as it is. You can rush out and get another man in his place."

"That's Justice, Isn't It! And Loyalty to the Firm! Honest Dad, if I Were Boss——"

As he left the firm's private room Charley was less simple-hearted than ever. The following were the things he pondered all at once:

Where was he to "rush out" to and find a man to replace Caruthers? Caruthers ought to be raised anyway. Slosson was the most unreasonable man living. If the salesmen knew how Manager McClure stood between them and that fiend Slosson they'd worship him instead of bucking him. Slosson was a fool to think that Little Thomas would be in to-day. Thank heaven, that trouble was postponed anyway! Poor Agnes—she never would get those repairs.

Charley had to do all his brooding about these wrongs between the firm's room and the sample room, where the two men were waiting for him. He had to show advance samples to one and talk to the other about the establishment of a hotel news and cigar stand. In the midst of which perspiring double rôle he heard, from the salesmen's room beyond, a noise something like a Weber and Fields revival and something like the return of the troops. He looked out and saw that Little Thomas, who couldn't possibly return to-day, had returned—a picturesque mingling of a new, light gray overcoat and a tan derby and pointed shoes and round, shining face and boisterous greetings and sarcastic inquiries about Boss McClure and a big, long, fat, odorous cigar that was tilted 45° N. N. W. and was simply cremating the office rule against smoking.

Charley finished his business and stalked into the salesmen's room like a cat after a sparrow. Little Thomas, sitting on one desk with his feet across the aisle on another desk, greeted him:

"Hello, Chollie! How's it going with the big boss? Still love Papa Slosson?"

One salesman whispered to another, rather like a bad boy in school, though he was forty-five and grave and a prominent joiner. Charley fancied that he was saying: "Little Thomas ought to be boss."

Little Thomas' patronizing smile said much the same thing. Charley looked along the line of desks. Every detail of the room, of the men, he saw sharply. The whole office seemed expectant.

He noticed with irritation that Caruthers had left untouched a bunch of imported toy books he had given him to look over. Then:

"Tom," said Charley, "you call me either Charley or Mr. McClure. Next time you feel your sense of humor overpowering you and you call me 'Chollie,' I'll take it as a signal you want to start something, see? Now come here to my desk; I want to have a little talk with you. Caruthers, if you find yourself too busy getting ready for your new job to look over those importations, I'll hire you an assistant. Just let me know if you feel you're becoming much more important than us poor Greene-Slosson yahoos. Marcus, whenever you get time to go out and see the Harlem stores, I'm sure they'll be glad to see you—you

(Continued on Page 34)

It Seemed to Charley That Each Time He Bent Over Tom's Desk Slosson Appeared, Watching Them

ANTON THE TERRIBLE

By Thomas H. Uzzell

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

IT WAS the dead of winter. The Czar's armies were pouring victoriously through the passes of the Carpathians, when suddenly General Stanovitch, "the unknown genius of the Russian Army," mysteriously disappeared.

It was the first of a series of calamities soon to overtake the empire. It was the main topic of conversation in the snowbound capital. Merchants swathed in great fur coats gathering in groups in the frozen streets, soldiers polishing their rifles with benumbed fingers in their barracks, women gossiping about their steaming tea urns, all exclaimed: "What! General Stanovitch! Disappeared? Dead? *Bozhe moi*, what a disaster!"

Suspicion as to who had made away with the general was whispered among the secret police and at the various political and military camarillas which rule in the Russian capital. Anton Kazoff! It could be no other. Major Anton Kazoff was chief of the Ochrana, or secret police. The Ochrana, which before the war was occupied with exposing and exiling revolutionists, had since the outbreak of hostilities been commanded by the war ministry to unmask German spies.

Now officials shook their heads sadly over their glasses of hot tea and said: "Anton Kazoff is certainly in this thing." But in Russia suspicion is one thing, and exposure and conviction another. It was too bad; it was tragic; but—"What's to be done?"

There were two reasons why nothing could be done. Major Kazoff himself was head of the strongest arm of the Russian police. He was general of an army of political spies. These spies, or *seshchiks*, he ruled like a despot. He had terrorized them into abject obedience. Compared with the Ochrana the civil police were merely a small body of traffic policemen. The only efficient machinery for securing evidence against German military spies was that of the Ochrana. If the chief of the Ochrana himself was in the service of the Germans, it was hopeless.

A second thing that militated against the possibility of exposing Major Kazoff, if he was guilty, was the fact that many of the most influential members of the imperial court, as well as officers of the cabinet, were pro-German in their sympathies. Russia's patriots and military leaders deplored this situation and yet were unable to alter it. German spies, therefore, were more numerous and were operating more successfully and boldly in Russia than in any other country. It was useless to expect much of the court or the police.

There was but one way out of the tragic dilemma—an appeal to Grand Duke Nicholas, commander-in-chief of the Russian Armies. The matter was finally brought to his attention by David Burkin, one of the adjutants attached to his field staff. Adjutant Burkin, while acting at the Imperial Alexander Theater before the war, had gained the admiration and fast friendship of the Grand Duke. As an actor he had great talent. Like most young Russians of spirit, moreover, he had spent a few months in Peter-and-Paul Fortress. He had visited an "underground" meeting of the revolutionists. He was a "political." He had shared the sufferings of Russia's political martyrs and understood their prison life. The Grand Duke, nevertheless, recognized in him the genius of leadership, knew he could trust him utterly, and commissioned him to keep him accurately posted as to events at the capital.

Thus Burkin traveled between Petrograd and the Grand Duke's army headquarters as the great leader's confidential agent. On one of his trips he learned the disastrous news of the death of the "Von Hindenburg of the Russian Army," and of the suspicions that had fallen upon Major Kazoff, the Czar's chief spy exposer.

A solemn conference of the Grand Duke with his field staff in the old palace in Warsaw, where the Grand Duke had made his headquarters, ensued. The handsome young actor, eyes flashing, yet with that deliberateness and self-control which proclaimed his worthiness for his position of high trust, reported the shocking treachery of which Major Kazoff was suspected. He reminded the grave, bearded generals of Kazoff's career of duplicity as a "provocator" before the war.

"While Kazoff was still a *seshchik* of the Ochrana, your excellencies," said the young adjutant, "and before he became its chief, he displayed his talent for treachery. You will recall his provocations. He convinced the terrorists that he was heart and soul for their cause and became head of their fighting organization. He then provoked them to plot against high officials, aided them in constructing their bombs, and when all were planted for the crime arrested them and sent them to Siberia. Nor did he stop with betraying the terrorists.

"I Could Have Saved You, I Could Have Saved You!"

He permitted the assassination of public officials who were obnoxious to the German element in the court in which he served. He thus gained the unshakable confidence of the terrorists and promoted the ambitions of the German intriguers. I do not need to remind your excellencies that the real guilt for the deaths of Grand Duke Sergius, Governor-General of Moscow, and Prime Ministers Plehve and Stolypin may be laid to the account of Anton Kazoff.

"I myself, your excellencies, was one of Kazoff's victims. At one time I, too, trusted and admired his dynamic personality. How he fooled us! We thought he would bring Russia the freedom of which we dreamed. Anton the Terrible, we called him. We used to say among ourselves that 'Ivan the Terrible founded the despotic tyranny of the Romanoffs, and Anton the Terrible will blow it asunder.' No, Anton Kazoff was never a patriot. He was simply Russia's most fearless and successful intriguer and therefore her strongest politician. He himself boasts that he is the 'soul of autocracy.'

"Your excellencies, I beg to assure you that there is only one explanation of this monster's activities. He has developed a craving for power over life and death. This power he exercises secretly, while he laughs at the pretensions of officials who fear and abhor him. The murders he has achieved as a provocator, I really believe, have utterly degenerated his mind. There is only one reason for the crimes Anton Kazoff committed before the war and for this dastardly treason of which he is now suspected: he has witnessed so much human misery, has caused so many deaths, that now the achievement of suffering and death has become a morbid obsession. What a horrible confession to make concerning one of the most important officials of the empire! Yet I see by your faces, your excellencies, that you realize its truth and know the grave danger in which it places the army.

"The outcry against Major Kazoff after the death of Prime Minister Stolypin caused him to leave the empire. As soon as the war broke out, however, he returned. The minister of war, as your excellencies directed, ordered the Ochrana to give its entire attention to German spies. Then it was that Anton Kazoff, through the influence of his German supporters in the court and cabinet, induced His Imperial Majesty to reinstate him in the Ochrana. The excuse was that Anton Kazoff was the only officer in the empire capable of handling the situation. He was accordingly given the title of major and made chief of the Ochrana.

"On my last trip to the capital, your excellencies," continued the adjutant, "I learned that Major Kazoff has a mysterious rendezvous on the first floor of the gray stone house at No. 57 on the English Quay. This was the apartment, you will remember, of the wealthy Professor Peotr Ivanovitch Valenkin, who was exiled for denouncing the doctrines of Machiavelli in his lectures at the Imperial University. The professor's daughter, Vera Petrovna, who, for protesting against the banishment of her father, was confined in the fortress for six months, is now held prisoner by Kazoff in her own home.

"The girl's servants have been replaced by hirelings from the Ochrana. Babushka—you remember Babushka, Kazoff's *baba*, they called her, the old woman confederate of the major about whom so much mystery developed and so many strange things were said?—*noo*, Babushka has been placed in the home as a sort of housekeeper and guardian for the girl. Since Vera Petrovna is a friend of mine, I tried to gain admission to the apartment, but found

it absolutely impossible. The telephone is cut off. No one is admitted; no mail delivered. Once a day the old woman goes to the market; but she is as secretive and uncommunicative as a block of river ice.

"Why the young lady has been imprisoned in her own home, who this Babushka is, and what goes on in that apartment, your excellencies, I was unable to learn in the brief time allowed me to remain in the capital. In the fact that General Stanovitch was a friend of Professor Valenkin and his daughter and often visited them, I believe we have a valuable clue. Before returning to the front, I confided this much to Governor-General Volkonski." General Volkonski was put in supreme command of Petrograd by the Grand Duke when it was practically declared under martial law at the opening of the war.

"His Excellency the Governor," explained the adjutant, "shared my suspicions about Major Kazoff, and declared that the only way of convicting him of this crime and bringing his career of treachery to a close is to proceed against him with his own methods. Whoever does this, however, he said, will need the support of the highest military authority. Governor Volkonski, therefore, your excellency"—Adjutant Burkin rose to his feet by the long table, faced the Grand Duke and saluted—"requested me to beg your excellency to return me to Petrograd with plenary power to coöperate with him in the unmasking of Anton Kazoff. I entreat your excellency to allow me this opportunity to serve the motherland."

The Grand Duke glanced at the bemedaled generals about the table. Seeing that a slight nodding of heads gave silent approval, he penned a few words on a piece of paper, gave it to the young man, placed his hand kindly on his shoulder, and said simply: "May the saints be with you."

As Burkin was leaving the room the Grand Duke called him back and said quietly:

"Adjutant, show no mercy."

Burkin saluted.

Two days later Adjutant Burkin arrived in the Russian capital. He had a long private conference with Governor-General Volkonski at the admiralty, and then, learning that Major Kazoff was in his office, drove to the red sandstone building at Fontanka No. 16. He leaped out of the fur robes of his droshky, handed the driver a ruble, pronounced his name to the sworded and pistoled *gendarme* patrolling the front of the gloomy building, and disappeared through the heavy, iron-grilled door.

At the same moment Vera Petrovna Valenkin and the enigmatic Babushka sat at tea in the dining room of the Valenkin home. It was one of those huge Russian rooms that are imposing without being comfortable. The furniture was dark and heavy, the tapestries somber, the curtains over the doors raven-black velvet. A glass chandelier, hung high over the table, gave the room a vacant, palatial stare. The dim, unshaded lights illuminated only the white ceiling. Shadows were everywhere.

The glistening white tiles of the stove in the corner had cooled, leaving the heavy, unventilated air chilled and lifeless. A green-and-yellow parrot in a gilded cage placed on an ebony pedestal furnished the sole note of contrast to the pervading gloom. The silence of the sunless winter and the tragic solemnity of war filled the hearts of the two women with sadness. Their voices were hushed.

"What could have happened to the dear old general?" exclaimed Vera Petrovna as she jabbed her half-smoked cigarette into her tea saucer and gazed appealingly at the quiet old woman opposite her. "Do you remember, Babushka, how he used to sit here, beg me to hold his cold hands, and say he was going to adopt me when the war was over? Do you remember how he used to pour cognac into his tea when he thought I wasn't looking? He was a dear. Oh, Babushka, what terrible things are happening!"

Vera Petrovna Valenkin had a Spanish type of countenance, with large, dreamy black eyes. She was given to sudden and passionate impulses. Fears caused by her present predicament had exhausted her patience. And now this fresh grief over the disappearance of General Stanovitch left her depressed and melancholy.

"Don't grieve, Vera dear," soothed her companion. "I am oh, so sorry! We women must have patience. We must trust and hope. God knows best."

As has been indicated, the real name of the woman Vera addressed as Babushka was a mystery. To the police and the few other people who knew her she was always known simply as "grandmother," "little old woman"—Babushka. Her passive share in these events may not seem important.

Burkin Lunged Furiously. The Steel Blades Flashed and Rang

Not so. Because of the quality of Babushka's soul, the story of Anton the Terrible is worth repeating.

There sat the ample, maternal Babushka in her accustomed place at the table, pouring hot water from the globular samovar into a polished glass on a saucer and coloring it with a strong infusion of tea from a gray teapot. She was dressed in black, with a coral brooch at her throat and narrow white lace edging her collar and sleeves. Although her wrinkled face had something of the subserviency of the peasant about it, there was yet a sparkle to the blue eyes and faint flushes on the wan cheeks indicating that deep within fires of some sort were burning brightly. A scarf she was knitting for Kazoff lay untouched in her lap.

Other evidence there was in the room besides this scarf that a third and important person belonged to the domestic group. The massive buffet, the liqueur cabinet, the center and serving tables were littered with bowls of fruit, covered tureens, clusters of varicolored bottles with strange foreign labels and silver platters holding man's food—huge cheeses, loaves of black bread and partly consumed joints of cold meat. Two cavalry sabers were crossed over a portrait of the Czar. It was clear that, while the two women talked in subdued voices and let their tea grow cold, some dynamic personality dominated their thoughts.

Two hours passed in saddened converse, when suddenly the tall clock which stood like a coffin on end among the shadows in one corner solemnly intoned the hour of five o'clock. The elder woman, who had been watching the face of the clock with anxious expectancy, exclaimed in a tone of relief:

"*Ech*, at last! Anton will be here—he said he'd come at five, you know. We must prepare. Did Egor put the raw fish on the buffet?"

"*Da da*, Babushka, it's ready," replied the girl absentmindedly.

She had been sitting with one hand pressed against her throat, gazing fixedly at the undecipherable face of her guardian, still sorrowing at the loss of the old general, her mind ever busy endeavoring to account for his fate. As Babushka mentioned the name of Anton, Vera Petrovna shuddered and complained:

"Oh, I'm afraid of that man, Babushka. I wish he wouldn't come here. Think what he has done!"

"Anton?" returned the older woman as she began to prepare a fresh pot of tea. "You mustn't fear Anton, Vera dear. Remember, all is different now. He is a patriot and is serving his country."

"Anton Kazoff a patriot!" cried the girl, placing the Pekingese dog which had been sleeping in her lap on the floor and beginning to wander about the table. "No no no, I can't believe it, Babushka! I am afraid, I am afraid! If he'd only let me go away——"

"Dear, dear Verushka, calm yourself!" soothed Babushka. "All will be well. Anton needs us. We must obey. Come, dear, you will make yourself sick thinking all the time of—— It's all over now. That's a good girl. Come, sit here beside me."

Instead of approaching Babushka, Vera strode into the chilly blackness of the huge music room at the front of the house and back again, clenching and unclenching her hot hands. For the thousandth time she tormented herself with recollections of Anton the Terrible. Time and again she had lain awake nights, staring at the dark, hearing her heart beat, reviewing in the cold silence the red history of that prodigy of Russian despotism.

And now the nightmare of memories of Kazoff's past again haunted the girl's mind, as, momentarily expecting his arrival, she walked restlessly from one to the other of the silent rooms. The intolerable sense of confinement, the memory of the sufferings she had endured in the fortress, were a growing torture. Then she thought again of the general's disappearance. Suddenly she stood still and exclaimed to herself: "*Bozhe moi!* Perhaps it was he, Anton——" She approached Babushka's chair, clutched its heavy carvings and said quietly: "Babushka, Anton Kazoff is in this thing!"

As if a blow had been dealt her, Babushka let the glass she was polishing drop from her fingers, fell back against the back of her chair, crossed herself and closed her eyes. As Vera witnessed the effect of her statement of her new suspicion she suddenly realized as never before that Babushka was in the service of the Ochrana and always manifested a sort of cringing servility to her employer. Babushka whom she loved—her jailer! Confederate of Anton Kazoff! An accomplice—could it be possible?—in the murder of General Stanovitch, friend of her father!

"Vera dear," murmured Babushka; vainly endeavoring to smile at the girl, "come, please, your tea is cold."

"And so is my heart," said the girl bitterly as she stood back from the old woman and gazed at her with growing terror. "Babushka," she challenged firmly, "in my soul I feel that Anton Kazoff has had something to do with this dreadful affair. Tell me, Babushka, do you know——"

"I know nothing, dear," interrupted Babushka, again busying herself with the glasses. "You must not talk so. Please, dear, he'll soon be here."

"It looks suspicious, Babushka," persisted the girl, dropping into her chair, her fingers working and her wide-open eyes flitting from the clock to Babushka's quiet face and then to the velvet curtains. "Why did Anton Kazoff return to Russia? Why did he leave you here? Why has he imprisoned me in my own home? I can't stand it! I can't stand it! I want to go away! Help me, Babushka! Help me to get away!"

"God have mercy, poor girl, I can't help you," replied Babushka, her hands folded resignedly over her ample body, her vivid blue eyes looking pityingly at the girl. "I am as helpless as you, dear. Women cannot understand these things."

"But you do understand!" cried the girl. "I have a horrible feeling here, here"—she pressed her hand to her forehead—"that you understand ——"

"Verushka darling, all my life I have done things which I never understood. Patience, dear, patience. It is God's will." The old woman glanced nervously at the clock.

"God's will?" Vera's breath came rapidly; the panic of her rage and terror tumbled the words rapidly from her lips: "Anton Kazoff knows nothing about God. He is a murderer. To kill the dear old general is like—yes, he would do that. That's the way he used to do when we, like fools, adored him for his successes as the slayer of Russia's tyrants. 'Hail to the Russian Mirabeau!' we used to greet him. We worshiped those very hands stained with the blood of our comrades! This disappearance of the general bears his mark, though perhaps he never did the actual killing. That also is his way. But he planned it, and you, Babushka, you ——" She began to pound the table.

"Don't, Verushka, don't!" pleaded the guardian. "Anton? *Ach*, no no! He has returned as a patriot to help Russia ——"

"Do you think so?" sneered the girl. "Do you think so? Do you believe he has so changed? Then why am I a prisoner? Why do you and he keep me here away from my friends? 'Military necessity,' he said. Pah! Lies, lies, always lies and ——"

"Patience, dear Verushka," interrupted Babushka, observing the girl's face with alarm. "You must have patience."

"Patience! Patience!" cried Vera, raising her voice and rocking to and fro. "Patience for what? Tell me ——"

"We have told you, dear girl. Anton has a plan to find the German spies who are giving away army secrets. You can be useful to him and to Russia. Wait, Vera; it was for this that Anton returned ——"

"Anton Kazoff returned to Russia to catch German spies!" Vera laughed hysterically. "Never. I cannot believe that. He is an assassin. My father's friend came first. He will crush others. He will make them suffer. He is still Anton the Terrible. Why, Babushka, I have seen Anton Kazoff smile over a murder. He loves to make people suffer."

"Vera Petrovna! God have mercy! You must not speak so. You are hysterical. I forbid you ——" She leaned back in her chair and covered her eyes with trembling fingers.

"You forbid me!" exclaimed the girl, pounding the table more violently than before. "*Ech*, so you are my jailer! I had almost forgotten that. You, Babushka, you, you, you!"

"Verushka, do not agitate yourself," pleaded Babushka. "It is no use, dearest love. He will send you back to the fortress. Oh, I am sorry, sorry, poor, poor little darling." She held out her arms to the girl.

"Babushka, I am afraid, afraid. I cannot bear it! Some day when he comes with his horrible hands I will kill ——" With a wail of misery, Vera, unable longer to resist Babushka's comforting gesture and the soothing, motherly tone of her voice, sank down by her guardian's chair and buried her face in her lap. The kind old hands patted the girl's shoulders shaken by sobs and the gentle voice crooned words of compassion. The elder woman's overflowing tenderness triumphed over the girl's fears and terrors.

Vera Petrovna knew then, as never before, that, whatever Babushka's connection with the calamity menacing her home, she possessed a mother's heart of sympathy and gentleness. Babushka was indeed one of those supremely feminine women whose whole natures are spiritually transfigured by the miracle of childbirth. The maternal craving kindled in her simple, emotional being by the agony of creation illumined her entire life. Robbed of her own children—this Vera believed—in some tragic manner, Babushka yearned to mother someone, to spend her affections, to sacrifice herself for another. In her heart were glorified those traits of resignation and love of martyrdom pathetically characteristic of the Russian soul.

Softly Babushka stroked the girl's hair; the sobbing gradually ceased; and again the winter silence enveloped the house. The water convulsed against the silver belly of the samovar; Tiko, the parrot, cracked his bill; blasts of wind from the frozen Finnish Gulf swooped up the chasm of the river and boomed and whistled about the thick stone corners of the house. Through the sealed double windows the calls of the drivers of the snowcarts, busy at their white harvest along the wide Quay, could be faintly heard. From time to time the two women could hear the sharp toot of the tiny locomotive ferrying its little cars across the river ice.

"*Ech, matushka,*" cried the girl—using for the first time the word, lovely in Russian, for "motherkins"—suddenly clasping the elder woman's hands and gazing earnestly into her kindly face, "how wonderful you are! How I wish I understood you! How can I hate or fear you when when I—I love you so!" She snuggled against Babushka's knees.

Babushka smiled tenderly and said: "Some day you will know all, little daughter. It is God's will. Do not worry. There, there now."

Vera, watching the gentle face above her, wondered at the older woman's relation to the dreaded Ochrana. Again she tried to fathom the change that had come over Babushka since Anton Kazoff's return. Before his appearance, her guardian seemed to be falling into the drowsiness of old age. Since then pink flushes faintly tinged her wan cheeks; her breath came in short gasps when Kazoff's name was mentioned; she started involuntarily—was it in terror of him?—when she heard his step at the door. What was the secret of his strange power over her? Kazoff's *baba!* With what concern she looked after his comfort, indulged his animal appetite for raw fish! How abjectly she hung upon his words. On the other hand, Babushka never betrayed the slightest interest in or indeed the slightest knowledge of the work he was engaged in. Was Babushka merely a foolishly fond, ignorant dupe of the great provocator? Vera could not tell.

At last Vera broke the silence, putting into words the problem that baffled her:

"*Matushka*, do you believe in the Ochrana, really? Do you believe that its secret police, its provocators, are necessary for the safety of our Russia? I cannot see. You are of the service, and you are dear and kind. And yet the system—how dreadful it is! When I was in the fortress—*ech*, there one has time to think—I used to recall all the days of the Terror, the plots and counterplots, the work of the terrible bombs, and I began to believe that the Ochrana was the cause of all the wrongs we long to make right. Oh, I know you believe in it, or you would not be here, but I—I used to pray that something would come to destroy it.

"When news of the war came—even the prison walls could not keep that from us—I thought it might be an answer to my prayer, that perhaps the good to come from this terrible war will be the destruction of our system of secret *gendarmeris*. *Matushka*, Russia is destroying herself with these men whom she trains to cruelty. Some of these *seshchiks* who are sent out of Fontanka No. 16 have not one drop of pity left in their veins. They have watched people suffer until they do not care. They are not human. There were men ages ago who were like them, kings and rulers who had slain and tortured until they developed beastly appetites for blood and devised all sorts of torments. Our *seshchiks* become like that. And there is not one but thousands, all paid for murder. And, oh, *matushka*, murder is not the worst! Women, helpless women, children and feeble old men—in the frenzy of drink and unrestrained authority these victims are tortured ——"

"Don't, Verushka, dove!" interrupted Babushka, the horror of the girl's voice now reflected in her own. "God have mercy, you must not brood so over these things!"

She glanced at the clock.

"Come, Anton is late. He'll be here now any minute."

"I had a frightful dream last night," continued the girl, unmindful of her guardian's words, her voice now a low, tense monotone. Her wide-opened eyes gazed hypnotically at the black-velvet curtains and into the darkness of the music room beyond. "I thought I saw General Stanovitch. Have you ever seen him? I can almost see him again now there!" She pointed at the darkness. "How tall and slender! How courtly and dignified, with his wonderful white hair and beard! And his blue eyes, eyes like those of a laughing boy! He was such a dear, *matushka*. 'The unknown genius of the army,' they called him. And he loved me! Only fancy. He helped the Grand Duke, but he was too weak to follow our great leader into Poland. It nearly broke his heart."

The girl paused an instant to suppress a sob.

"No No, Babushka! I am Afraid! If He'd Only Let Me Go Away ——"

(Continued on Page 40)

UNEASY MONEY

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XVIII (Continued)

A SENSE of something incongruous jarred upon Bill. Something seemed to be interfering with the supreme romance of that golden moment. It baffled him at first. Then he realized that he was still holding Eustace by the tail.

Dudley Pickering had watched these proceedings—as well as the fact that it was extremely dark and that he was endeavoring to hide a portly form behind a slender bush would permit him—with a sense of bewilderment. A comic artist drawing Mr. Pickering at that moment would no doubt have placed above his head one of those large marks of interrogation which lend vigor and snap to modern comic art. Certainly such a mark of interrogation would have summed up his feelings exactly. Of what was taking place he had not the remotest notion. All he knew was that for some inexplicable reason his quarry had come to a halt and seemed to have settled down for an indefinite stay. Voices came to him in an indistinguishable murmur, intensely irritating to a conscientious tracker. One of Fenimore Cooper's Indians—notably Chingachgook, if, which seemed incredible, that was really the man's name—would have crept up without a sound and heard what was being said and got in on the ground floor of whatever plot was being hatched. But experience had taught Mr. Pickering that, superior as he was to Chingachgook and his friends in many ways, as a creeper he was not in their class. He weighed thirty or forty pounds more than a first-class creeper should. Besides, creeping is like golf. You can't take it up in the middle forties and expect to compete with those who have been at it from infancy.

He had resigned himself to an all-night vigil behind the bush, when to his great delight he perceived that things had begun to move again. There was a rustling of feet in the undergrowth, and he could just see two indistinct forms making their way among the bushes. He came out of his hiding place and followed stealthily, or as stealthily as the fact that he had not even taken a correspondence course in creeping allowed. And profiting by earlier mistakes he did succeed in making far less noise than before. In place of his former somewhat elephantine method of progression he adopted a species of shuffle which had excellent results, for it enabled him to brush twigs away instead of stepping flatfootedly on them. The new method was slow, but it had no other disadvantages.

"Dudley Dear, What are You Sitting There Dreaming For?"

Because it was slow Mr. Pickering was obliged to follow his prey almost entirely by ear. It was easy at first, for they seemed to be hurrying on regardless of noise. Then unexpectedly the sounds of their passage ceased.

He halted. In his boyish way the first thing he thought was that it was an ambush. He had a vision of that large man suspecting his presence and lying in wait for him with a revolver. This was not a comforting thought. Of course if a man is going to fire a revolver at you it makes little difference whether he is a giant or a pygmy, but Mr. Pickering was in no frame of mind for nice reasoning. It was the thought of Bill's physique which kept him standing there irresolute.

What would Chingachgook—assuming, for purposes of argument, that any sane godfather could really have given a helpless child a name like that—have done? He would, Mr. Pickering considered, after giving the matter his earnest attention, have made a detour and outflanked the enemy. An excellent solution of the difficulty. Mr. Pickering turned to the left and began to advance circuitously, with the result that, before he knew what he was doing, he came out into a clearing and understood the meaning of the sudden silence which had perplexed him. Footsteps made no sound on this mossy turf.

He knew where he was now; the clearing was familiar. This was where Lord Wetherby's shack-studio stood; and there it was, right in front of him, black and clear in the moonlight. And the two dark figures were going into it.

Mr. Pickering retreated into the shelter of the bushes and mused upon this thing. It seemed to him that for centuries he had been doing nothing but retreat into bushes for this purpose. His perplexity had returned. He could imagine no reason why burglars should want to visit Lord Wetherby's studio. He had taken it for granted, when he had tracked them to the clearing, that they were on their way to the house, which was quite close to the shack, separated from it only by a thin belt of trees and a lawn.

They had certainly gone in. He had seen them with his own eyes—first the man, then very close behind him, apparently holding to his coat, the girl. But why?

Creep up and watch them? Would Chingachgook have taken a risk like that? Hardly, unless insured with some good company. Then what? He was still undecided when he perceived the objects of his attention emerging. He backed a little farther into the bushes.

They stood for an instant, listening apparently. The man no longer carried the sack. They exchanged a few inaudible words. Then they crossed the clearing and entered the wood a few yards to his right. He could hear the crackling of their footsteps diminishing in the direction of the road.

A devouring curiosity seized upon Mr. Pickering. He wanted, more than he had wanted almost anything before in his life, to find out what the dickens they had been up to in there. He listened. The footsteps were no longer audible. He ran across the clearing and into the shack. It was then that he discovered that he had no matches.

This needless infliction, coming upon him at the crisis of an adventurous night, infuriated Mr. Pickering. He swore softly. He groped round the walls for an electric-light switch, but the shack had no electric-light switch. When there was need to illuminate it an oil lamp performed the duty. This occurred to Mr. Pickering after he had been round the place three times, and he ceased to grope for a switch and began to seek for a match box. He was still seeking it when he was frozen in his tracks by the sound of footsteps, muffled but by their nearness audible, just outside the door. He pulled out his pistol, which he had replaced in his pocket, backed against the wall and stood there, prepared to sell his life dearly.

The door opened.

One reads of desperate experiences aging people in a single night. His present predicament aged Mr. Pickering in a single minute. In the brief interval of time between the opening of the door and the moment when a voice outside began to speak he became a full thirty years older. His boyish ardor slipped from him, and he was once more the Dudley Pickering whom the world knew, the staid and respectable middle-aged man of affairs, who would have given a million dollars not to have got himself mixed up in this deplorable business.

And then the voice spoke.

"I'll light the lamp," it said; and with an overpowering feeling of relief Mr. Pickering recognized it as Lord Wetherby's. A moment later the temperamental peer's dapper figure became visible in silhouette against a background of pale light.

"Ah-hum!" said Mr. Pickering.

The effect on Lord Wetherby was remarkable. To hear someone clear his throat at the back of a dark room, where there should rightfully be no throat to be cleared, would cause even your man of stolid habit a passing thrill. The thing got right in among Lord Wetherby's highly sensitive ganglions like an earthquake. He uttered a strangled cry, then dashed out and slammed the door behind him.

"There's someone in there!"

Lady Wetherby's tranquil voice made itself heard.

"Nonsense; who could be in there?"

"I heard him, I tell you. He growled at me!"

It seemed to Mr. Pickering that the time had come to relieve the mental distress which he was causing his host. He raised his voice.

"It's all right!" he called.

"There!" said Lord Wetherby.

"Who's that?" asked Lady Wetherby through the door.

"It's all right. It's me—Pickering."

The door was opened a few inches by a cautious hand.

"Is that you, Pickering?"

"Yes. It's all right."

"Don't keep saying it's all right," said Lord Wetherby irritably. "It isn't all right. What do you mean by hiding in the dark and popping out and barking at a man? You made me bite my tongue. I've never had such a shock in my life."

Mr. Pickering left his lair and came out into the open. Lord Wetherby was looking aggrieved, Lady Wetherby peacefully inquisitive. For the first time Mr. Pickering discovered that Claire was present. She was standing behind Lady Wetherby with a floating white something over her head, looking very beautiful.

"For the love of Mike!" said Lady Wetherby.

Mr. Pickering became aware that he was still holding the revolver.

"Oh, ah!" he said, and pocketed the weapon.

"Barking at people!" muttered Lord Wetherby in a querulous undertone.

"What on earth are you doing, Dudley?" said Claire.

There was a note in her voice which both puzzled and pained Mr. Pickering, a note that seemed to suggest that she found herself in imperfect sympathy with him. Her expression deepened the suggestion. It was a cold expression, unfriendly, as if it was not so keen a pleasure to Claire to look at him as it should be for a girl to look at the man whom she is engaged to marry. He had noticed the same note in her voice and the same hostile look in her eye earlier in the evening. He had found her alone, reading a letter which, as the stamp on the envelope showed, had come from England. She had seemed so upset that he had asked her if it contained bad news, and she had replied in the negative with so much irritation that he had desisted from inquiries. But his own idea was that she had had bad news from home. Mr. Pickering still clung to his early impression that her little brother Percy was consumptive, and he thought the child must have taken

a turn for the worse. It was odd that she should have looked and spoken like that then, and it was odd that she should look and speak like that now. He had been vaguely disturbed then and he was vaguely disturbed now. He had the feeling that all was not well.

"Yes," said Lady Wetherby. "What on earth are you doing, Dudley?"

"Popping out!" grumbled Lord Wetherby.

"We came here to see Algie's picture, which has got something wrong with its eyes apparently, and we find you hiding in the dark with a gun. What's the idea?"

"It's a long story," said Mr. Pickering.

"We have the night before us," said Lady Wetherby.

"You remember the Man—the fellow I found looking in at the window, the Man who said he knew Claire?"

"You've got that man on the brain, Dudley. What's he been doing to you now?"

"I tracked him here."

"Tracked him? Where from?"

"From that bee-farm place where he's living. He and that girl you spoke of went into these woods. I thought they were making for the house, but they went into the shack."

"What did they do then?" asked Lady Wetherby.

"They came out again."

"Why?"

"That's what I was trying to find out."

Lord Wetherby uttered an exclamation.

"By Jove!" There was apprehension in his voice, but mingled with it a certain pleased surprise. "Perhaps they were after my picture. I'll light the lamp. Good Lord, picture thieves—Romneys—missing Gainsboroughs——" His voice trailed off as he found the lamp and lit it. Relief and disappointment were nicely blended in his next words: "No, it's still there."

The soft light of the lamp filled the studio.

"Well, that's a comfort," said Lady Wetherby, sauntering in. "We couldn't afford to lose—— Oh!"

Lord Wetherby spun round as her scream burst upon his already tortured nerve centers. Lady Wetherby was kneeling on the floor. Claire hurried in.

"What is it, Polly?"

Lady Wetherby rose to her feet and pointed. Her face had lost its look of patient amusement. It was hard and set. She eyed Mr. Pickering in a menacing way.

"Look!"

Claire followed her finger.

"Good gracious! It's Eustace!"

"Shot!"

She was looking intently at Mr. Pickering. "Well, Dudley," she said coldly, "what about it?"

Mr. Pickering found that they were all looking at him—Lady Wetherby with glittering eyes, Claire with cool scorn, Lord Wetherby with a horror which he seemed to have achieved with something of an effort.

"Well!" said Claire.

"What about it, Dudley?" said Lady Wetherby.

"I must say, Pickering," said Lord Wetherby, "much as I disliked the animal, it's a bit thick!"

Mr. Pickering recoiled from their accusing gaze.

"Good heavens! Do you think I did it?"

In the midst of his anguish there flashed across his mind the recollection of having seen just this sort of situation in a moving picture and of having thought it far-fetched.

Lady Wetherby's good-tempered mouth, far from good-tempered now, curled in a devastating sneer. She was looking at him as Claire, in the old days when they had toured England together in road companies, had sometimes seen her look at recalcitrant landladies. The landladies, without exception, had wilted beneath that gaze, and Mr. Pickering wilted now.

"But—but—but——" was all he could contrive to say.

"Why should we think you did it?" said Lady Wetherby bitterly. "You had a grudge against the poor brute for biting you. We find you hiding here with a pistol and a story about burglars which an infant couldn't swallow. I suppose you thought that, if you planted the poor creature's body here, it would be up to Algie to get rid of it, and that if he were found with it I should think that it was he who had killed the animal."

The look of horror which Lord Wetherby had managed to assume became genuine at these words. The gratitude which he had been feeling toward Mr. Pickering for having removed one of the chief trials of his existence vanished.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "So that was the game, was it?"

Mr. Pickering struggled for speech. This was a nightmare.

"But I didn't! I didn't! I didn't! I tell you I hadn't the remotest notion the creature was there."

"Oh, come, Pickering!" said Lord Wetherby. "Come, come, come!"

Mr. Pickering found that his accusers were ebbing away. Lady Wetherby had gone. Claire had gone. Only Lord Wetherby remained, looking at him like a pained groom. He dashed from the place and followed his hostess, speaking incoherently of burglars, outhouses and misunderstandings. He even mentioned Chingachgook. But Lady Wetherby would not listen. Nobody would listen.

He found Lord Wetherby at his side, evidently prepared to go deeper into the subject. Lord Wetherby was looking now like a groom whose favorite horse has kicked him in the stomach.

"Wouldn't have thought it of you, Pickering," said Lord Wetherby. Mr. Pickering found no words. "Wouldn't, honestly. Low trick!"

"But I tell you——"

"Devilish low trick!" repeated Lord Wetherby with a shake of the head. "Laws of hospitality—eaten our bread and salt, what!—all that sort of thing—kill valuable monkey—not done, you know—low, very low!"

And he followed his wife, now in full retreat, with scorn and repulsion written in her very walk.

"Mr. Pickering!"

It was Claire. She stood there, holding something toward him, something that glittered in the moonlight. Her voice was hard, and the expression on her face suggested that in her estimation he was a particularly low-grade worm, one of the submerged tenth of the worm world.

"Eh?" said Mr. Pickering dazedly.

He looked at what she had in her hand, but it conveyed nothing to his overwrought mind.

"Take it!"

"Eh?"

Claire stamped.

"Very well," she said.

She flung something on the ground before him—a small, sparkling object. Then she swept away, his eyes following her, and was lost in the darkness of the trees. Mechanically Mr. Pickering stooped to pick up what she had let fall. He recognized it now. It was her engagement ring.

There Came a Knock at the Door

XIX

BILL leaned his back against the gate that separated the grounds of the bee farm from the highroad and mused pleasantly. He was alone. Elizabeth was walking up the drive on her way to the house to tell the news to Nutty. James, the cat, who had come down from the roof of the outhouse, was sharpening his claws on a neighboring tree. After the whirl of excitement that had been his portion for the past few hours the peace of it all appealed strongly to Bill. It suited the mood of quiet happiness which was upon him.

Quietly happy, that was how he felt now that it was all over. The white heat of emotion had subsided to a gentle glow of contentment conducive to thought. He thought tenderly of Elizabeth. She had turned to wave her hand before going into the house, and he was still smiling fatuously. Wonderful girl! Lucky chap he was! Rum, the way they had come together! Talk about Fate, what?

He stooped to tickle James, who had finished stropping his claws and was now enjoying a friction massage against his leg, and began to brood on the inscrutable ways of Fate.

Rum thing, Fate! Most extraordinary!

Suppose he had never gone down to Marvis Bay that time. He had wavered between half a dozen places; it was pure chance that he had chosen Marvis Bay. If he hadn't he would never have met old Nutcombe. Probably old Nutcombe had wavered between half a dozen places too. If they hadn't both happened to choose Marvis Bay they would never have met. And if they hadn't been the only visitors there they might never have got to know each other. And if old Nutcombe hadn't happened to slice his approach shots he would never have put him under an obligation. Queer old buster, old Nutcombe, leaving a fellow he hardly knew from Adam a cool million quid just because he cured him of slicing.

It was at this point in his meditations that it suddenly occurred to Bill that he had not yet given a thought to what was immeasurably the most important of any of the things that ought to be occupying his mind just now. What was he to do about this Lord Dawlish business?

Life at Brookport had so accustomed him to being plain Bill Chalmers that it had absolutely slipped his mind that he was really Lord Dawlish, the one man in the world whom Elizabeth looked on as an enemy. What on earth was he to do about that? Tell her? But if he told her, wouldn't she chuck him on the spot?

This was awful. The dreamy sense of well-being left him. He straightened himself to face this problem, ignoring the hints of James, who was weaving circles about his legs expectant of more tickling. A man cannot spend his time tickling cats when he has to concentrate on a dilemma of this kind.

Suppose he didn't tell her? How would that work out? Was a marriage legal if the cove who was being married went through it under a false name? He seemed to remember seeing a melodrama in his boyhood the plot of which turned on that very point. Yes, it began to come back to him. An unpleasant bargee with a black mustache had said "This woman is not your wife!" and caused the dickens of a lot of unpleasantness; but there in its usual slipshod way memory failed. Had subsequent events proved the bargee right or wrong? It was a question for a lawyer to decide. Jerry Nichols would know. Well, there was plenty of time, thank goodness, to send Jerry Nichols a cable, asking for his professional opinion, and to get the straight tip long before the wedding day arrived.

Laying this part of it aside for the moment and assuming that the thing could be worked, what about the money? Like a chump, he had told Elizabeth on the first day of his visit that he hadn't any money except what he made out of his job as secretary of the club. He couldn't suddenly spring five million dollars on her and pretend that he had forgotten all about it till then.

Of course he could invent an imaginary uncle or something and massacre him during the honeymoon. Something in that. He pictured the thing in his mind. Breakfast. Elizabeth doling out the scrambled eggs. "What's the matter, Bill? Why did you exclaim like that? Is there some bad news in the letter you are reading?" "Oh, it's nothing—only my Uncle John's died and left me five million dollars."

The scene worked out so well that his mind became a little above itself. It suggested developments of serpentine craftiness. Why not get Jerry Nichols to write him a letter about his Uncle John and the five millions? Jerry liked doing that sort of thing. He would do it like a shot, and chuck in a lot of legal words to make it sound right. It began to be clear to Bill that any move he took—except full confession, at which he jibbed—was going to involve Jerry Nichols as an ally; and this discovery had a soothing effect on him. It made him feel that the responsibility had been shifted. He couldn't do anything till he had consulted Jerry, so there was no use in worrying. And, being one of those rare persons who can cease worrying instantly when they have convinced themselves that it is useless, he dismissed the entire problem from his mind and returned to the more congenial occupation of thinking of Elizabeth.

It was a peculiar feature of his position that he found himself unable to think of Elizabeth without also thinking of Claire. He tried to, but failed. Every virtue in Elizabeth seemed to call up the recollection of a corresponding defect in Claire. It became almost mathematical. Elizabeth was so straight—on the level they called it over here. Claire was a corkscrew among women. Elizabeth was sunny and cheerful. Querulousness was Claire's besetting sin. Elizabeth was such a pal. Claire had never been that. The effect that Claire had always had on him was to deepen the conviction, which never really left him, that he was a bit of an ass. Elizabeth, on the other hand, bucked him up and made him feel as if he really amounted to something.

How different they were! Their very voices—Elizabeth had a sort of quiet, soothing, pleasant voice, the kind of voice that somehow suggested that she thought a lot of a chap without her having to say it in so many words. Whereas Claire's voice—he had noticed it right from the beginning—Claire's voice——

While he was trying to make clear to himself just what it was about Claire's voice that he had not liked he was granted the opportunity of analyzing by means of direct observation its failure to meet his vocal ideals, for at this moment it spoke behind him.

"Bill!"

She was standing in the road, her head still covered with that white, filmy something which had commended itself to Mr. Pickering's eye. She was looking at him in a way that seemed somehow to strike a note of appeal. She conveyed

an atmosphere of softness and repentance, a general suggestion of prodigal daughters revisiting old homesteads.

"We seem always to be meeting at gates, don't we?" she said with a faint smile.

It was a deprecating smile, wistful.

"Bill!" she said again, and stopped. She laid her left hand lightly on the gate. Bill had a sort of impression that there was some meaning behind this action; that, if he were less of a chump than Nature had made him, he would at this point receive some sort of a revelation. But, being as Nature had made him, he did not get it.

He was one of those men to whom a girl's left hand is simply a girl's left hand, irrespective of whether it wears rings on its third finger or not.

This having become evident to Claire after a moment of silence, she withdrew her hand in rather a disappointed way and prepared to attack the situation from another angle.

"Bill, I've come to say something to you."

Bill was looking at her curiously. He could not have believed that, even after what had happened, he could face her with such complete detachment; that she could so extraordinarily not matter. He felt no resentment toward her. It was simply that she had gone out of his life.

"Bill, I've been a fool."

He made no reply to this, for he could think of no reply that was sufficiently polite. "Yes?" sounded as if he meant to say that that was just what he had expected. "Really?" had a sarcastic ring. He fell back on facial expression, to imply that he was interested and that she might tell all.

Claire looked away down the road and began to speak in a low, quick voice:

"I've been a fool all along. I lost you through being a fool. When I saw you dancing with that girl in the restaurant I didn't stop to think. I was angry. I was jealous. I ought to have trusted you, but —— Oh, well, I was a fool."

"My dear girl, you had a perfect right ——"

"I hadn't. I was an idiot. Bill, I've come to ask you if you can't forgive me."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that—there's nothing to forgive."

The look which Claire gave him in answer to this was meek and affectionate, but inwardly she was wishing that she could bang his head against the gate. His slowness was maddening. Long before this he should have leaped into the road in order to fold her in his arms. Her voice shook with the effort she had to make to keep it from sharpness.

"I mean, is it too late? I mean, can you really forgive me? Oh, Bill"—she stopped herself by the fraction of a second from adding "you idiot"—"can't we be the same again to each other? Can't we—pretend all this has never happened?"

Exasperating as Bill's wooden failure to play the scene in the spirit in which her imagination had conceived it was to Claire, several excuses may be offered for him: He had opened the evening with a shattering blow at his faith in woman. He had walked twenty miles at a rapid pace. He had heard shots and found a corpse and carried the latter by the tail across country. Finally he had had the stunning shock of discovering that Elizabeth Boyd loved him. He was not himself. He found a difficulty in concentrating. With the result that, in answer to this appeal from a beautiful girl whom he had once imagined that he loved, all he could find to say was: "How do you mean?"

Claire, never an adept at patience, just succeeded in swallowing the remark that sprang into her mind. It was incredible to her that a man could exist who had so little intuition. She had not anticipated the necessity of being compelled to put the substance of her meaning in so many blunt words, but it seemed that only so could she make him understand.

"I mean, can't we be engaged again, Bill?"

"How am I to Know That You Didn't Ask Me to Marry You Out of Sheer Pity?"

Bill's overtaxed brain turned one convulsive handspring, and came to rest with a sense of having dislocated itself. This was too much. This was not right. No fellow at the end of a hard evening ought to have to grapple with this sort of thing. What on earth did she mean, springing questions like that on him? How could they be engaged? She was going to marry someone else, and so was he. Something of these thoughts he managed to put into words:

"But you're engaged to ——"

"I've broken my engagement with Mr. Pickering."

"Great Scott! When?"

"To-night. I found out his true character. He is cruel and treacherous. Something happened—it may sound nothing to you, but it gave me an insight into what he really was. Polly Wetherby had a little monkey, and just because it bit Mr. Pickering he shot it."

"Pickering!"

"Yes. He wasn't the sort of man I should have expected to do a mean, cruel thing like that. It sickened me. I gave him back his ring then and there. Oh, what a relief it was! What a fool I was ever to have got engaged to such a man."

Bill was puzzled. He was one of those simple men who take their fellows on trust, but who, if once that trust is shattered, can never recover it. Like most simple men, he was tenacious of ideas when he got them, and the belief that Claire was playing fast and loose was not lightly to be removed from his mind. He had found her out during his self-communion that night, and he could never believe her again. He had the feeling that there was something behind what she was saying. He could not put his finger on the clew, but that there was a clew he was certain.

"I only got engaged to him out of pique. I was angry with you, and—— Well, that's how it happened."

Still Bill could not believe. It was plausible. It sounded true. And yet some instinct told him that it was not true. And while he waited, perplexed, Claire made a false step.

The thing had been so close to the top of her mind ever since she had come to the knowledge of it that it had been hard for her to keep it down. Now she could keep it down no longer.

"How wonderful about old Mr. Nutcombe, Bill!" she said.

A vast relief rolled over Bill Despite his instinct, he had been wavering. But now he understood. He had found the clew.

"You got my letter then?"

"Yes, it was forwarded on from the theater. I got it to-night."

Too late she realized what she had said and the construction that an intelligent man would put on it. Then she reflected that Bill was not an intelligent man. She shot a swift glance at him. To all appearances he had suspected nothing.

"It went all over the place," she hurried on. "The people at the Portsmouth theater sent it to the London office, who sent it home, and mother mailed it on to me."

"I see."

There was a silence. Claire drew a step nearer.

"Bill!" she said softly.

Bill shut his eyes. The moment had come which he had dreaded. Not even the thought that she was crooked, that she had been playing with him, could make it any better. She was a woman and he was a man. That was all that mattered, and nothing could alter it.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's impossible."

Claire stared at him in amazement. She had not been prepared for this. He met her eyes, but every nerve in his body was protesting.

"Bill!"

"I'm sorry."

"But, Bill!"

He set his teeth. It was just as bad as he had thought it would be.

"But, Bill, I've explained. I've told you how ——"

"I know."

Claire's eyes opened wide.

"I thought you loved me." She came closer. She pulled at his sleeve. Her voice took on a note of soft raillery. "Don't be absurd, Bill! You mustn't behave like a sulky schoolboy. It isn't like you, this. You surely don't want me to humble myself more than I have done." She gave a little laugh. "Why, Bill, I'm proposing to you! I know I've treated you badly, but I've explained why. You must be just enough to see that it wasn't altogether my fault. I'm only human. And if I made a mistake I've done all I can to undo it. I ——"

"Claire, listen: I'm engaged!"

She fell back. For the first time the sense of defeat came to her. She had anticipated many things. She had looked for difficulties. But she had not expected this. A feeling of cold fury surged over her at the way Fate had tricked her. She had gambled recklessly on her power of fascination, and she had lost.

Mr. Pickering, at that moment brooding in solitude in the smoking room of Lady Wetherby's house, would have been relieved could he have known how wistfully she was thinking of him.

"You're engaged?"

"Yes."

"Well!" She forced another laugh. "How very—rapid of you! To whom?"

"To Elizabeth Boyd."

"I'm afraid I'm very ignorant, but who is Elizabeth Boyd? The ornate lady you were dancing with at the restaurant?"

"No!"

"Who then?"

"She is old Ira Nutcombe's niece. The money ought to have been left to her. That was why I came over to America, to see if I could do anything for her."

"And you're going to marry her? How very romantic—and convenient! What an excellent arrangement for her. Which of you suggested it?"

Bill drew in a deep breath. All this was, he supposed, unavoidable, but it was not pleasant.

Claire suddenly abandoned her pose of cool amusement. The fire behind it blazed through.

(Continued on Page 26)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers
To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year Single Copies, Five Cents
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 8, 1916

Have We the Price?

IT IS commonly remarked that the session of Congress that will get down to work about now is the most important in recent years. This opinion is based mostly on the fact that preparedness is to play a leading part in its deliberations. The practical issue no doubt is whether Congress will go as far in that direction as the Administration proposes. Of course the most eloquent advocates of preparedness denounce the Administration plan as quite inadequate. But they have nothing to do with the practical issue. What they seem to have at heart is conscription, thinly disguised under the softer term of universal military training, which belongs in the realm of excited fancy rather than in that of practical consideration.

In a military sense the Administration plan does not go a great way—an addition of thirty thousand men to the regular army and the laying down of two battleships and two battle cruisers the first year. But this, Secretary MacAdoo calculates, involves an appropriation of more than four hundred million dollars for the first year. Probably the cost would rise considerably in subsequent years. This is a sum for military purposes that the Kaiser would have saluted with considerable respect in any year before the outbreak of the war.

True, there is a certain sordidness in talking about mere money when the other people are talking about the honor and security of the nation. It is sordid, too, to see how much money you have in your pocket before ordering the dinner; but base-minded men will always be doing it.

This appropriation requires, according to the Administration plan, income taxes on a new and more numerous class, with heavier rates for the old income-tax payers; new taxes on gasoline, and other imposts of which a great many people would be directly sensible. Taxes are never popular.

The more ambitious preparedness schemes, involving larger appropriations and heavier taxes, would go by the board as soon as the huge sign of war in Europe was effaced. Probably no party in power would take responsibility for them.

Probably the practical issue is just whether Congress will go as far as the Administration proposes. That does not seem to us an issue over which anyone need have hysterics.

Pork at Home and Abroad

ALMOST all the newspapers we come across denounce congressional pork in news columns, editorials and cartoons. A survey of contemporaneous journalism, indeed, would give one an impression that Congressmen persisted in pork-barrel appropriations for their own private amusement and against the almost unanimous wish of their constituents.

Of course nearly all these denunciations of pork are either general in terms or else applied to specific instances of it that are far from the denouncer's own locality. The Illiana Gazette is bitter against pork as a general proposition or as exemplified in New England navy yards and Southern rivers and harbors; but when Congressman Dillfinger secures a Federal building for Illiana that is three times as costly as the Federal business there requires the Gazette duly praises that act of enlightened patriotism.

Of course Congressmen make pork-barrel appropriations because they think their constituents, though against pork in general, will rally to the polls for the member who secured their particular slice. When newspapers begin questioning Federal expenditures in their own districts the pork industry will decline. When constituencies rebuke a Congressman for wasting Government money among them there will be no more pork.

The fact is that, when viewing the matter locally, a tremendous lot of people regard the Federal Treasury as a sort of conjurer's cornucopia from which their representative can extract money and other desirable things at no cost whatever to themselves. The fact that their taxes are filling up the cornucopia for other districts does not come home to them.

Federal Investigating

SENATOR UNDERWOOD suggests a sweeping congressional investigation of the whole subject of Federal regulation of railroads, and President Wilson—presumably with a somewhat different intention—made a similar suggestion in his message to Congress.

What would Congress do if such an investigation were ordered?

A prodigious quantity of fresh and pertinent evidence is at hand. Files of the Interstate Commerce Commission contain official reports in detail of the fiscal operations of all the railroads for years. Within a few years there have been three great rate hearings, extending over many months, at which every pertinent fact regarding railroad rates and profits—to say nothing of a shipload of impertinent facts—was put into the record and discussed pro and con. There have been elaborate wage adjudications and various other proceedings in which railroad finances were combed over. There are many other sources of information on the subject.

Suppose the economic department of a university wished to ascertain the effects, so far, of public regulation of railroads. It would be embarrassed by the quantity of material available.

But a congressional investigation, unless it broke with precedent, would pretty much ignore the existence of this great mass of evidence. It would beat all over the well-trodden ground anew in its leisurely and expensive manner. If Congress wishes a report on the subject it would save much time and money by engaging the economics department of a university to make one. After having digested that, it could easily get whatever additional testimony it wanted.

City Travel

SEEMS to us we have not dropped into any American city any time the last ten years without finding it in more or less of a throe over local transportation. Occasionally it is jitneys, but usually it is the street cars. It might help some if a few basic facts were generally understood.

In the first place, there is no such thing as a good city street-car service. There never has been and probably there never will be. Perhaps the nearest approach to it is in Washington; but in Washington there are really no rush hours. The only rush that occurs in Washington is the rush for the pie counter when a new Administration comes in, every four or eight years.

Elsewhere the typical situation is that a majority of those who ride at all want to ride in certain limited periods, morning and evening. If facilities were provided to carry them all comfortably, with a seat for every passenger, those facilities would lie idle the greater part of the day and bond interest would be in default. Obviously there is no good street-car service unless there is always a seat for every passenger.

That is like looking for a dodo or any other unobtainable object. The practicable goal is, not a good service but one that is least bad. For a good service there must be other means of transit than the standardized five-cent surface, elevated or subway scheme, because if those schemes provide equipment to carry the rush-hour crowds in comfort they will not earn a return on their investment. If they do earn a return on their investment they will not carry the rush-hour crowds in comfort.

The ten-cent motor busses do not take very extensively, but the time is almost at hand when everybody with ten cents will have an automobile. That may prove the solution.

An Astonishing War Product

THE war began by paralyzing credit. It will end by giving that instrument of modern civilization an extension never dreamed of before. That such a sum as twenty-five billion dollars could have been raised in Europe within less than a year and a half for a new undertaking would have been deemed incredible two years ago. The belligerent governments have already borrowed that sum for the war, and apparently are nowhere near the end of their resources. The war is now costing at the rate of thirty billion dollars a year. That it can be financed for many months on that scale is entirely probable. As an American critic has said, this takes us into a fourth dimension of credit.

No farther back than the seventeenth century credit hardly existed. A prudent British citizen like gossipy Sammy Pepys kept his money in gold and buried it in the garden when the times were troublous. The most powerful government resorted to the pawnshop to raise a few million dollars. Hocking provinces and crown jewels was a frequent expedient. The fortunes of the House of Hohenzollern were founded by a long purse rather than by a long sword. In a pinch royalty fell back on the expedient of extracting money from Jews by extracting their teeth. Throughout the Middle Ages lending money at interest was forbidden by canon law.

The fact that credit begets itself and, once set going, multiplies like a pair of Belgian hares is a modern discovery. Jones sells a horse to Robinson on credit, taking his note. Robinson's note in Jones' hands becomes a basis for further credit. Jones can borrow on it at the bank. What the bank gives him for the note is a credit on its books. He can then lend that credit to Smith and thus supply himself with the basis of still further credit in the form of Smith's note.

When a government borrows a million dollars its debt becomes a basis for credit. A holder of the bonds can borrow on them at the bank, and buy more bonds and borrow on them. A new chapter on credit will be written when the war is over.

Meantime the outstanding fact is that various groups of people, coöperating for a common cause, have rather easily raised twenty-five billion dollars for a new undertaking in not much over a year. If the United States, instead of pulling at cross purposes most of the time, were pulling together, hardly any undertaking of a useful sort would be beyond its means.

Big Business

IN NEARLY half the cities of the United States bank clearings in 1915 were the largest on record. Bank clearings in the lump mean something less than they should, because more than half the total clearings of the country occur at New York, and the volume there is powerfully affected by Stock Exchange speculation. But when clearings elsewhere are pretty extensively setting new records, no other evidence of a huge volume of business is necessary. This is all the more noteworthy because clearings in the first half of the year were not exceptionally big.

This is in good part, of course, a result of the war. The tremendous purchases of commodities by the Allies started the upturn. Abundant crops helped notably; but, in the main, it is a war product. We would rather have good business on any other possible ground, and on this ground we still think there is a string tied to it. But big business is indubitably here.

Pulling Apart

POLITICALLY we are wedded to the theory that coöperation is bad and only competition is good. We say to business in the sternest language at our command that it must not get together, but must work always in separate and mutually antagonistic units. This theory will probably get a searching test when we again meet the competition of Europe, where the war has powerfully promoted coördination.

A New York banker, addressing an association of manufacturers, recently said: "We have paid a tax to this theory of enforced competition which might almost be compared to the cost to some of the belligerent nations of the war, and that tax has been laid upon all of us. No consumer of goods can escape it."

The utterance emanates from Wall Street and the implication of the comparison probably contains an exaggeration. All the same, it is worth thinking about.

Peace Propaganda

IT IS difficult to see how peace now could do other than raise the power and aggressiveness of the military caste in Germany. It is difficult to see how it could fail to leave Germany pretty much in the position of France after Austerlitz. Poverty might keep the peace; but a Europe full of rancor and restive under the shadow of a dominating state would hardly be a profitable place in which to live.

Another Napoleonic era of a dozen years of intermittent warfare, and no real peace until the shadow was removed, is about the least desirable of all outcomes of this conflict. Only those who shut their eyes can fail to see that the position of the United States would be less secure with Europe overshadowed by a victorious military state than under a balanced arrangement.

That Germany, after last year's succession of victories, would accept a peace which did not in fact give her preponderant weight in Europe is not likely.

SHALL WE BUY INDUSTRIALS?

By Roger W. Babson

WHY is it that so many corporations seem destined to be reorganized? Why is it that the majority of stocks and bonds decline in price after the first public offering? Why is it that the man who waits until a concern has been operating a few years before investing money therein usually gets better terms than those who go in at the first? Why is it that most industries do not really succeed until they have been through some sort of a reorganization? I will give an answer to these questions.

New corporations are like newly married couples. They start out as optimists with everyone wishing them success. They know only the pleasant side of life, having had little experience with sickness or other misfortunes. New corporations are formed usually during prosperous times. They begin business when things are at their height, and cut their cloth accordingly. Hence when trouble and misfortune come they are unprepared to stand the blow.

A new corporation may be likened to a young married couple with a full linen closet and a wardrobe all paid for. Perhaps father has even given them a home. The expense account of newly married couples and newly formed corporations is unreal. With so many gifts and no clothes to buy, both young couples and young corporations get a distorted view of what are their real expenses. Hence from the first both are apt to adopt an extravagant policy that fails to provide for a replacing of goods consumed and for a proper maintenance of their property. Sooner or later there is a rude awakening that causes a heartburn for the newly wedded couples and usually a reorganization for unseasoned corporations.

The Early Days of General Electric

THERE is, however, one great difference between a newly founded home and a newly formed corporation. The directors of the home cannot resign. They have assumed the responsibility for life. Consequently when trouble comes they meet the situation instead of delaying the evil day by throwing the responsibility upon others. The directors of the large corporation, on the other hand, can leave the cares for future directors. The directors of a corporation know that they can resign at any time. So long as they see that there is something in it for them they continue on the board; but they need not worry, knowing that they can leave, as rats desert a sinking ship, whenever the opportunity for profit vanishes. This is especially true under the present proxy system, whereby directors, with a very little money of their own invested, can control the destinies of a large number of scattered and small stockholders who hold the bag.

I wish the editors of this weekly would give me space to philosophize a little at this point, in order to show upon what the whole structure of finance is founded. Finance is founded on the assumption that the laborer will keep on producing and saving money above his cost of living; that he will then turn over his savings to the capitalists to take care of; and that he will give no further thought to them himself. I should like to show how the theory of company promotion, followed by reorganization, is like the natural phenomena of the distribution of moisture—ocean to clouds, clouds to mountain tops, and mountain tops back again to ocean in the form of rain and streams—while all is grist to the capitalist. But the editor insists that such comments are editorial matter. He confines me to facts; I must give them.

The industrials have their romances as well as the railroads. I remember that one of the first stocks I was ever asked to look up was that of the General Electric. Its principal plant was then at Lynn, Massachusetts, a few miles from my old home in Gloucester. It was a combination of several electric plants, the chief of which was the Thomson-Houston property. This new combination started out like a newly married couple with everything provided. Its stock sold readily and it began almost at once to pay dividends. In 1893 this stock sold as high as $114. Then came the business depression of twenty years ago, and down in price it went. Finally it touched $20 a share, and a reorganization was effected by cutting the capitalization 40 per cent and readjusting the value of its plants and of all stocks and bonds owned so as to bring the book value down to approximately the actual value. I well remember how discouraged was everyone who then held this stock. They could see no light ahead.

After this housecleaning, however, the stock began to climb upward, and in a few years sold at $334 a share. From that day to this the General Electric Company has been noted for its prosperity. It will thus be seen that this conservative investment of to-day was not always in a favored class. Hence the question is whether or not some of the industrials now selling at $20 will within a few years sell higher.

Another interesting and more recent example is that of the Allis-Chalmers Company. This was a big machinery concern which specialized on turbines among other things. It started off like a young married couple. It at once paid dividends on its preferred stock, which sold as high as $87 a share; but after the wardrobe which "father" had provided was used up it was obliged to look about for more working capital. Then came the rub. Moreover, during the good times, when purchasers had to hunt for people who would manufacture goods for them, they were able to get business so easily that they were careless about their selling organization. Then when hard times came they had no orders. If there is one thing I have learned in the study of business management it is the necessity of a strong selling organization. It is not so hard to buy raw material; it is a fairly easy matter to manufacture goods. The difficulty is in selling. The best insurance policy that any concern can have is a strong and loyal selling organization.

Well, the Allis-Chalmers Company was another victim of the panic of 1907. It could pay no dividends on its common stock, and was even obliged to give up paying the 7 per cent dividends on its sixteen millions of preferred stock. Finally the day came when it could not even pay the interest and sinking-fund payments on its $11,148,000 5 per cent bonds. A receiver was then appointed and the company was operated by him for some time.

Finally a reorganization was put through, which provided for a 20 per cent assessment on the preferred stock and a 10 per cent assessment on the common stock. The old bonds were entirely eliminated, the preferred stock was cut down and the old security holders were given new common stock. Of course this increased the common stock from $19,820,000 to $36,000,000; but this common stock, which sold for only $1.13 during the receivership, now sells for more than $30. The preferred stock, which sold for $6.63 during the receivership, now sells for more than $80. This shows what anybody would have made who had bought this stock during the receivership. Talk about your romances of reorganization!

The Rise of General Motors

ONE of the most attractive of the industrial romances is the story of the General Motors Company. Let me say first that it is not always necessary to have a formal reorganization in order to put an over-extended company on its feet. Many thorough housecleanings have been accomplished quietly by individual banking houses while the public hardly realized that a change was being made. Such was the experience of the General Motors Company. The company was incorporated in 1908 to take over a group of twenty-six automobile companies, most of which had suffered severely from the panic and business depression of that time. The company had an exciting two years' existence. As so many others have done, its management bought raw materials and extra equipment with a lavish hand and with scant regard for the effect on the company's financial position. Such a course could at best be but short. In 1910 it became evident that General Motors was in very straitened circumstances. The stock had steadily declined nearly a hundred points and it looked as though a receivership were in order. Just then, however, a prominent Boston banking firm took matters in hand and started housecleaning. The property was thoroughly renovated. Some ten million dollars' worth of scrap material and useless machinery, previously figured as assets, was written off the books, and a new management was installed.

Meanwhile the common stock had declined to $35. The public, which had enthusiastically bought General Motors while it was apparently prosperous, was afraid to put new money beside that of the real insiders. Even after the property had been reduced to a sound foundation and was actually a purchase, the public would not buy. Certainly many then missed a great opportunity. Everyone is familiar with the steady growth of the company since that time. Within a year the common stock advanced from $30 to over $50; even before the war it touched $99, and now it is selling at more than $500 a share. Many people have asked me if they should purchase the stock now, and whether its price will go higher or not. No one can say.

The attempt to form a combination of shipbuilding yards was one of the most unfortunate episodes in the history of industrial consolidations. Promoted in 1902, the United States Shipbuilding Company was the last combination of magnitude launched during the consolidation movement, which began in 1897 and ended in the financial depression of 1903. It came at the close of the period of inflation, after the banking houses had been overloaded with unabsorbed industrial securities and stock prices had commenced to recede. The United States Shipbuilding Company was more than a financial blunder. The whole

(Continued on Page 25)

Hotel LaSalle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

The Popularity of Hotel LaSalle

is due to the courteous and intelligent service of a thousand trained employees who co-operate with the management in a sincere effort to please and satisfy the guest.

At Hotel La Salle the Guest's Wish is *Law*

In the heart of Chicago—on the busiest corner of the "Second Street of the World", named after the pioneer La Salle—stands this Hotel, unsurpassed in appointments, cuisine and service.

Whatever your errand in Chicago—business or shopping, social or artistic—you can accomplish it easier and quicker from this central point—the corner of Madison and La Salle.

RATES

	Per Day
One Person	
Room with detached bath	$2.00, $2.50, $3.00
Room with private bath	$3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00
Two Persons	
Room with detached bath	$3.00, $3.50 and $4.00
Room with private bath	
Double room	$5.00 to $8.00
Single room with double bed	$4.00, $4.50 and $5.00
Two connecting rooms with bath	
Two persons	$5.00 to $ 8.00
Three persons	$6.00 to $ 9.00
Four persons	$7.00 to $12.00

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO

ERNEST J. STEVENS, Vice-President and Manager

The only Hotel in Chicago maintaining floor clerks and individual service on every floor

SHALL WE BUY INDUSTRIALS?

(Continued from Page 23)

undertaking was conceived under conditions of the most extravagant inflation of industrial values. Some of the yards purchased were in very poor condition, and the prices paid for all were far in excess of their actual worth. Among those included were the Union Iron Works, at San Francisco; the Bath Iron Works and the Hyde Windlass Company, at Bath, Maine; the Eastern Steamship Yard, at New London, Connecticut; the Harlan & Hollingsworth Yard and the Crescent Yard. By far the most important acquisition which this company made, however, was that of the Bethlehem Steel Company.

The new company was capitalized for $65,000,000. Highly colored prospectuses, showing reports of experts who indorsed the proposition, were circulated and the usual crop of small investors bit. Had it been promoted on the flood tide of business expansion it might have endured, but the financial depression stifled out its life before it was actually born. All through its two years of existence, however, earnings of the subsidiary shipyards were far less than had been expected. Only the Bethlehem Steel Company made money, and this company, which was still under the direction of Mr. Schwab, gave but little help to the parent company. Things passed rapidly from bad to worse, and finally reorganization seemed imminent. Then followed the memorable exposures of the company's high financing, during which time the Shipbuilding Company's bonds declined to 18 per cent from a previous price of over 80 per cent. The stocks even declined to a few cents a share. Such scandalous reports were circulated about the company that even when it was reorganized under the Bethlehem Steel Company there were very few who wanted to buy its securities. The few who did, however, got in on the ground floor with Mr. Schwab and the bankers who realized the full value of the property. Now the thousands of outsiders who would not consider Bethlehem Steel Common at a few cents a share in 1904, or even $8 a share in 1907, are scrambling to buy it at $450!

No review of industrial romances would be complete without mention of the old Consolidated Steamship Lines' stocks and bonds, the fall of which was so intimately connected with the panic of 1907. Every one is familiar with the story of Charles W. Morse's dream of a mammoth coastline steamship monopoly, of his raising $60,000,000 to form the Consolidated Steamship Lines Company, which was eventually to control all the great shipping companies of the Atlantic Coast, and of the notorious high financing that accompanied the movement. Everyone should know how the Knickerbocker Trust Company became involved and how a general financial collapse was precipitated through the country by the exposure of the Consolidated Company's overinflated financial condition.

The Bicycle Business Reorganized

Many unwary investors recollect only too well the fall of the old steamship company's securities. The old stock became worthless and the old first mortgage $1000 bonds sold down to 9 per cent. The Atlantic, Gulf and West Indies S. S. Company of to-day is the outcome of the reorganized Consolidated Steamship Company of ten years ago. After the worldwide publicity and scathing denunciation which the previous promotion received very few investors cared to put their money into the new company, although then, when the housecleaning had just been completed, was the time to invest in it.

When the bubble burst an old and reputable Boston banking firm took charge of the new company—named the Atlantic, Gulf and West Indies Steamship Company—the $120,000,000 capitalization of the old Consolidated Lines was reduced to $45,000,000, and two of the subcompanies were dispensed with entirely. The few investors who base their purchases on the actual, rather than the apparent, condition of a company saw in the Atlantic, Gulf and West Indies securities a different proposition. Even after the reorganization was complete the new common was selling at $3.50 a share, and those who purchased it when issued have since been able to sell out at a profit of 700 per cent. The new preferred, which for months sold round $15, now sells for nearly $50 a share.

Because of the fortunate examples which I have mentioned readers must not think that every reorganized company has prospered. The facts that a thorough reorganization places a corporation in a sound financial position, and that it usually causes the management to turn over a new leaf, are indeed very favorable factors. In each individual case, however, investors should judge for themselves whether the industry has a future and should determine the outside conditions which affect it. The story of the old American Bicycle Company is an example of why this is important, for its failure was brought about through a decline of an entire industry which no one could prevent. The use of bicycles became so extended from 1892 to 1895 that it could be called a craze. The craze reached its height in 1897, and continued with but slightly lessened intensity to 1900.

The American Bicycle Company was founded in 1899, when the craze was in full sway. Its purpose was to consolidate numerous individual concerns that had sprung up. During the years 1900 and 1901 the company did fairly well, but in 1902 the large volume of business upon which it had counted did not materialize, and before the year was out the company defaulted on its bonds. The stock dropped to practically nothing. A reorganization was effected in 1903 and the title changed to the Pope Manufacturing Company. Nearly everyone is familiar with the history of this second company. It simply staggered along through the period of transition from the bicycle to the automobile. It encountered great difficulties in trying to adapt its equipment to the changed conditions. It then passed through two reorganizations and was finally absorbed by the Westfield Manufacturing Company.

Overvalued War Babies

Thus it is evident that in buying securities of reorganized companies investors must consider not only the condition of the company itself and the character of the new management, but also the cause of its previous failure. Always ask if the real cause of the failure has been removed.

From these illustrations it will be seen that there have been almost as great opportunities to make money in buying the stocks of defunct industrial companies as in buying the stocks of defunct railroad companies. Of course the risk is somewhat greater in buying industrials, as the personal management is a greater gamble. There will always be people to ride on every railroad, no matter how it is operated. They will be obliged to ride. They must use the railroad to get themselves and their produce to market. Hence every railroad has a certain natural monopoly which insures for it a certain amount of business at all times and under all circumstances. The average industrial company has no such natural monopoly, and unless the management is somewhat active it may get no business at all. Hence we are depending more on the personal equation when buying industrials than when buying railroads.

Money is made in this world, however, not so much in deciding what to buy as when to buy. Therefore, the real question to-day is not whether big money has been made in industrial reorganizations, but rather whether there is an opportunity to make such big money to-day. On this point I am not so enthusiastic as in the case of railroads. I like to buy things when they are in disrepute and not when they are popular. The present demand for war materials has given the industrials a certain amount of artificial business which has distorted the public's view. Thus not only has caused the stocks of many industrial companies to sell at much higher figures than they are worth, but has given a new lease of life to many that were headed for receivership. If it were not for getting THE SATURDAY EVENING POST into trouble, I would like to "call out in meeting" the names of a few such companies. Their stocks are now going up when they really ought to be going down. Usually everything that goes up comes down. Hence, as soon as there are some definite signs of peace you will see these industrials tumble.

However, there are some industrials that are now in receivership or in the process of reorganization, and I will tell you about them.

The first instance that comes to one's mind is that of the International Mercantile Marine Company. This is the holding company for a number of prominent transatlantic steamship lines, including the White Star Line, the Red Star Line, the Leyland Line, the American Line, and others. It is a combination put through by the late Mr. Morgan, and was always a disappointment to him. It is generally recognized on Wall Street that he made only two real failures, in contrast to his many successes. One was in connection with the United States Shipbuilding Company, already referred to, and the other was in connection with this International Mercantile Marine Company. Both of these, as you see, relate to shipping, and it is said that Mr. Morgan's comment, after these two disappointments, was somewhat as follows:

"I can bottle up a city or monopolize the transportation of a great section of the country, but I find it another matter to control ocean trade. It is one thing to form a combination of land transportation facilities, but quite another thing to form a combination of water transportation facilities. The ocean seems by nature to be a free highway for all—at least it is too big for me."

The stock of the International Mercantile Marine Company was owned largely in England and Holland. I remember that when I was in Holland two years ago the bankers were then very bearish on this property, stating to me that it was bound for a receivership. The collateral trust bonds were then selling about 60, the preferred stock about 17 and the common stock for a few dollars a share. However, these prices held for some time. Bankers had so long prophesied that the company would go into a receivership, and it didn't, that the public had the feeling that it would somehow pull through. When war was declared these prices severely broke. From the very first things looked black for International Mercantile Marine securities. This was the condition of affairs when I embarked for South America in one of this company's steamers last January.

I well remember one sunny day in March off the east coast of Brazil when a message came stating that a receiver had been appointed for this company. The situation was pictured very pessimistically, and there was even some gossip aboard the ship as to whether or not we should be permitted to complete the program of our cruise. Upon arriving in New York a few weeks later conditions looked even darker, for the bonds had fallen to 50, the preferred stock to 8 and the common stock to only 2.

A Blow to English Investors

The customary reorganization committee of dignified New York bankers was formed. They submitted a report that demanded a heavy assessment of the stockholders, the elimination of the collateral trust bonds in exchange for certain new stocks, and even demanded that some of the underlying bondholders should give up a part of their holdings.

I certainly believe that the committee meant to do the right thing, but the majority of the committee members had not sufficiently studied fundamental conditions or made themselves familiar enough with the facts. When this plan was submitted everybody looked very sad, and many of the stockholders gave up everything rather than pay the assessment.

This was especially hard on my English friends who were stockholders. Not only was it difficult to get fresh money in England for any purpose, but for some time the English stockholders did not know whether their government would allow them to pay an assessment. Conditions are now so bad in England that no offerings of new stocks are allowed, excepting in cases of vital necessity, and then only with special permission of the government. The question therefore arose whether paying an assessment on old stock was the same as buying new stock. The government decided to answer for each company separately on its merits. Now when the English Government attempts to answer a question it does not hurry, and thus our English cousins found the market for their stocks continually declining while no answer came from their government. Finally they lost their patience and sold. Yes, England has taken a very severe loss on these International Mercantile Marine stocks. Moreover, they sold out at the very lowest point when things looked darkest.

Just after our English friends sold out, and while the reorganization bankers were looking very sad, a little ray of sunshine broke through the clouds. It came about in this way: One bright Wall Street individual had the audacity to suggest that perhaps this company was really earning more money than the reorganization people thought. This individual finally aroused interest enough to cause an investigation. While this investigation was in progress the securities slowly but surely increased in value. One morning the public was greatly surprised by being informed by these insiders that the International Mercantile Marine was almost a good fat "war baby." The fact came out that, instead of the war causing it a great loss of business, it was making millions out of the war; that for every dollar it had lost through the lack of passengers it was making two in transporting troops, supplies, and so on. The actual statistics were produced, and all interests were finally compelled to recognize the fact that, whatever the future may bring forth, this company is to-day a great money-maker. During the past few weeks these collateral trust bonds have gone from 30 up to about par, and the preferred and common stocks have increased over a thousand per cent in price. When last in New York I was even told that instead of being forced to pay a heavy assessment, some of the stockholders may now get a dividend! So much for the romance of International Mercantile Marine, and the last chapter of the romance has not yet been written.

The Story of Rumely

Another interesting reorganization now in process is that of the Rumely Company. This reads like a romance even from the start. For a number of years there had been a small farm-implement manufacturer in La Porte, Indiana. This man had done well, but was not especially ambitious. He was satisfied with a small business, and as he was getting along in years he had no real object in taking any chances.

He had, however, a very able grandson, named Edward A. Rumely, who had been studying in Germany, and who returned when about twenty-five full of enthusiasm and ambition. He believed his grandfather had certain patents that were valuable and about which the country should know. He had the vision of how the greatest job in this country is the turning over of hundreds of millions of acres of land every spring. This young man, with his systematic German training and doctor's degree, had figured how many miles the average farmer walks every year up and down his furrows, plowing, planting and cultivating his fields. He believed that farming ten years ago was in the same position as was manufacturing one hundred years ago. He saw a great opportunity to manufacture and sell farming implements. He resolved to grasp that opportunity, and he did.

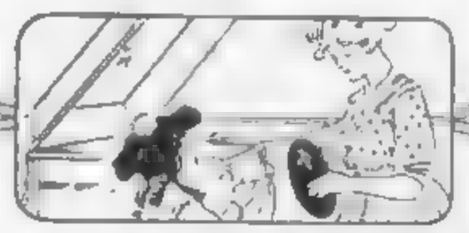
Starting at the bottom in his grandfather's business he quickly forged his way to the top, and every department of the business with which he became connected developed as he climbed. He was soon in general charge, after which the business grew by leaps and bounds.

As has been the experience of other agricultural manufacturers, this young man soon learned that although every farmer should have the most improved machinery he cannot get the money to buy it. Banks that will loan to a manufacturer on his plain note money to buy additional improved machinery will not consider loaning to a farmer for this same purpose. Consequently young Doctor Rumely found that it was a simple matter to manufacture goods, and a fairly easy matter to sell them, but the difficulty came in collecting the money. Moreover, the farmers had been trained to buy farm implements on the installment plan; and to sell a million dollars' worth a week on the installment plan ate up capital at a tremendous rate.

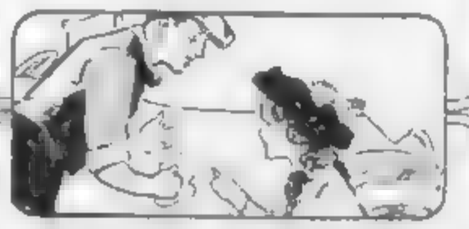
In the meantime, however, this young man had attracted the attention of competitors and his reputation had reached Wall Street. One day Doctor Rumely was

"Where is the Handy Oil Can?"

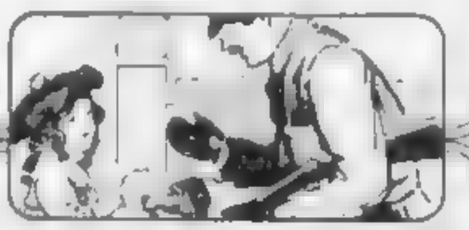
"Dolly, where is the 3-in-One Handy Oil Can?"
"Sister Sally was oiling the phonograph, mamma."
"Please get it for me, child."



"Sally, mamma wants the Handy Oil Can."
"Brother Henry took it out to the garage to oil the springs on the car."



"Henry, have you the Handy Oil Can?"
"I had it, but dad borrowed it to oil his gun. He's going on a hunting trip."



"Papa, where is the Handy Oil Can?"
"Hello, Dolly. The oil can? The maid took it. Said she was going to make a dustless duster."

"Mary Ann, mamma wants the Handy Oil Can."
"Sure, Miss Dolly, your Uncle George just came in and got it to oil his razor."

"So you've got the Handy Oil Can, Uncle. Mamma needs it for her sewing machine."
"Take it, Dolly. I'm through with it. Just wanted a drop for my razor and strop."

3-in-One

is *the* household oil. It lubricates, cleans, polishes and prevents rust.

Sold at all stores.
10c, 25c, 50c.

If your dealer hasn't the Handy Oil Can, we'll send it, full of 3-in-One, for 30c.

FREE Sample

of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses sent for the asking.

Three-in-One Oil Co.
42 E U M. Broadway New York

offered several millions if he desired to come to New York and get it. He went to New York, and a proposition was put up to him for recapitalizing the company and selling a large amount of preferred stock. Having perfect confidence in these bankers Doctor Rumely accepted their proposition.

Again the business grew by leaps and bounds. Within a few years the sales had increased from a few hundred thousand dollars to several millions; the force had increased from a hundred men to several thousand, while Rumely Products became generally known throughout the world. But the company was growing too rapidly; it actually suffered from the pangs of growth. It seemed almost impossible to supply money enough to fill the orders. Yet it seemed absolutely unjust, as well as unbusinesslike, to turn down any orders. Again Doctor Rumely was offered the use of more money and again he went to New York. This time he was advised to have the company issue notes. Having confidence in his bankers and being obliged to devote all his energy to manufacturing and selling, he took their advice.

As long as you can sell stocks in Wall Street there is little for you to fear; the man who buys the stocks must do the worrying. You need not worry. When, however, you sell notes in Wall Street it is another story; then you must worry. This was the time that Doctor Rumely's worrying began, for then the bankers began to dictate to him how the business should be run. What was the result? Just before these notes were issued the preferred stock was paying 7 per cent and selling at $100 a share, while the common stock was selling at a fair price. After the notes were issued and the bankers began to interfere the price of these securities began to decline, and in a comparatively few months the company was on the verge of receivership. Within the past year receivers have finally been appointed, and the stocks have sold as low as $2.50 for preferred and 87 cents for common. How is that for romance?

As to who was to blame for this fiasco my friends in Wall Street are still discussing. The men in La Porte, Indiana, connected with the practical end of the business, blame Wall Street for their difficulties. My Wall Street friends blame those "crazy Westerners."

But what of the future? The company is now being reorganized on the basis that I have outlined. The stocks have already increased considerably in value. Are they a purchase at the present time? In order to answer this question intelligently I interviewed a man from La Porte, who is thoroughly in touch with the situation. This is what he said:

"Fundamentally the Rumely Company was a sound proposition. Its products were honest and valuable; its management was able and optimistic. If it is again to be operated by home people, without Wall Street interference, it will again be successful."

Although I have talked this question over with several men, I really do not know what to advise readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in connection with this company. Were I a mind reader it might be possible to give intelligent advice, but only under such a condition. Rumely Products are bound again to be in demand from time to time; but whether the present stockholders of the company will be in the saddle at that time or not can only be guessed at.

Several other industrial romances could be described, but the story of them all is more or less the same. Companies start modestly and are successful while the management is at home in charge of men brought up in the business. Finally the old folks die, and either the securities are scattered or the new management goes to Wall Street to borrow money and is then obliged to divide the control with Wall Street. For various reasons the control gets away from the people actually operating the business. The result is that the absentee stockholders are more interested in the quoted prices of the securities and the temporary dividends paid than they are in manufacturing. With this divided interest, disaster usually comes, followed by reorganization.

Of course many industrial concerns lose their individuality when reorganized. Either the name is completely changed or else the old company is absorbed by some larger company. However, there are many instances of industrial companies that have recently been in trouble and that have pulled safely through without either being swallowed up or wiped off. I will enumerate a few in my next article.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Babson on Reorganization Opportunities. The third will appear in an early number.

UNEASY MONEY

(Continued from Page 21)

"You fool!" she cried passionately. "Are you blind? Can't you see that this girl is simply after your money? A child could see it."

Bill looked at her steadily.

"You're quite wrong. She doesn't know who I am."

"Doesn't know who you are? What do you mean? She must know by this time that her uncle left his money to you."

"But she doesn't know that I am Lord Dawlish. I came to America under another name. She knows me as Chalmers."

Claire was silent for a moment.

"How did you get to know her?" she asked more quietly.

"I met her brother by chance in New York."

"By chance!"

"Quite by chance. A man I knew in England lent me his rooms in New York. He happened to be a friend of Boyd's. Boyd came to call on him one night, and found me."

"Odd! Had your mutual friend been away from New York long?"

"Some months."

"And in all that time Mr. Boyd had not discovered that he had left. They must have been great friends! What happened then?"

"Boyd invited me down here."

"Down here?"

"They live in this house."

"Is Miss Boyd the girl who keeps the bee farm?"

"She is."

Claire's eyes suddenly lit up. She began to speak in a louder voice:

"Bill, you're an infant, a perfect infant! Of course she's after your money. Do you really imagine for one instant that this Elizabeth Boyd of yours and her brother don't know as well as I do that you are really Lord Dawlish? I always thought you had a trustful nature! You tell me the brother met you by chance. Chance! And invited you down here. I bet he did! He knew his business! And now you're going to marry the girl so that they will get the money after all! Splendid! Oh, Bill, you're a wonderful, wonderful creature. Your innocence is touching."

She swung round.

"Good night," she called over her shoulder.

He could hear her laughing as she went down the road.

XX

IN THE smoking room of Lady Wetherby's house, chewing the dead stump of a once imposing cigar, Dudley Pickering sat alone with his thoughts. He had been alone for half an hour now. Once Lord Wetherby had looked in, to withdraw at once coldly, with the expression of a groom who has found loathsome things in the harness room. Roscoe Sherriff, good, easy man, who could never dislike people, no matter what they had done, had come for a while to bear him company; but Mr. Pickering's society was not for the time being entertaining. He had answered with grunts the press agent's kindly attempts at conversation, and the latter had withdrawn to seek a more congenial audience. And now Mr. Pickering was alone, talking things over with his subconscious self.

A man's subconscious self is not the ideal companion. It lurks for the greater part of his life in some dark den of its own, hidden away, and emerges only to taunt and deride and increase the misery of a miserable hour. Mr. Pickering's rare interviews with his subconscious self had happened until now almost entirely in the small hours of the night, when it had popped out to remind him, as he lay sleepless, that all flesh was grass and that he was not getting any younger. To-night, such had been the shock of the evening's events, it came to him at a time which was usually his happiest, the time that lay between dinner and bed. Mr. Pickering at that point of the day was generally feeling his best. But to-night was different from the other nights of his life.

One may picture Subconscious Self as a withered, cynical, malicious person standing before Mr. Pickering and regarding him with an evil smile. There has been a pause, and now Subconscious Self speaks again:

"You will have to leave to-morrow. Couldn't possibly stop on after what's happened. Now you see what comes of behaving like a boy."

Mr. Pickering writhed.

"Made a pretty considerable fool of yourself, didn't you, with your revolvers and your hidings and your trailings? Too old for that sort of thing, you know. You're getting on. Probably have a touch of lumbago to-morrow. You must remember you aren't a youngster. Got to take care of yourself. Next time you feel an impulse to hide in shrubberies and take moonlight walks through damp woods, perhaps you will listen to me."

Mr. Pickering relit the stump of his cigar defiantly and smoked in long gulps for a while. He was trying to persuade himself that all this was untrue, but it was not easy. The cigar became uncomfortably hot and he threw it away. He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and produced a diamond ring, at which he looked pensively.

"A pretty thing, is it not?" said Subconscious Self, like a disembodied Eddie Foy.

Mr. Pickering sighed. That moment when Claire had thrown the ring at his feet and swept out of his life like an offended queen had been the culminating blow of a night of blows, the knock-out following on a series of minor punches. Subconscious Self seized the opportunity to become offensive again.

"You've lost her, all through your own silly fault," it said, discarding Eddie Foy and adopting in preference the conversational methods of the late Bildad the Shuhite. "How on earth you can have been such a perfect fool beats me. Running round with a gun like a boy of fourteen! Well, it's done now and it can't be mended. Countermand the order for cake, send a wire putting off the minister, dismiss the bridesmaids, tell the organist he can stop practicing The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden—no wedding bells for you. For Dudley Damfool Pickering, Esquire, the lonely hearth forevermore. Little feet pattering about the house? Not on your life! Childish voices sticking up the old man for half a dollar to buy candy? No, sir! Not for D. Bonehead Pickering, the amateur trailing arbutus!"

Subconscious Self may have had an undesirable way of expressing itself, but there was no denying the truth of what it said. Its words carried conviction. Mr. Pickering replaced the ring in his pocket and, burying his head in his hands, groaned in bitterness of spirit.

He had lost her. He must face the fact. She had thrown him over. Never now would she sit at his table, the brightest jewel of Detroit's glittering social life. She would have made a stir in Detroit. Now that city would never know her. Not that he was worrying much about Detroit. He was worrying about himself. How could he ever live without her?

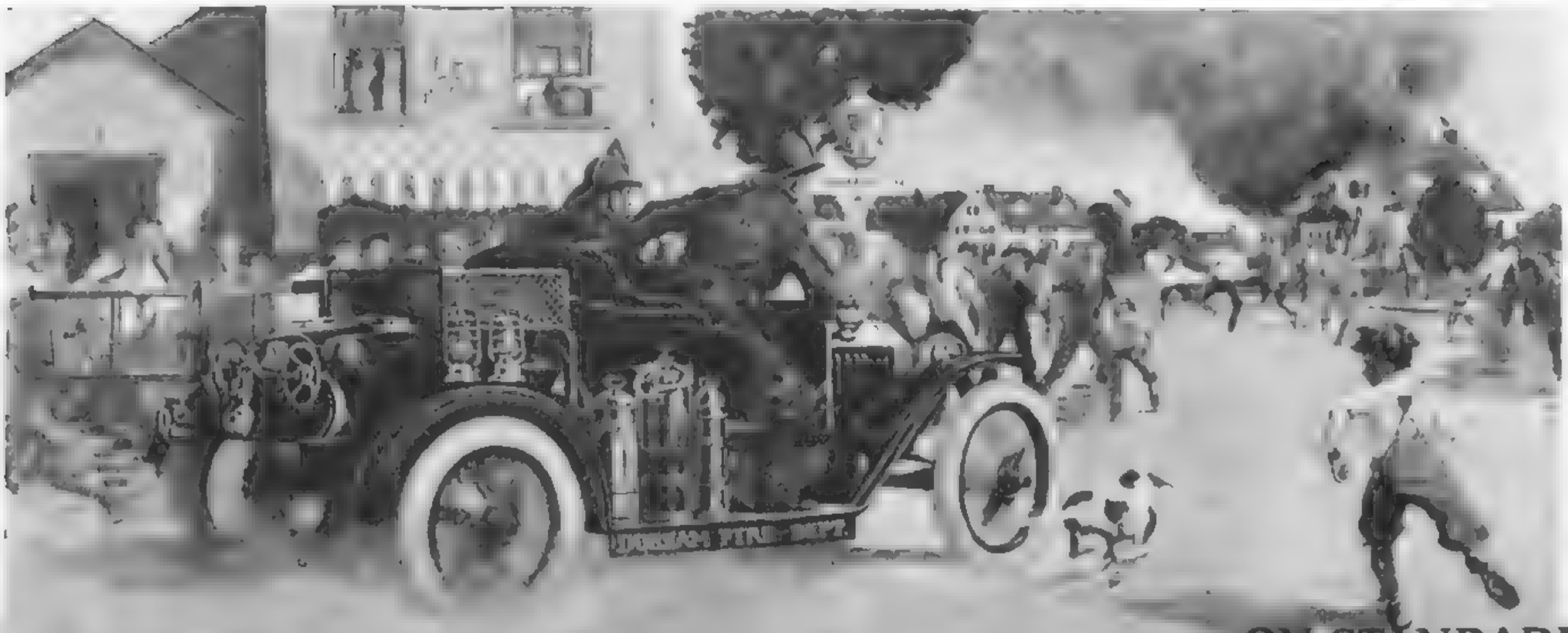
This mood of black depression endured for a while, and then Mr. Pickering suddenly became aware that Subconscious Self was sneering at him. "You're a wonder!" said Subconscious Self.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, trying to make yourself think that at the bottom of your heart you aren't tickled to death that this has happened. You know perfectly well that you're tremendously relieved that you haven't got to marry the girl after all. You can fool everybody else, but you can't fool me. You're delighted, man, delighted!"

The mere suggestion revolted Mr. Pickering. He was on the point of indignant denial, when quite abruptly there came home to him the suspicion that the statement was not so preposterous after all. It seemed incredible and indecent that such a thing should be, but he could not deny, now that it was put to him point-blank in this way, that a certain sense of

(Continued on Page 29)



AMERICAN-LAFRANCE CHEMICAL

FOR SMALL TOWNS AND VILLAGES

ON STANDARD FORD CHASSIS

A CRY of "Fire!" A wild, terrified shriek that brings you bounding from the house in a frenzy of haste. Then the clanging of bells, hoarse shouts and finally the fruitless efforts of an inadequate fire-bucket brigade.

It's just the old story over again. The dreadful price paid by community after community because of incomplete fire-fighting equipment. It's the year-in-year-out fire toll thousands of villages and towns pay. Through some one's negligence, the lives and property of its members have not been protected against fire.

Free *Your* Community from the Terror of Fire

The thought of your village, your business, your *home*, open to the ravages of fire; the knowledge that the equipment in your town is obsolete, *should spur you to immediate action.* It should make you eager to learn all you can about this inexpensive fire-fighting apparatus.

If you realized how small is the cost of this American La France Apparatus on Standard Ford Chassis; if you knew how dependable and how speedy it is, you'd do your duty as a public-spirited citizen. You'd talk to *your* business friends *at once* about getting this modern, up-to-date engine in your town.

This American La France Chemical Apparatus is *complete.* It gives as adequate protection as many of the larger cities enjoy. It is made by the largest company of its kind in the world—the company that is supplying equipment to New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco and all other cities. Such a machine easily covers all outlying houses, barns, etc. It will protect the property of the man 5 miles from town as well as the most centrally located merchant.

The great value of this American La France Motor Chemical is its ability to reach a fire at its outbreak. It throws a chemical stream 60 feet. When you consider that 75% of all fires are put out by chemical apparatus and that the chemical stream of this equipment is 40 times as effective as water, then you begin to appreciate how necessary this engine is for the efficient protection of your community.

It's not only the reduction of property risk, it's *your* ease of mind in knowing that the welfare of your community is protected against disaster by fire.

Write today for further information of this American La France Chemical Engine. It's your chance to make a start for modern fire protection.

The American La France Combination Hose and Chemical Car, on Standard Ford Chassis, carrying 500 feet of hose, is especially designed for towns with waterworks. Specifications sent on request.

American
La France
Fire Engine Co., Inc.
Elmira, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I am the Ford Dealer in this locality and am interested in your agency proposition for American La France Chemical mounted on Ford Chassis. Please send particulars.

Name

City

County State

Important Notice to FORD Dealers

We want you to be our representative in your territory. You are the natural outlet for American La France Chemical mounted on Ford Chassis. The demand for motor-driven fire apparatus of this type is great.

Mail the coupon NOW for particulars

AMERICAN LA FRANCE FIRE ENGINE CO., Inc., Elmira, N. Y.

The Largest Builders of Fire Department Apparatus in the World

Branches in All Important Cities

American
La France
Fire Engine Co., Inc.
Elmira, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please send me particulars on the American La France Chemical mounted on Ford Chassis. I am interested in this apparatus for my community.

Name

City

County State

$50
to $200

Warner Auto-Meter

MAGNETIC TYPE

The Aristocrat of Speedometers

THE WARNER AUTO-METER is well named—"The Aristocrat of Speedometers."

It is, and probably always will be, the final word in speed indicating instruments.

The name "Warner" on the speedometer is the first distinguishing and most convincing guide as to the quality of the car and its accessories.

There is no known way of making a better speed indicating instrument.

Cost in its construction has never been spared, nor limited.

It is by far the highest-priced speedometer made.

Car manufacturers willingly pay the higher price, because, in selecting the Warner, they know they have the ultimate.

The market can offer nothing better—never has, and probably never will.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Chicago, U. S. A.

Austin
Brewster
Cadillac
Century Electric
Cunningham
Detroit Electric
Daniels
Franklin
National
Premier
Peerless
Pierce-Arrow
Rauch-Lang Electric
Renault
Russell
Singer
Stutz
Simplex
Stanley
White
Winton

(Continued from Page 26)

relief was beginning to mingle itself with his gloom. It was shocking to realize, but—yes, he actually was feeling as if he had escaped from something which he had dreaded. Half an hour ago there had been no suspicion of such an emotion among the many which had occupied his attention, but now he perceived it clearly. Half an hour ago he had felt like Lucifer hurled from heaven. Now, though how that train of thought had started he could not have said, he was distinctly conscious of the silver lining. Subconscious Self began to drive the thing home.

"Be honest with yourself," it said. "You aren't often. No man is. Look at the matter absolutely fairly. You know perfectly well that the mere idea of marriage has always scared you. You hate making yourself conspicuous in public. Think what it would be like, standing up there in front of all the world and getting married. And then afterward! Why on earth do you think that you would have been happy with this girl? What do you know about her except that she is a beauty? I grant you she's that, but are you aware of the infinitesimal part looks play in married life? My dear chap, better is it for a man that he marry a sympathetic gargoyle than a Venus with a streak of hardness in her. You know—and you would admit it if you were honest with yourself—that this girl is hard. She's got a chilled-steel soul.

"If you wanted to marry someone—and there's no earthly reason why you should, for your life's perfectly full and happy with your work—this is the last girl you ought to marry. You're a middle-aged man. You're set. You like life to jog along at a peaceful walk. This girl wants it to be a fox trot. You've got habits which you have had for a dozen years. I ask you, is she the sort of girl to be content to be a stepmother to a middle-aged man's habits? Of course if you were really in love with her, if she were your mate, and all that sort of thing, you would take a pleasure in making yourself over to suit her requirements. But you aren't in love with her. You are simply caught by her looks. I tell you, you ought to look on that moment when she gave you back your ring as the luckiest moment of your life. You ought to make a sort of anniversary of it. You ought to endow a hospital or something out of pure gratitude. I don't know how long you're going to live—if you act like a grown-up man instead of a boy and keep out of woods and shrubberies at night you may live forever—but you will never have a greater bit of luck than the one that happened to you to-night."

Mr. Pickering was convinced. His spirits soared. Marriage! What was marriage? Slavery, not to be endured by your man of spirit. Look at all the unhappy marriages you saw everywhere. Besides, you had only to recall some of the novels and plays of recent years to get the right angle on marriage. According to the novelists and playwrights, shrewd fellows who knew what was what, if you talked to your wife about your business she said you had no soul; if you didn't she said you didn't think enough of her to let her share your life. If you gave her expensive presents and an unlimited credit account she complained that you looked on her as a mere doll; and if you didn't she called you a tightwad. That was marriage. If it didn't get you with the left jab it landed on you with the right upper cut. None of that sort of thing for Dudley Pickering.

"You're absolutely right," he said enthusiastically. "Funny I never looked at it that way before."

Somebody was turning the door handle. He hoped it was Roscoe Sherriff. He had been rather dull the last time Sherriff had looked in. He would be quite different now. He would be gay and sparkling. He remembered two good stories he would like to tell Sherriff.

The door opened and Claire came in. There was a silence. She stood looking at him in a way that puzzled Mr. Pickering. If it had not been for her attitude at their last meeting and the manner in which she had broken that last meeting up, he would have said that her look seemed somehow to strike a note of appeal. There was something soft and repentant about her. She suggested, it seemed to Mr. Pickering, the prodigal daughter revisiting the old homestead.

"Dudley!"

She smiled a faint smile, a wistful, deprecating smile. She was looking lovelier than ever. Her face glowed with a wonderful color and her eyes were very bright. Mr. Pickering met her gaze, and strange things began to happen to his mind, that mind which a moment before had thought so clearly and established so definite a point of view.

What a gelatin-backboned thing is man, who prides himself on his clear reason and becomes as wet blotting-paper at one glance from bright eyes! A moment before Mr. Pickering had thought out the whole subject of woman and marriage in a few bold flashes of his capable brain, and thanked Providence that he was not as those men who take unto themselves wives to their undoing. Now in an instant he had lost that iron outlook. Reason was temporarily out of business. He was slipping.

"Dudley!"

For a space Subconscious Self thrust itself forward

"Look out! Be careful!" it warned.

Mr. Pickering ignored it. He was watching, fascinated, the glow on Claire's face, her shining eyes.

"Dudley, I want to speak to you."

"Tell her you can only be seen by appointment! Escape! Bolt!"

Mr. Pickering did not bolt. Claire came toward him, still smiling that pathetic smile. A thrill permeated Mr. Pickering's entire one hundred and ninety-seven pounds, trickling down his spine like hot water and coming out at the soles of his feet. He had forgotten now that he had ever sneered at marriage. It seemed to him now that there was nothing in life to be compared with that beatific state, and that bachelors were mere wild asses of the desert.

Claire came and sat down on the arm of his chair. He moved convulsively, but he stayed where he was.

"Fool!" said Subconscious Self.

Claire took hold of his hand and patted it. He quivered, but remained.

"Ass!" hissed Subconscious Self.

Claire stopped patting his hand and began to stroke it. Mr. Pickering breathed heavily.

"Dudley, dear," said Claire softly, "I've been an awful fool, and I'm dreadful, dreadful sorry, and you're going to be the nicest, kindest, sweetest man on earth and tell me you've forgiven me. Aren't you?"

Mr. Pickering's lips moved silently. Claire kissed the thinning summit of his head. There was a pause.

"Where is it?" she asked.

Mr. Pickering started.

"Eh?"

"Where is it? Where did you put it? The ring, silly!"

Mr. Pickering became aware that Subconscious Self was addressing him. The occasion was tense and Subconscious Self did not mince its words.

"You poor, maudlin, sentimental, doddering chunk of imbecility," it said; "are there no limits to your insanity? After all I said to you just now, are you deliberately going to start the old idiocy all over again?"

"She's so beautiful," pleaded Mr. Pickering. "Look at her eyes!"

"Ass! Don't you remember what I said about beauty?"

"Yes, I know, but ——"

"She's as hard as nails."

"I'm sure you're wrong."

"I'm not wrong."

"But she loves me."

"Forget it!"

Claire jogged his shoulders.

"Dudley, dear, what are you sitting there dreaming for? Where did you put the ring?"

Mr. Pickering fumbled for it, located it, produced it. Claire examined it fondly.

"Did she throw it at him and nearly break his heart!" she said.

"Bolt!" urged Subconscious Self. "Fly! Go to Japan!"

Mr. Pickering did not go to Japan. He was staring worshipingly at Claire. With rapturous gaze he noted the gray glory of her eyes, the delicate curve of her cheek, the grace of her neck. He had no time to listen to pessimistic warnings from any Gloomy Gus of a Subconscious Self. He was ashamed that he had ever even for a moment allowed himself to be persuaded that Claire was not all that was perfect. No more doubts and hesitations for Dudley Pickering. He was under the influence.

"There!" said Claire, and slipped the ring on her finger.

She kissed the top of his head once more.

"So there we are!" she said.

"There we are!" gurgled the infatuated Dudley.

"Happy now?"

"Um-m!"

"Then kiss me."

Mr. Pickering kissed her.

"Dudley, darling," said Claire, "we're going to be awfully, awfully happy, aren't we?"

"You bet we are!" said Mr. Pickering.

Subconscious Self said nothing, being beyond speech.

XXI

FOR some minutes after Claire had left him Bill remained where he was, motionless. He felt physically incapable of moving. All the strength that was in him he was using to throw off the insidious poison of her parting speech, and it became plainer to him with each succeeding moment that he would have need of strength.

It is part of the general irony of things that in life's crises a man's good qualities are often the ones that help him least, if indeed they do not actually turn treacherously and fight against him. It was so with Bill. Modesty, if one may trust to the verdict of the mass of mankind, is a good quality. It sweetens the soul and makes for a kindly understanding of one's fellows. But arrogance would have served Bill better now. It was his fatal habit of self-depreciation that was making Claire's words so specious as he stood there trying to cast them from his mind. Who was he, after all, that he should imagine that he had won on his personal merits a girl like Elizabeth Boyd?

He had the not very common type of mind that perceives the merit in others more readily than their faults and in himself the faults more readily than the merit. Time and the society of a great number of men of different ranks and natures had rid him of the outer symbol of this type of mind, which is shyness, but it had left him still unconvinced that he amounted to anything very much as an individual.

This was the thought that met him every time he tried to persuade himself that what Claire had said was ridiculous, the mere parting shaft of an angry woman. With this thought as an ally her words took on a plausibility hard to withstand. Plausible! That was the devil of it. By no effort could he blind himself to the fact that they were that. In the light of Claire's insinuations what had seemed coincidences took on a more sinister character. It had seemed to him an odd and lucky chance that Nutty Boyd should have come to the rooms which he was occupying that night, seeking a companion. Had it been chance? Even at the time he had thought it strange that, on the strength of a single evening spent together, Nutty should have invited a total stranger to make an indefinite visit to his home. Had there been design behind the invitation?

Bill began to walk slowly to the house. He felt tired and unhappy. He meant to go to bed and try to sleep away these wretched doubts and questionings. Daylight would bring relief.

As he reached the open front door he caught the sound of voices, and paused for an instant, almost unconsciously, to place them. They came from one of the rooms upstairs. It was Nutty speaking now, and it was impossible for Bill not to hear what he said, for Nutty had abandoned his customary drawl in favor of a high, excited tone.

"Of course you hate him and all that," said Nutty; "but after all you will be getting five million dollars that ought to have come to ——"

That was all that Bill heard, for he had stumbled across the hall and was in his room, sitting on the bed and staring into the darkness with burning eyes. The door banged behind him.

So it was true!

There came a knock at the door. It was repeated. The handle turned.

"Is that you, Bill?"

It was Elizabeth's voice. He could just see her, framed in the doorway.

"Bill!"

His throat was dry. He swallowed, and found that he could speak.

"Yes?"

"Did you just come in?"

"Yes."

"Then—you heard?"

"Yes."

There was a long silence. Then the door closed gently and he heard her go upstairs.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Keep a Cake of

Goblin Soap

In Your Car—

in your garage, and in your bathroom. It gets out the ground-in stains of driving and tire-changing and leaves your hands smooth and clean. It keeps your finger-nails in good condition and makes your hands fit to be seen anywhere.

For Toilet and Bath

Goblin Soap makes a free lather of real soap-strength in any water, hard or soft, cold or warm. Rinses in a trice. Mothers use Goblin Soap for small tots who play in the dirt. It's great for grimy knuckles and knees. It can't hurt the tenderest skin.

Offices—Factories—and Hospitals

are equipped with Goblin Soap. Surgeons use it. Accountants, Stenographers, Artists, Printers, Painters, Machinists, Iron Workers, Engineers, Firemen, use Goblin Soap because it takes off stains and deep soil without hard rubbing and without injury.

5c Per Cake

Send note for sample cake—mailed postpaid for your dealer's name and address and a two-cent stamp.

Address

CUDAHY, Dept. 16

111 West Monroe Street, Chicago

An Official Notice

THE new 11th edition of The Encyclopaedia Britannica after this date will be sold in two forms:

1.—The "Cambridge University" issue—the work as at present published by the Cambridge University Press, England, and sold in America by The Encyclopaedia Britannica Corporation; a large-page book, printed from large type and with wide margins; in general, the form that it has appeared in since 1768, when the first edition was published.

2.—The "Handy Volume" issue, designed for a wider public, at a popular price; an entirely new form, more economically manufactured, printed from new plates, with smaller page, smaller margins and smaller type. It will be sold exclusively by Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago.

The text, illustrations, maps, in short, the entire contents are exactly the same in both issues. Both will be printed on Britannica India Paper.

The following are the lowest prices for sets of the "Cambridge University" issue printed on India Paper:

Cloth . .	$166.75	or, if the order is accompanied by a first payment of $5.00 and the purchase completed on monthly payments of $5.00 each, at a little more than these prices.
Full Sheep	203.25	
Suède . .	255.25	
Morocco .	267.50	

CASH

We guarantee, as holders of the American copyright, that we will not reduce these prices in the future.

The present prices for the "Handy Volume" issue, printed on India Paper, are:

Cloth . .	$58.88	or, if the order is accompanied by a first payment of $1.00 and the purchase completed on small monthly payments, at a little more than these prices.
Full Sheep	68.54	
¾ Levant .	81.88	
Full Levant	92.00	

CASH

These prices are subject to advance. To order the "Handy Volume" issue, or to get more information about it, write to Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago, the sole distributors.

We guarantee that in both issues the text, illustrations, maps and plates throughout, the India Paper on which the text is printed, and the leather and cloth in which the volumes are bound, are the same.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th edition, in both forms consists of

29 volumes
41,000 articles by
1,500 contributors
[illegible] pages
44,000,000 words
15,000 illustrations and maps

THE Encyclopaedia Britannica is at once the oldest and the newest of works of reference. First published in 1768, twenty-one years before the inauguration of Washington as President, it has again and again been re-written and re-issued in enlarged and improved form. Each edition has been more successful than its predecessor. The new Eleventh Edition of the Britannica is the culmination of a century and a half of constant progress. How useful the Encyclopaedia Britannica is now and has been for six generations is proved by the fact that more copies of it have been sold than of all other encyclopaedias combined.

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA CORPORATION
By H. E. Hooper, President
120 W. 32nd Street, New York.

A WOMAN AND HER WAR BABIES

(Continued from Page 8)

Coincident with this extension of Hilda's trading was another change in her methods and habits. For some time she was content to learn quotations and conduct operations by telephone from wherever she happened to be—most probably from her own apartment or from Grace Sinclair's. That seemed well enough when she was following but one issue. When she began juggling several she believed that her facilities were inadequate, and besides she wanted somehow to get closer to the machinery. Grace Sinclair felt likewise, and Hilda bethought herself of the uptown office of Scott & Hallen in the Hotel X——. Spate told her that she would not be permitted in the customers' room, but that that would not prevent her from placing her orders and keeping track of prices through Mr. Applethorp, the manager of the branch. Accordingly he brought about a meeting, and a day came when Hilda began setting out regularly each morning with Grace for the tapestried corridors and gilded rooms of the X——.

It was not difficult to find the ropes. The customers' room, with its dotted board, adjoined a small writing room in which the two could sit. Mr. Applethorp would leave the door conveniently open, so that from a point of vantage most of the prices could be seen. Or, if Hilda preferred, she could remain elsewhere, in the lobby or tea parlor perhaps, and either merely stroll by the door and for a second peep in, or, if she gave the word, a boy would keep her constantly informed of changing quotations and act as her courier to Mr. Applethorp. It was a bit devious, a bit under cover, not a thing to be advertised, but incomparably more satisfying than the old method had been.

Hilda found other women there: A mother attempting to make money to keep an expensive son in college, a wife hoping to pull herself out of the slough of secret debts, others without definite object except gain, but all high-keyed. Few were in as persistent attendance as Hilda and her friend, but they kept washing in and out of the place. Through some of them and through Mr. Applethorp the girl made the acquaintance of more check-suited young men like Spate, and of another type—mostly out-of-town people or people of slight New York affiliation. At any rate it was a crowd that when it suggested tea in the afternoon meant cocktails, and altogether the new environment did not make for the betterment of the girl's spiritual well-being.

Along with other changes in Hilda naturally enough there came change in her manners and appearance. Most particularly she seemed to lose the fragrance of sane living: her eyes had a hint of heaviness and were dark beneath; her color dulled, and she resorted to rouge. Not until she was thoroughly exhausted did she ever attempt to sleep, and even then a sleeping powder was sometimes necessary. Her voice became shrill, and she talked with greater rapidity and with nervous, agitated movements of her fingers. There began to be an air of recklessness about her.

How She Treated Jack Spate

Meanwhile, she kept consistently winning. By the end of September she had nominal profits of more than thirty thousand dollars. "But just wait until this market breaks," Herbert cautioned; "see what you'll have then."

"Well, that won't be for a time yet."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because of what Jack Spate says, for one thing."

"Ah, yes," returned Herbert coolly; and she said nothing more, because another unhappy issue between them had been touched upon.

From the day when Hilda had made her first thousand dollars she had had an almost blind faith in Spate. His advice was the fetish of her speculations and she had accepted it unreservedly. Before she had begun trading she had known him in a friendly, casual way, and had seemed to chance upon him perhaps every month or two. There had been no intimacy between them. But with the beginning of Hilda's trading she saw more and more of Spate. There was no human being with whom she desired more to be. It was her keenest delight to listen to his airy, half-flippant talk about "war babies," spattered through with the jargon of the curb and exchange. With the aid of Grace and others she had made occasion to be thrown with him at teas and dinners, and very often she invited him to her own house. All this she had done not on account of an interest in Spate—in a multitude of ways he was not her kind—she had done it on account of her interest in stocks. But that had not operated to prevent what occurred, and presently Spate, in turn, had begun making occasion to see her. And then early in the fall the thing happened: he asked her to marry him.

Hilda was in a frightful quandary. She could not accept him, and she dared not refuse him, for fear that refusal might deprive her of her mainest reliance. She tried to persuade herself that she cared for him, and in her trepidation actually protested to him that she did. She tried to call gratitude love and worked herself almost to the point of saying the word he wanted. Then something within her held her back, and she put him off with excuses, pleas, cajoleries, and did her best week by week to trick him along.

Her sister Inez comprehended the situation and descended upon Hilda with torrents of blame.

"You wouldn't behave in that outrageously unfair, unscrupulous, dishonorable fashion with anyone else. You're repaying him in the shabbiest possible way for what he did for you. Also you're immeasurably cheapening yourself. I'm ashamed of you. I don't believe that you'll have the character, until this boom is over, to do the decent thing and refuse him."

And to this Herbert contributed his protest.

Some Tips From Decker

Hilda did not dare go it alone. There were moments when she determined that she would quit, take her profits and break her refusal to Spate. She reckoned up her winnings, and though she was not precisely satisfied, even she, despite her enlarged ideas and new extravagances, recognized that she had done amazingly well. What really held her back was that she did not know how she could ever live if the violent interest of speculation, the most poignant, engrossing occupation she had ever known, was removed from her. Sometimes she was a little frightened at the hold the excitement of trading had upon her. Thus matters continued up through the fall; and then there came a final turn in Hilda's affairs.

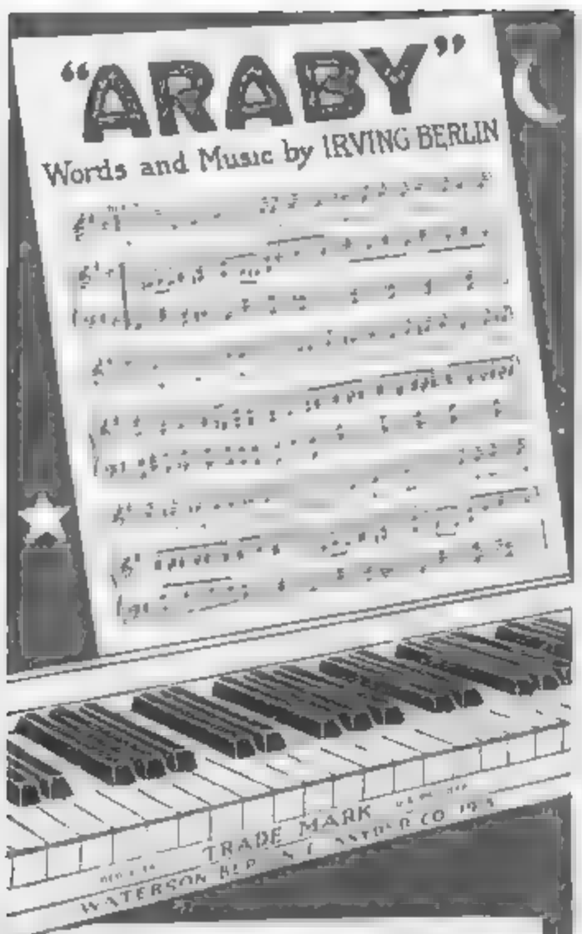
Among others over whom she had sought to cast her money-actuated spell was a certain Anthony Decker.

So far as Hilda was concerned, the great outstanding fact about Decker was that he was supposed to be in intimate connection with the affairs of Guidon Steel. He was a lean man of forty-five—immaculate, certain, estimating. The sharp little wrinkle between his dispassionate gray eyes was evidence to anyone who wanted to see that he was not a person with whom one took liberties. Hilda had met him one evening when she was dining with Jack Spate and others in a restaurant. Subsequently she had encountered him in the Hotel X——, and nodded with a cordial alacrity that brought him over to her, a hand outstretched.

In that fashion the thing had begun. Luncheons, teas, motor rides in the park and, under convenient auspices, dinner and theater parties followed. Decker did not make love to Hilda, but she knew that he was watching her with a very narrow eye. She, on her part, spared none of her blandishments for him; her smile was always the brightest, her interest always the most eager, her delight in his society the most evident. Reward came promptly enough; Guidon Steel, Decker told her, up to 150 was a perfectly safe buy.

Hilda bought at 110 and bought heavily. The stock did go to 150, and then at Decker's gentle command she sold. Her profit was some six thousand dollars. The friendship continued with a new ardor on Hilda's part. Decker countered by telling her of a prospective recapitalizing of Guidon Steel.

"Go short," he enjoined; and she did, taking a solid gain as before. And upon the day when she sold she agreed to meet him for tea at the end of the afternoon.

The week which had just passed had been a heady one. Hammersley, in which

A dreamy, oriental delight!

Once again American Song Writing Genius produces a glorious song exotic

"ARABY" by Irving Berlin

From the deep and seemingly inexhaustible well of Irving Berlin's genius comes a new song gem – a melody poem of the love and languor and beauty of the mystic Orient breathing of romance and amours of veiled beauties behind barred casements ... of ale laden with intoxicating [illegible] of great adventure ... Hear "Araby" today! You want it and can get it. Hear "Araby" today! You will be electrified at least by "Araby" when on Columbia Record No. A1840, 05c.

"I'm Simply Crazy About You"—big hit from N. Y. Hands Up

"At the Floral Garden Ball"—big Hippodrome hit

"When I Leave the World Behind"—another big Berlin hit

For sale at all music stores, 30c per copy. Mailed direct, postpaid, for 32c in stamps.

WATERSON, BERLIN & SNYDER CO.

(Inc.)

Strand Theatre Building New York

---

25 Times World's Champion

402,000 in Use

Get all facts, [illegible] guaranty – 100 views of high percentage hatches — all come with my big Illustrated Free Book "Hatching Facts," in colors. Write me today. Jim Rohan, Pres.

Belle City Incubator Co., Box 77, Racine, Wis.

Freight Prepaid 1, 2 or 3 Months Home Test

Belle City Incubators and Brooders

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE

[illegible] poultry. 70 breeds illustrated [illegible] many interesting facts [illegible]

B. H. GREIDER, Box 12, Rheems, Pa.

Latest Book Profitable Poultry. Finest published, 144 pages, 170 pictures and beautiful color plates. Tells how to make profits with poultry, [illegible] busy Poultry Farm with 31 purebred varieties. Low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators, sprouters, etc. This great book only 5 cents.

Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 69, Clarinda, Iowa

PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATORS

Famous for hatching "chicks that live." Reliable—economical—leaders for 35 years. Only [illegible]

FREE Catalog (35)

PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR CO. 115 Main St., Homer City, Pa.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

Prices $15.00 up. SOLD or RENTED anywhere at ½ to ⅓ MANUFACTURERS' PRICES, allowing RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for catalog D.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago

MARRIED? THE SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE By John Cowan, M. D. 400 pages Illustrated. Special Edition. This is the most valuable book [illegible] ever issued. Circular giving full information sent free.

J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY
90 Rose St., New York

Print Your Own

Cards, circulars, book, paper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for catalog of presses, type, cards, samples.

The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

PATENTS Write for How To Obtain a Patent, List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Patent Attys., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

SPRAYERS FOR EVERY NEED

Whether you have 1 tree or 10 thousand you must spray, or eat wormy scabby fruit. Directions free.

FIELD FORCE PUMP CO., Dept. X, Elmira, N. Y.

the girl still was, had been balancing at dizzy heights, and she had been in a panic of uncertainty whether to follow Jack Spate's advice and sell; he had been alarmingly distant of late. Popeley, too, had been thundering upward; her profits there had been demoralizingly huge. For six nights she had not slept at home, staying with Grace Sinclair, talking stocks until close upon daylight, whipping herself hourly into a tenser frenzy. As she sat down at the table facing Decker her mouth was drawn at the corners and her overred lips twitched; her eyes kept jumping from spot to spot and were never still; on her cheeks was a high flush; she herself was thin.

"Oh, Tony," she cried, bending extravagantly toward him, "order me a cocktail quick and let me tell you how grateful I am."

Decker—smiling, cool, grave—raised a steady, leisurely hand for the waiter.

Then he sat back and she began spilling her thanks, which he merely acknowledged with an impersonal nod. The cocktail came and was finished, and Hilda a little giddily rushed on with her unmeasured words. Her voice was a little louder, her cheeks more flushed. Warmer and warmer did her appreciation seem to grow, until Decker, with an odd, twisted, not very pleasant smile, leaned over the table.

"My dear lady," he said in a short laugh, "I understand perfectly that you are grateful. You've said so before. But, really now ——" He paused and studied her before adding: "Don't you think that it's about time that you marked that gratitude in some way? I had thought that you might have been kinder after the first transaction."

His tones, the glance in his eye bridged the faintest ambiguity there may have been in his words.

Hilda Wakes Up

There is not much more to write concerning Hilda Greeve. The tea with Decker was never finished, and she reached home that evening a tear-stained, near-shattered girl. Within the next few days she voluntarily sold every share of stock she held. Her profits, amounting to close upon fifty thousand dollars, she took to her brother.

"Better create a spendthrift trust for me," she told him, "until I can get back a decent sense of money."

In blank amazement Herbert regarded her.

"What power under heaven made you quit?"

"I discovered that I was operating under a wrong theory," she declared, "and that I was losing too fast."

"Losing?" he echoed incredulously. "Upon war babies? Impossible!' Why, they're the good angels of the fools."

"Not the kind of fool I've been –a woman fool trying to play a game that's only a man's game, played out in man's environment. Those war babies make you think that you can get something for nothing, and you can't. If you haven't knowledge, experience, training, you've got to buy them. I didn't have them, and where could I get them? From men. I got what I needed to play the game, but I skipped without making settlement. A good big portion of that check you've got there represents the proceeds of my tricking of Jack Spate, my swindling of Anthony Decker."

"A good big portion?"

"Oh, the rest was paid for with nerves that almost cracked beneath the strain that they were never meant for, with health, good looks, decency of soul, self-respect and—more besides."

"No, not more besides," encouraged Herbert. "You made your reckoning—a heavy one, maybe, but it has been made."

"Made?" caught up Hilda. "It's not nearly made; it won't be made until I die. Don't you see that it's in time to come, when I travel and have pretty clothes and ride round in taxis, that the real reckoning of that fifty thousand dollars will be made? Don't you see that I've a lot of life ahead of me, and that I'll always be searching for a way to live in it in contentment, and searching vainly?"

"Oh, you've money now. Contentment for you will be easy enough."

"Easy enough with the fever of a boom in my blood? Not much! It will surge up in every quiet and idle moment, bringing memories to pale any new pleasure I find. Contentment will be impossible, and war babies can never be good angels—even for fools. They're relentless, murderous things—devils for women like me."

1916
Plenty and Often
"That's the way—
I always say—
To have this Campbell feast!
I want it when I want it—
Which is once a day at least!

A new leaf

Turn it over today! If you eat soup only once in a while on some special occasion, make it a point from now on to enjoy it once a day at least. Get the full and regular benefit of

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

This is one of the best liked and oftenest used of all the Campbell "kinds."

Extremely nourishing as well as palatable, this tempting soup contains such wholesome vegetables as carrots, white potatoes, sweet potatoes, "baby" lima beans, small peas, tender corn, barley, green okra, tomatoes and other choice vegetables, besides "alphabet" macaroni, celery and parsley—all combined in a strong concentrated stock made from selected beef.

This soup is more than a mere dinner course. It is a substantial, satisfying dish for the family meals at any time. Why not order a supply from your grocer *today?*

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds 10c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

You Can Now Get the Big, Comfort

With unerring judgment of value—

With a rush that swallowed up a record production in jig time—

The public took more than 50,000 of the $750 Overlands in six months.

In six months we've absorbed all the overhead; absorbed all the development expense; realized on all the experimental cost that is usually spread over a year.

We covered our material requirements at before-the-war prices—saved three and a half million dollars on aluminum and another million on steel.

We have increased our production capacity of 300 cars a day last June *to 1000 cars per day.*

So again we have broken *all* records.

Again we have planned and bought material for a bigger production program.

And again we are setting a new and supreme standard of value—

En-bloc 35 horsepower motor
130-inch wheelbase
Electric starting and lighting system
Electric control buttons on steering column

$69

Roadster
Model R1 B

The Willys-Over
Toledo,

able 35 Horsepower Overland for

95

$675

land Company
Ohio

You can now buy the big, roomy, comfortable, thirty-five horsepower Overland for $695.

Here is the value which has clearly dominated the automobile market for the last six months—now made even more clearly dominant.

Here is the car with a performance record never even approached by any car of its size ever built—fifty thousand in everyday service.

And though the price is reduced the car is improved.

It has an up-to-the-minute power plant, en-bloc type, developing full thirty-five horsepower. It has abundant power and speed and an exceptionally quick get-away.

The value is pre-eminent—unapproached. We guarantee that the price for this model will never be lower

But this price reduction is made in the face of a rising material market—we cannot guarantee that it will not be higher.

See the Overland dealer now—anticipate your requirement if need be—but make sure of your delivery *now.*

Four-inch tires
Demountable rims; with one extra
Deep divan upholstery
One-man top; top cover

"Made in U.S.A."

FREE TO YOU

FOR

10 DAYS!

The World Famous

Frantz Premier

Electric Cleaner

Yes, Madam, that is exactly what we mean. We will send you one of our superb, BRAND NEW, easy gliding and deep cleaning Frantz Premier Electric Cleaners FREE Cleaning Trial. We are going to loan you, free, this splendid cleaner for 10 whole days. Remember, this free loan won't cost you a penny. We even pay all delivery charges. We bear every expense. All you have to do is to use it to your heart's content for all cleaning purposes about the house!

Without Cost To You

Simply sign and mail the coupon below or write us and we will send you the full details of this wonderful free loan offer, and also our beautifully illustrated booklet, which is attached to this coupon, just as though it were your own. You can then decide for yourself how it gives you all the cleaning and dusting service of a speck of dust and dirt.

And then, at the end of the 10 days' free trial if you are not entirely satisfied you may return it, or if you decide that you simply cannot get along without it, then you may keep the cleaner and pay for it on

Easy Monthly Payments

The cleaner goes to you right from our factory, or direct from our dealer if we have one in your town. First you get the free trial and then the easy monthly payments. You get the rock bottom factory price—you pay no more because of this special Easy Monthly Payment Plan.

We expect to be so swamped with Free Trial requests that we may be delayed for a short length of time. So send at once for your Free Trial. Remember—absolutely no obligation to buy.

Mail This Coupon Sign this coupon and mail it to us at once. The minute we hear from you we will mail you the full details of this great free trial offer and easy payment plan. We will also send you, free, the beautifully illustrated literature. Send coupon or write today—at once.

The Frantz Premier Company
Dept. 1155, Cleveland, Ohio

Sign this Coupon NOW!

THE FRANTZ PREMIER COMPANY
Dept 1155, Cleveland, Ohio

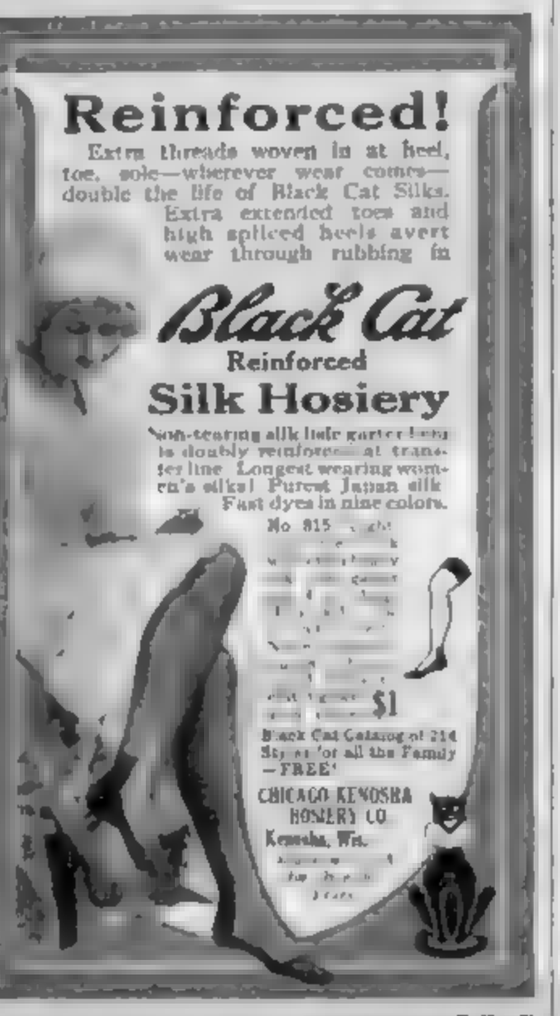
Without expense or obligation to me send full and complete details of your wonderful Free Trial and Easy Payment offer. Also your beautifully illustrated booklet.

Name .....

Address .....

Reinforced!

Extra threads woven in at heel, toe, sole—wherever wear comes—double the life of Black Cat Silks. Extra extended toes and high spliced heels avert wear through rubbing in



Black Cat

Reinforced

Silk Hosiery

Non-tearing silk lisle garter hem is doubly reinforced at transfer line. Longest wearing women's silks! Purest Japan silk. Fast dyes in nine colors.

No. 815 .....

.....

$1

Black Cat Catalog of 214 Styles for all the Family—FREE

CHICAGO KENOSHA HOSIERY CO.
Kenosha, Wis.

57 Varieties Chickens Ducks Geese and Turkeys

Large fine catalog 5c

LARKIN & HERZBERG Box 134 Mankato, Minn.

IF I WERE BOSS

(Continued from Page 15)

have such a cheery smile to-day. And listen to this, all of you: There's to be no more smoking in this office, Mr. Slosson says, and the first fellow I catch doing it will be fired, even if I have to sell his territory myself. Come here now, Tom."

Charley didn't know it, but his voice had all the contemptuous, mastering ring that had infuriated him in the voice of S. R. Rice. He saw the men settle down to work; saw Little Thomas follow him to the corner desk, still smoking. Within him, again like the probationer policeman handling his first crowd, Charley wondered whether he could make Little Thomas think he looked like a real boss. He listened anxiously to his own voice as he demanded:

"Put out that cigar, Tom."

"Huh? That cigar, Chol—Charley? Why, that's a two-bits cigar."

"Thomas, my son, you've got the wrong hunch. This isn't going to be a kidding fest. It's going to be a real scrap. Get the idea quick; I'm going to make an issue of this."

"You mean to say you wouldn't overlook a little thing like a man smoking one cigar when he's just in from the road?"

"I mean to say I won't overlook a single thing. You know that sign they have in some offices: 'If you want to find out who's boss, start something'? Well, you've come back all ready to start all sorts of things. You've been having a fine time on the train planning how you'd make young Charley McClure crawl. Well, you're not going to do it. You're not going to have me explaining. I'll make the rules perfectly definite, and if you don't like them go and kick to Slosson. Now put out that cigar, see?"

They sat glaring, eye holding eye. Charley answered defiance with a cold stare.

"Well, if you're so set on it ——" grumbled Little Thomas, crushing out the light of his cigar and looking down at the desk.

Charley exulted. Perhaps he really was contriving to look like a real boss.

Little Thomas went on: "Of course you'd run and tattle to Slosson if I didn't."

"No, my son, there's just one thing I'd tattle to Slosson about—that you think so little of me that you believe I'd be capable of running and tattling. That I certainly will take up with him, if you feel that way, because it would indicate that I'm too weak to be boss—and then we'd need some strong, noble character like Little Thomas Snider for boss. Do you want to come in and take that up with Slosson, heh? Let's get that settled right now."

"No, no, you know I don't think that. Gee, don't be so plumb savage!"

"All right. Now I want to know what the devil you mean by not following up the ads we put in the Central New York territory with better sales on Golluf? Did you show it at all?"

"Well, whatcha think I did?" wailed Little Thomas.

"Now cut out the injured innocent. That used to be one of your very best tricks to work on Rice. Get a new one."

"Well, thunder, what's the use of ads anyway? Let me tell you that most ads are simply useless. What do they do? They simply add to the expense of the goods and make 'em harder to sell. Do you know what you ought to do? Just add one-half—just half—the cost of the ads on my salary, and I'll sell more goods than all the ads in ten counties, and the trade wouldn't have to pay so much ——"

"You certainly are slow, Tom. You don't get the idea a-tall. I'm not going to discuss theories with you—aside from the fact that I've heard your same spiel about advertising so often that I'm tired of it. I want to know by what right you presume to decide for this firm what we will sell and what we won't sell. And let me tell you that next time you don't key up to the ads I'll know the reason why."

Little Thomas flared up.

"Say, are you hinting round for my resignation, McClure? Because you'll get it so ——"

"No, I'm not looking for it, but I'm ready for it any time you feel it's beneath your dignity to work for a young fool like me."

Again their hostile eyes held each other, and while the slightly bewildered Mr. Little Thomas Snider was trying to decide just how he did feel, Charley attacked again:

"And what do you mean by not itemizing your expense account? For instance, what did you spend fourteen dollars in a rube town like Mashemachee for?"

"Well, I had to take a cab to make a train."

"Cab? Oh, you—had—to—take—a—cab!"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, well, how Mashemachee is coming along! They must have a grand Chamber of Commerce. I've made that town five times, and the only cab I ever saw is the carryall that the old fellow with the whiskers drives. And your hotel is right across the street from the depot."

"Well, I don't remember exactly—it was a cab or something."

"Let's see, wasn't it Mashemachee where that lady-buyer friend of yours lived?"

"Well, gosh, I don't get any too much allowance. Say, do you know that Congressmen get twenty cents a mile mileage? That shows how much it costs to travel like a gentleman."

Little Thomas gave this in his very best manner as office jester, kicking his right foot, crossing his right leg over his left, hooking his thumbs in his armholes, tilting back in his chair, and raising his voice so that all the boys might have the benefit. Charley looked him all over, slowly, carefully, from his Fourteenth Street shoes to his La Salle Street haircut, and remarked slowly, carefully and very coldly:

"The effect would be better if you had a cigar stuck up in the corner of your mouth, Tom. Now if you've got any more information about traveling like a gentleman, let's have it—only I'd like to know what gentleman you got it from. I note that Mr. Cruthers is especially interested in the subject. Let's have some more about it. Otherwise you might explain why you charged forty dollars railroad fare in Delaware."

"Well, gosh, the way you balled up my routing I had to crisscross on my own tracks all the time like a kitten chasing its tail, and use twice as much fare as normal. Why, the plan of my route looks like a map of downtown Boston."

"That so? Say, speaking of Boston, I'm going to sell Boston hereafter instead of you."

"But that's my best town."

"Yes, but you see I can cover it cheaper. I don't have to travel like a gentleman."

Little Thomas sprang up, furious. With a leisurely sureness Charley got up and remarked:

"Now have you got any more bluffs to throw? Do you have to make another trip just as a vacation, or are you ready to work for that young fool Charley McClure?" His voice changed to a wistful friendliness which, as it was sincere and not merely a trick, carried conviction. "Drop it, Tom. I'm boss. We've had some pretty good times together, and I hope we can go on. All I want is a square deal."

The anger dimmed in Thomas' cheerful, protruding eyes. The little man could be roundly tearful quite as easily as he could be chubbily gay.

"Gee," he mourned, "I thought you were going to be so friendly, and here you go and accuse me of everything but arson!"

Charley merely held out his hand. Little Thomas disconsolately took it. Absent-mindedly he drew a cigar from his pocket. With that bored cheerfulness of a school teacher Charley called out:

"Nix on the smoking, Tom."

"All right—boss," answered Little Thomas, and he saluted.

Charley McClure wasn't old—only fifty-four in 1914, and a better salesman than ever. He said that he had his job trained to sit up and beg. He was sales-manager of The Slosson Book & Game Company, formerly The Greene & Slosson Company, and he knew personally all the bigger buyers from Sandy Hook to San Diego. What he didn't know personally was that he had become entirely mechanical in work, because his real interest was home with his wife Agnes, his golf score and his son Robert, who was eagerly beginning his career as real-estate salesman.

Twenty-three years before, Charley had been a road salesman, and as yearningly ambitious as his son was now at twenty. At that time Charley had believed that bosses were a race of congenital fiends organized to keep young men from getting jobs in the first place, and making good on them in the second. Now he was equally sure that the flighty young men of this generation were organized to teach one another new ways of being unreliable and generally worthless. He and his chief, Slosson, were glad to give the youngsters every possible opportunity to develop themselves and the business; but where could they find the men who combined energy with reasonableness in regard to pay? When they turned out well they took other jobs.

In the years that he had been sales-manager Charley had seen every single person in the office drift away or die—all but himself, and Slosson the chief, and Tom Snider the office-manager, now an obese little man of sixty-five, disinclined to get out of his chair, but once a laugher, a dancer, a roly-poly whom they had called Little Thomas. The others—gone, and replaced by nobodies.

One of the young salesmen whom Charley had tried to train was suddenly leaving for a job with slightly better pay, but nothing like so good a chance for permanent advancement, as Charley had gruffly pointed out. He had selfishly given such short notice that the entire selling system was disarranged.

In the days when Charley had been Young Charley, and had wistfully gone about looking for any sort of chance to make good, he had never been so hard-driven, so worried as now, when he tried to find something resembling a real human being to fill Smith's place. There were plenty of men who came in to apply the minute the news of a vacancy ran like scandal through salesmen's circles. But mostly they were of that curious type known to all employers—the men who appear to make a living by going the rounds asking for positions they can't possibly fill, and offering as references the men who have discharged them for consistent incompetence. Usually they wear expensive hats and have charming smiles and a great deal of leisure in which to sketch their remarkable power of creating ideas to put punch in the business. The applicants who did have good records knew nothing about books or about any game except auction pinochle, which Slosson couldn't very well patent and sell. All the desirable men seemed just then to be so tightly tacked down on other jobs that they could be ripped off only by an offer of about fifty-one per cent of stock and expenses, including cigars.

Slosson called in Charley and wanted to know why he didn't find the new salesman. Charley asserted that the stock was exhausted and the samples lost. The new generation, he stated, was too much interested in motors and tango teas to produce good salesmen. They could all be discounted at one hundred per cent. Slosson made noises of boredom, and Charley flared up: "Why don't you find one yourself?"

Slosson smiled a long, chin-stroking, secret, apparently chewable smile and announced: "I will!"

That was all he said, and for several days the subject was not resurrected publicly. But it was thoroughly studied at lunch by Charley and his closest friend, his oldest crony, Tom Snider. They agreed—as they had been agreeing at lunches for perhaps fifteen years—that Slosson was a poor fool whose interests they kept from being wrecked. They wondered what Slosson had been planning when he had smiled that secret smile, which Charley described at length. They weren't exactly afraid of anyone who might be brought into the office; but they had fought through several revolutions which had threatened them and their 1900 methods of doing business. They had seen times when for a month together the news "The Old Man's got a grouch" had seeped through the office every morning and they had expected to lose their jobs.

Now, when they were unconsciously dreading the big chief's next move, they were grinningly relieved to have Slosson come in one afternoon and push forward a lightweight, eyeglassed, highbrowed, shy youth with expensive tailor-made clothes and thin mouse-gray hair. Slosson remarked: "Mr. McClure, this is George Lanston, the son of my old friend Lanston of the B. & Q. Clock Company. He has just graduated from college, and we'll let him try his hand at selling."

Young Lanston didn't know an order list from a bill of lading. Charley McClure was kind to him; he explained the system of showing wares, and gave him all the printed material on the Slosson line. But as he watched the highbrow worrying papers at a desk in the corner, holding his forehead with a delicate-fingered hand and trying to look businesslike, Charley smiled rather sadly and compared this specimen of the new generation with the good, hearty chaps with whom he had once sold and who were holding big positions now, or gone—poor devils! He was sure that George Lanston would go back to his school books, where he belonged, but he tried to give him every chance. At lunch with Tom Snider, however, he indulged in a burlesque description of what would happen when Slosson's lily-handed pet encountered the buyers.

"'Pleathe, thir, I want to show you thuch a pitty game,'" he mimicked. "Gosh, Tom, I bet that next time Slosson will spring a college professor on me. College! We'll have to have a college yell in the office, first thing you know—'Slosson, Slosson, siss, boom, hah!'"

Charley was wrong. George Lanston didn't lisp. He spoke with a Harvard accent, but when he spoke he said something. That same afternoon Lanston came up to Charley's desk and observed abruptly:

"There must be a mistake in this new material on the indoor polo game, sir. The prices don't agree with the general list."

"Um, yes, yes. Why, so it is, so it is."

That set him pondering on the bookworm, and to his delight Lanston showed possibilities. He went at the problem of learning salesmanship as though he intended to speak the language of commerce, not just read it. In his modest, too brusque way he tried to get generally acquainted, and the Western salesman reported to Charley that Lanston had joined a bunch of them at dinner, and in a pleasant *fiesta* afterward had won four dollars in certain games of chance and expended the same in suitable refreshments. Alas, it is a material world! This prowess at poker did more to make the office force forgive Lanston for looking like a Greek scholar than his rapid acquirement of the idea of business. In a month Lanston was awarded that greatest sign of approbation—the men "kidded" him.

Lanston went out on his first road trip. He made all the mistakes that good, respectable, normal youngsters are expected to make. He was too economical about hotels and Pullmans. If he had been a star instead of a cub he would have established a precedent that would have ruined the game. But older salesmen took him in hand. He was dining with a bunch, and to save expenses took crackers and milk and rice pudding, while the others had everything from clams to cheese. Then he discovered that he had to pay a full share of the check—after which he was less addicted to rice pudding. He wasn't persistent enough with gruff old-timer buyers and he was too persistent with others—wouldn't take "No" for an answer when good-natured customers explained that they were overstocked.

And, as Charley learned from letters, Lanston got his full share of practical jokes. Stones, quite large, unexplained stones, kept appearing in his sample cases. He was told that milliners of fabulous beauty were mad to meet him—and found that they were exemplary and indignant ladies of about sixty-five. All the way from Bridgeport he quaked over the stories told to him regarding the Portsmouth Bonanza Store buyer, who was described by ever so many kind fellow salesmen as a large, strong, quite unpleasant old gentleman who hated college men so much that he always threw them out of the store, preferably on their ears. Lanston sat for a whole evening in the Quaker House at Providence listening to a serious group of drummers tell stories about the crazy violence of the Portsmouth buyer—who proved to be a youngster of about Lanston's own age and an enthusiastic college graduate.

Nevertheless, Lanston got the business. Half a dozen buyers, writing in to confirm orders, took the trouble to inform Charley McClure that Lanston's earnestness, his studious knowledge of his line and his glib college tongue had made a real impression. So he was received in New York with open arms, taken out to lunch by Charley and Tom Snider, and given several big shops to handle while he was in town.

Only—Slosson also took Lanston out to lunch; Slosson, who had announced it as a policy that since he couldn't discriminate he wouldn't ordinarily lunch with any of his employees. In twenty-three years he had lunched with Charley McClure perhaps twenty-three times. Charley and Tom Snider attributed this favor to the fact that Slosson knew Lanston's father. They kept reassuring each other on this point.

Slosson took Lanston off selling for three weeks, and sent him on the rounds of the various factories and printshops supplying the Slosson goods. This totally disarranged Charley's plans for covering the city, and he himself had to waste time by going out to hole-and-corner shops. It wasn't that Charley was afraid of work, but for ten years or so he hadn't been passionate about it, and he grunted a good deal as he got out of his chair with its cushion of frayed newspapers. When Lanston returned he asked Charley a number of questions regarding things that had puzzled him in the manufacturing processes. Most of them Charley could not answer. He hadn't been near the factories for years; he depended on the Slosson manufacturing department to supply him with goods in proper condition and to inform him of any improvements in processes or materials that could be used as talking points in selling. When he didn't get these details he didn't worry. After a score of years of handling the same line, the most conscientious salesman finds it hard to run round shrieking for selling points that aren't really necessary.

Lanston was just a bit impudent when he found that Charley couldn't inform him, and Charley called him down with promptness and skill. When the youngster had returned to his desk, Charley sat rubbing the hair that grew in grizzled miniature burnsides beside his ears, and compressing his lips in a worried way. His glance after Lanston's back was regretful. But an hour later he merely smiled when he suddenly entered the sample room and found Lanston standing cockily, his thumbs in his lower waistcoat pockets and his hat on the back of his head, confiding to another young salesman: "Yes, McClure sure has an awful grouch. By Jove, if I were boss ——"

In late summer George Lanston made another trip, to the smaller New England cities, and he came back with a large, juicy, rosy idea. Charley pooh-poohed it. The idea, he informed Lanston, was a green crab apple; but Lanston, with the ignorance of youth, especially of college-bred youth, insisted on prizing it.

The idea was for the Slosson Company to handle the gift-shop novelties that were beginning to be found in shops along Fifth Avenue, and more and more in the tea-and-souvenir rooms spreading from Maine to California. Lanston had noted that one single town on Cape Cod had half a dozen of these boudoirs of business handling wicker cages for celluloid birds, gayly painted wooden butterflies on sticks to be stuck in gardens, vases striped in black and white, book-ends carved with fish and Phœnician gods, doorstops and door-knockers that pretended to be something else, gigantic match boxes with safety matches three feet long, and other fantastic fairyland wares, besides the tea and cake and beach-plum preserves which motorists from New York ate under the supposition that this was the native Cape Cod fare. The artistic novelties were all of them the outcome of the arts-and-crafts movement, which had started with simplicity as a keynote and was proceeding to a tune of Victorian bric-à-brac.

The Slosson Company needed a new line to replace gradually their children's books, which could not meet the competition of the importations of other firms, though it was true that the Slosson games held their own, and Golluf sold its thirty or forty thousand every year as regularly and sweetly as money in the bank. In the gift-shop novelties, declared young Lanston, was the needed substitute for the juveniles.

The other salesmen and Tom Snider agreed with Charley McClure that the idea was ridiculous; that, to quote Tom: "All this junk has about as much relation to our line as a dachshund to a shoe button."

Always during his career as manager Charley had tried to sympathize with ambition, though he had often antagonized cubs by the gruff bluffness which had been regarded as managerial manners in his

(Continued on Page 38)

Saves Over One-Half On His Coal Bill

THIS house is in a cold part of New York State. Exposed on all sides. Yet the winter's coal bill has been more than cut in half. Read the letter. Then remember that we have thousands more like it:

"We have had an UNDERFEED Furnace since last Fall. So far it has not given a moment's trouble.

Previously our coal bill had not been under $125.00 per year, but up to date this year (April) our coal bill has been just $43. The operation of pumping the coal in is perfectly easy."

(Signed) F. R. Goolman, Binghamton, N. Y.

So, you see, the head-line of this advertisement does not begin to tell this remarkable story of UNDERFEED comfort and economy. We could have said "Saves two-thirds" and have been nearer the mark.

½ to ⅔ Saving GUARANTEED!

And this is not only one of a few such instances. There are over thirty-five thousand UNDERFEED users all over the country. These people are getting more and better heat the UNDERFEED way, and in the doing of it they are saving one-half to two-thirds of their coal cost—GUARANTEED. For we say, where the UNDERFEED is properly installed and operated we *guarantee* a saving in coal cost of one-half to two-thirds.

And back of that guarantee stands a million dollar concern.

Would You Burn a Candle This Way?

WILLIAMSON NEW-FEED UNDERFEED Furnaces and Boilers CUT COAL BILLS ½ to ⅔

Or Would You Burn it This Way?

The "Candle" Principle

When you turn a lighted candle upside down it smokes and sputters. That's because the flame is fighting its way against the fuel supply. When you hold it right side up [illegible] That's because the flame has free play. It gets enough air. It burns just so much of the fuel supply, and no more. And the latter way is the New-Feed UNDERFEED way. In the UNDERFEED coal is fed from below. The fire never has to fight its way up against it, but is always on top in direct contact with the effective radiating surfaces.

No feed door opening to chill the fire every time fresh coal is fed. No smoke, dirt or gas to escape into the house or up the chimney. These are all valuable heat elements. In the New-Feed UNDERFEED they must pass up *through* the fire and thus be transformed into clean, usable heat.

Burns Cheaper Coal

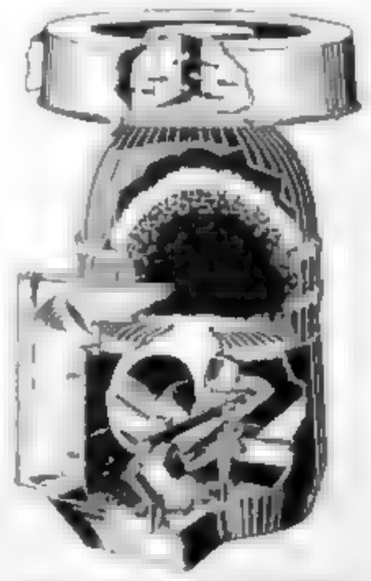
Because of this clean, scientific principle, the UNDERFEED burns the cheaper grades of coal as effectively as others burn the costlier grades. That's a saving you can *keep* in your pocket—a first saving you're absolutely sure of—whether you use warm air, steam or hot water.

A boy of twelve can operate the New-Feed UNDERFEED with "expert" results. All done from a standing position. No stooping. A few easy arm strokes of the operating lever fill the fire pot with fresh coal in a few seconds.

Get This Free Book

Send for it NOW. Use the coupon. It is called "From Overfed to UNDERFEED." Pictures and describes the New-Feed UNDERFEED in [illegible] You'll be glad to have it—it will save you many a dollar when next heating equipment is considered.

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO.
(Formerly the Peck-Williamson Co.)
21 West Fifth Avenue — Cincinnati, Ohio



Cut-out view of UNDERFEED Furnace, showing how hot fire is always on top

FREE BOOK BRINGS YOU ALL THE FACTS

The Williamson Heater Co., 21 West Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ½ to ⅓ with a Williamson New-Feed.
Warm Air_____ Steam or Hot Water_____ (Mark X after System interested in)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

My Dealer's Name is

DEALERS: Let us tell you about the New-Feed UNDERFEED and our new proposition. Both are winners.

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TIRES

The Goodyear Conquest of America

New Orleans

COMMERCIALLY, New Orleans is supreme in the Far South, and Goodyear Tires are supreme in New Orleans. A tire census of automobiles, taken Aug. 24 to 28, 1915, showed that 26 per cent of all the cars parked in the streets were equipped with Goodyear Tires. With nearly 200 brands to choose from, more than one out of every four chose Goodyears

No Other Tire Tempts Goodyear Users

THERE are still thousands who think that one tire is much like another.

But the largest single group of tire buyers in America evidently does not think so.

The proof of this is, that they continue to buy one Goodyear equipment after another, year after year.

If they did not prefer the Goodyear to any other, they would surely be tempted away by the lower prices on scores of other tires.

But they are *not* tempted away.

Goodyear branches, Goodyear dealers, Goodyear salesmen all say the same thing—they say that these customers buy, and buy, and buy again.

Now this group is not merely the largest tire-group in America, but it is a very large group—aggregating hundreds of thousands.

Each year the number of tire buyers increases; and the preference for Goodyear Tires keeps pace.

Goodyear buyers are sane, clear-headed, careful buyers like yourself.

They firmly believe in Goodyear features, because they have found, in these features, the source of longer tire service and greater tire economy.

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TIRES

The Goodyear Conquest of America

Minneapolis

THE gateway through which the Northwest sends its treasure out to the world lines up with the rest of the country on the tire question. Twenty-two per cent of the motor cars counted in Minneapolis, Sept. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 1915, were equipped with Goodyear Tires. Every section shows preference for Goodyear though there are close to 200 brands of tires to choose from.

No Other Tire Gives Goodyear Service

MEN use more Goodyear Tires than any other single brand. They have found that the Goodyear special features of construction render the longest service and the greatest satisfaction.

The Goodyear "On-Air" cure, for instance, is to them, a definite, tangible advantage, that prevents wrinkled fabric, and consequent blowouts.

They know that the rubber rivets formed in the vulcanizing process have reduced the danger of loose treads by more than half.

Experience has proved the service-value of the No-Rim-Cut feature and of the six flat bands of 126 braided piano wires in the Goodyear tire base.

They know that these wires not only help to eliminate tube pinching, but add an extra measure of safety and security.

Every Goodyear user will vouch for the value of the double-thick "All-Weather" tread—a tread that runs smoothly, and yet is a well-nigh perfect non-skid.

So each Goodyear feature represents a real advantage to Goodyear buyers.

Their own personal experience has proved it.

That's why they buy, and buy, and buy.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

How Hot Steero Creates Appetite

The appetizing effects of a hot drink are well known.

The importance of smell and taste in creating appetite is everywhere recognized. *Steero has them all.*

The fragrant odor of hot Steero greets your nostrils with a promise. Its taste is a delicious combination of the flavors of beef, vegetables and spices.

Drink hot Steero and you will be hungry.

Hot Steero is made by simply dropping a Steero Cube into a cup and pouring on boiling water. It's so easy to make that you must *taste it* to realize how anything so delicious can be made with such little effort in such little time.

STEERO CUBES

Steero Cubes were Awarded Medal of Honor at Panama Pacific Exposition

Simply Add Boiling Water

Steero Cubes are sold by Druggists, Grocers and Delicatessen Dealers in boxes of 12, 50 and 100 Cubes. Look for the word "Steero" on the box, and accept no other. If your dealer can't supply you, a box of 12 Cubes will be sent to you postpaid for 30c.

Schieffelin & Co., 235 William St., New York
Distributors of Steero Cubes for
American Kitchen Products Co., New York

Burn Hylo in the Halls

Groping down a dark hall is dangerous. Leave Hylo burning LO to light your way. Turn HY or OUT by a pull of the cord. Use in halls, stairways, kitchen, bath and bed rooms.

HYLO
TURN-DOWN ELECTRIC LAMP

Mazda for battery current. Sold by Light Companies, Hardware, Electrical, and Department Stores

Economical Electric Lamp Division
National Lamp Works of General Electric Co.
25 West Broadway New York, N. Y.

Stillwell California Homes

—combine all the advantages of the true bungalow with many special features that give pleasing individuality and charm. Adaptable to any climate. No waste spaces. Built-in conveniences and rooms easy of access make housekeeping a delight.

3 PLAN BOOKS for $1 POST PAID

"Representative California Homes"
Showing 31 designs, costing $1600 to $6000—Price 50c

"West Coast Bungalows"
31 designs, $1000 to $5000—Price 50c

"Little Bungalows"
31 designs, $400 to $1500—Price 25c

E. W. Stillwell & Co.
Architects
Stillwell Bldg., Los Angeles

We sell books and blue prints on a money-back guarantee

(Continued from Page 35)

younger days. He was like an old mastiff alternately growling and wagging his tail at a frisking kitten. Now, especially with the Great European War on the horizon, it seemed to him ridiculous that Lanston should suggest a pink-tea fad to the company. He did not know that the things he said to Lanston echoed what S. R. Rice, his predecessor, had said to a young Charley McClure about boosting the game of Golluf. Why, Rice had been a turtle in a particularly thick shell, whereas he himself watched Lanston's career with a mingling of proprietorship and disapproval. He went out of his way to help him. Yet somehow the youngster answered curtly Charley's careful explanations of why the big idea was about as sensible as suicide by drowning in January. Regretfully Charley saw Lanston get more and more into the habit of whispering with the other youngsters in the sample room, glancing out at Charley with a cautiousness that betrayed them.

Meantime he was increasingly conscious of the intimacy between Slosson and Lanston. He once saw them together, in Slosson's new car, apparently driving out to Slosson's home in the Ramapo Hills. Nevertheless, he growled to himself and to Tom Snider, he was going to bring Lanston up right whether Lanston was in personally with the big chief or not. Yet he wasn't entirely surprised when the thunderbolt struck.

Slosson walked up to his desk and curtly announced that they would try a few experimental items of gift-shop novelties.

"Well," growled Charley, "you're the boss, but you know as well as I do that they'll be flivvers."

He was there to guard Slosson's interests, but not to preach to him. He tried to be cheerful after this defeat, and courteous to Lanston, though he felt that it was good for the boy to continue joshing him about college ideas in business, and to remark, perhaps once a day: "Like to have tea served in the office, sir?"

But one evening when they were both working late—which Lanston often did and Charley rarely did, since he had his work trained—Charley discussed the men in the office, and Lanston opened up like an unfolding flower. He told of his voyages of discovery in the gift-shop world, and of a girl, head of Ye Arts Shoppe, who was helping him. Suddenly Lanston flushed and said good night abruptly. He left his boss unhappy.

The trip on which Lanston and the other salesmen first carried out the gift-shop goods, and searched for new outlets for business, ended in the spring of 1915. Lanston must have worked twenty-six hours a day and eight days a week. His record was easily equal to that of the second salesman, and in respect to the gift-shop items proportionately ahead of Charley McClure's sales in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. For Charley admitted to his old friends among the buyers that he hadn't much confidence in the new line.

It was a new and older and far more arrogant George Lanston who returned to the office, and he even had the assurance to take up with Charley every bit of office correspondence that he had received, and to hint that Charley had given him no assistance from headquarters. Charley hotly defended himself and spoke of the matter to Slosson, who stroked his chin and gave no answer. It was an exciting topic at the lunches of Charley and Tom Snider; but after a couple of days Charley recovered his poise and declared:

"All this nonsense will blow over."

Then the second thunderbolt struck.

Slosson had for years been accustomed to call in Charley for conferences. With Slosson a conference meant inviting someone to give him additional reasons for doing what he had already made up his mind to do. Occasionally Tom Snider was present, but usually it was with Charley alone that Slosson smoked and grew friendly and commented on the failings of the other men in the office and finally "talked over plans." But on a May afternoon Charley was called in for a conference, and found Lanston settled back in a chair, smoking a Stock Exchange cigar, as though he had been there all day.

Said Slosson: "Mr. McClure, as you know, I'm never particularly anxious to waste a lot of money on fool schemes; but I should like to keep up to date, and since our profits are 'way below last year this time ——"

"The war ——"

"I'm tired of that line of talk," Slosson said sharply, while Charley was indignant at "getting a call" in the presence of his own underling, Lanston. "Just for that very reason we've got to make some changes. All this overhead going on, and less revenue—— Lanston, will you outline our talk again?"

Calmly Lanston proposed: First, that they make an entirely independent gift-shop department, starting with two specializing salesmen. Second, a new type of advertisements, less garish, more quiet, to conform with present artistic tendencies. Third, plans for a new office uptown and for general office efficiency. Fourth, an advertising man and, for a time, an efficiency engineer.

At the word efficiency Charley visualized his own littered desk and his own way of handling memos, which was to leave them in a pile on the left side of his desk till they had been attended to. He thought of that because in the brief talk of Lanston there was such complete revolution that Charley was in a maze, didn't dare to admit what it all meant. He stared glazedly at Slosson, whose left elbow was on his desk, while his right hand nervously jabbed with a blue pencil at a bowl of paper fasteners, which gave out a faint, disagreeable rattling. Charley was silent. He was trying to look nonchalant when Slosson demanded:

"Well, what do you think of the suggestions, McClure?"

Charley muttered: "Why, they're certainly worth thinking over, I guess."

Slosson snapped: "Thank you both. I'll consider them. McClure, may I see you a moment? I think that's all, Lanston."

The youngster who was dismissed marched out with a swagger, while the semiboss who was invited to stay slumped unhappily in his chair.

Slosson turned to him with a spurious brightness. "Keen boy that, McClure! What do you think of the idea of making him assistant sales-manager to—uh—take some of the detail off your shoulders and—uh—leave you free for the larger aspects of the business? Save you the trouble of monkeying with this gift-shop stuff."

Charley pulled himself together. He demanded: "Why do you ask me, Slosson? You've made up your mind already. Certainly Lanston's a good boy. He's young and he's too brash and too know-it-all, but at the same time he's a comer. But, good Lord, don't ask me to do a fox trot when you suggest my giving him about half my job! That's what it amounts to. I'm playing with my cards on the table, without any muffle-business. You know what I think about the gift-shop stuff—it's all right for these long-haired artists and hobohemians, but it's a good thing for us to let alone. Of course, if you want to turn the firm over to it, and let Lanston run you and me and all the rest of us, why ——"

Never before had he spoken so frankly to Slosson, for the habit of respect to the chief was one of more than twenty years. Slosson interrupted him in an entirely friendly way:

"No, no, you've got it all wrong, Charley! I haven't made up my mind at all. But if I do, you've got to remember that you and I and Tom Snider aren't as young as we were, and the business is growing. Needs young blood. So if I do decide to make George—make Lanston—your assistant, I'll need your help to get the boy started right, Charley. Of course, he's young and pretty fresh, but he'll learn."

"All right. I'll do what I can to help him, of course."

Slosson waited for him to go, and Charley fled for refuge to his desk. Not much of a refuge did it appear to the casual eye, merely an unfenced desk in a semipartitioned room with seven other desks; but here he had thrashed out his problems for a quarter of a century; here he was king and seer; and to the slow tune of a fingernail tapping this inkwell he had worked out his philosophy.

"I wonder," he fretted, "if that old fiend could be just planning to have Lanston pump out all I know about practical selling, and then let me go? I wouldn't put it past him."

With a brain that was not accustomed to think of psychology, except the psychology of selling, he unraveled the problem and decided that he would trust Slosson. He realized that he was worrying about the boss Slosson as the salesmen worried about the boss McClure. Nevertheless, he was as stolidly fearful as a man on a vessel entering the war zone. There was a curious uneasy feeling at the pit of his stomach; his spine was icy; he was restless—couldn't sit still; kept parading down to Tom Snider's department, ostensibly to ask business questions, really to get assurance from the plump complacence of Tom. Restlessness was in the air. Slosson, who usually sat tight in his room, kept coming out, wandering round, peering at everybody. It seemed to Charley that each time he bent over Tom's desk Slosson suddenly appeared somewhere near at hand, watching them. The office changed from its ordinary routine dullness and became sinister, filled with plots. Whenever Slosson stopped during his prowlings and spoke to George Lanston, Charley had a dread-filled desire to spy on them, to sneak up and listen. Lanston became suddenly a formidable rival, with dangerous secret plans, capable of any shocking surprise.

Tom Snider seemed to feel the tension. While he talked with Charley about shipments Tom's fat hands, with their peculiar, heavy, deep-embedded nails, rattled papers nervously; and he limped in speech, breaking off what he was saying to watch Slosson's appearances. Finally, staring straight ahead, not looking at Charley, he growled out of the side of his mouth:

"Come out and have a drink with me after office, Charley. Things look bad."

Like a conspirator, while he pretended to be very much interested in testing a sheet of paper by intelligently rubbing it between thumb and finger, Charley answered:

"They sure do. I'm with you."

A hundred times, these past years, they had agreed that "things looked bad—likely to be some changes in the office." But mostly they had been playing at fear; they had enjoyed their plots with that small-boy capacity for making drama out of our own lives which we all retain. Now they were quiet, direct, shaky. They stood at the bar of the Magnificent—which wasn't magnificent any longer—and Tom sighed:

"Going to be a bust in the office, Charley. Looks to me as if Slosson was bit by this young-blood-in-the-business bug. Well, I'm going to get out."

"Go on!"

"Yump. Straight. I've been dickering for a year, off and on, with Thayer, you know, Newark Art and Novelty Store, and this afternoon when I saw Slosson peerading round I sort of smelled a rat, and made up my mind to git while the gitting's good. I can take over Thayer's business on share—won't have to put up much money of my own. I'm not a kid any longer, Charley, but I guess I can show the retail trade a trick or two. Thayer wants to skip out to California—got a daughter living out at Pasadena, and I guess his missus don't like the climate here in the East any too well. Look, son, you better come in with me. I can't offer you anything to speak of at first—— Just between you and I, what's Slosson paying you now? I never did know."

"Forty-one hundred."

"Well, Lord, I couldn't even begin to touch that! Still I could give you an interest, with a guarantee of eighteen hundred or so."

"Oh, gosh, Tom, I'm so used to the Slosson office now that I'd be like an old cab-horse—put me out in the pasture and the trees would scare me and I'd starve for dry hay."

"Well, think it over. Look here, Newark is growing ——"

Charley only half listened to Tom's enthusiasms. He wanted to flee home to Agnes.

Agnes McClure was a woman of fifty, perhaps fifty-one now, thin-lipped, anxious, given to wearing bottle-green bodices and small black hats. Her neighbors in their suburb all said that she was a nice woman, but never said much more about her. To Charley she was the one woman in the world who had common sense. She agreed with him in fearing Slosson, hating spinach, and adoring the movies and their son Robert. For months at a time they were as unsentimental as two partners; but every so often, when things went wrong, Charley would run to her and be silent with her, and it would all be right. And always, after those silent confidences of theirs, she would manage to have prune-whip for dessert.

This May evening Charley came grumpily up the walk. He eyed his house, but he did not go in to find Agnes. He commanded himself: "Oh, don't go whining round. You're as bad as a kid!" He picked seven leaves off the lawn, pulled up a weed

that had sneaked into the grass at the edge of the drive, and tried again to turn off a watertap that was always dripping. He proudly inspected the house, their new home, paid for a year before. It was square, of cement, with dormer windows and a large screened porch. The lawn in front was as trim as a boulevard parkway.

He was realizing that he might not be able to keep up this home if things went wrong at the office. He stared abstractedly at a cement hitching-block, and in his meditations he must for a moment have passed into the mystic state of a hermit brooding in the desert. He forgot all his own troubles; he sorrowed only because Agnes might lose this new house, which was her pride. He glided into a strange vision, of which he wasn't even conscious. Standing motionless, his hands prosaically in his trousers pockets, he felt that he had lost all individuality as Charley McClure; that he was only an indistinguishable part of the unknown force that drives business as it drives pilgrimages; that Slosson and S. R. Rice and Tom Snider and George Lanston and Charley McClure and Robert McClure were all one person, confusedly carrying on some vast work that was to make a greater world in which Agnes would have ——

"Charley!"

Agnes was calling to him from the porch. He did not hear her. She came down the steps, took his arm, rubbed her hair against his sleeve. She looked up at him, then "What is it, my little boy?" she whispered.

"Nothing, honey," he declared, but he gripped her arm, nor did he let it go as they stood together, silent.

He talked volubly through dinner—about Robert and the neighbors. Robert was away, working late on his job as local agent for a Jersey real-estate development. Agnes suggested that—oh, she didn't care a single bit herself, really she didn't, but if Charley was still thinking that they ought to buy an automobile, she had just heard of a used car that could be bought for almost nothing from a neighbor.

While she talked Charley swore to himself that, instead of being conquered by the young blood in the office, he had merely begun to fight. And he would carry on the fight. He'd put young Lanston where he belonged. Agnes should have forty cars if she wanted them. His first duty was to her, not to the firm, the boss, the job. While he smiled and accused her of wanting the car for herself, and she denied it, and they both laughed and had a great many helpings of the prune-whip which had suddenly appeared by household magic, Charley was wildly planning a combat that would put the office back in the security it had enjoyed before Lanston's intrusion.

He said that he felt like taking a walk and thinking over some business details. His wife let him go alone; she understood. He whistled to his English setter and in the spring twilight started down the suburban street with its pleasant maples, then took to the railroad track and walked the ties. He was not a dramatic figure. His back had a slight desk stoop; his thirty-five-dollar suit was neither smart nor shabby; his collar was of the kind advertised in the street cars, but it had a tiny crack at the fold in front. You knew that he was a capable office man, and that he played cards once a week with the neighbors.

He seemed not to be worried. As he plodded along he glanced appraisingly at the fields opening up beside the track; he whistled repeatedly to his dog, and leaned over to pat him.

Yet Charley was fighting furiously with all the devils of approaching sixty. He was pitilessly informing himself that either he or Lanston would have to go; that the same office couldn't hold them; that Slosson was favoring Lanston, was probably saying this very minute: "Oh, I like McClure, but Lord, I'm not running a charity institution; he's either got to get waked up or else get out."

Yet he knew how easy it was to flatter Slosson into giving up a plan. And he knew Lanston's vulnerable faults. Charley could increase these faults or cure them. Lanston wasn't really popular with the men in the office. And he had two huge faults in selling. He oversold; talked a buyer into interest, and then, if his information held out, talked him into a state of exhausted boredom. Furthermore, he felt that he was called upon to tell the retailers how to run their business. Charley believed that if he passed the word to certain friends in the retail line Slosson would get such reports about Lanston that—oh, no, Charley reassured his conscience, Slosson wouldn't fire the youngster, but still he'd put him in his place.

"And that's what ought to happen," Charley insisted. "I had to fight for my job—fine lot old Rice ever helped me!—and now let Lanston fight for his. Why should I go down on my knees and beg him to take my job away from me? It's all right for a boss to help a young fellow; that's part of the game. But I don't see where it's part of the game to go round looking for somebody to cut your throat—yes, and probably have to buy him the knife! It's me or Lanston, and we'll fight to the limit—let him watch out for himself."

At home Charley found his son Robert, a clean-looking boy of twenty, whose appearance hinted of baseball and sailing. Robert was walking up and down the front porch, viciously swishing a tennis racket.

"What's the matter, son?"

"Oh, it's the boss again. Honestly, dad, you can say all you want to, but I believe the old hound is just deliberately trying to keep me from climbing. Talk about injustice ——"

"Come off, Rob. What's the specific trouble?"

"Oh, it's that deal on plot seventy again. I know I could get the doctor to buy it—I just know it; but the boss wouldn't even let me show it to him. Says he's going to sell him something else, and then he keeps putting it off and putting it off. The firm's going to lose the prospect—that's what's going to happen. And all because the boss is afraid us younger fellows will show some real initiative and maybe get to be his rivals. That's justice, isn't it! And loyalty to the firm! Oh, fine! Honest, dad, if I were boss ——"

Charley tut-tutted like the fathers in every generation, and declared:

"Why, son, I don't believe that any boss is going to be so deliberately unfair as to keep youngsters from making good if they earn the chance. You'll be all right when the time comes. We always feel the way you do when we're young, but—b-but—you just trust your boss. He'll give you a square deal. If you can beat him, why, you win; he won't stack the cards on you—any m-more than I w-would if I were your boss. I wouldn't keep you back, would I? No matter what it cost me I'd—know that—progress has got to go on progressing, whether it got me or anybody else."

"Yes, I know you would, dad."

"Um, yes—though of course I admit there aren't many like me!"

Charley said it very dryly, and did not explain. He stood watching the passing motor cars. He was thinking: "When I go in with Tom on the Newark store I must arrange so I have time to work with Rob. Maybe Rob and I can turn a trick or two together. Going to be wonderful to watch the boy progress! Let's see, I must fix it so they don't neglect the Golluf sales when I'm out. Rob! How'd you like to play your mother and me a little game of Golluf?"

(THE END)

Archie's Neck

LITTLE Willie—in small boy stories the central figure is nearly always named Little Willie—came running into the house, stuttering in his excitement.

"Mommer," he panted, "do you know Archie Sloan's neck?"

"Do I know what?" asked his mother.

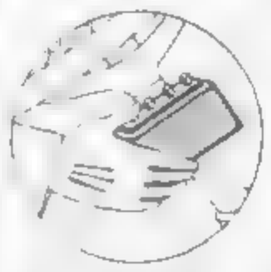
"Do you know Archie Sloan's neck?" repeated her offspring.

"I know Archie Sloan," answered the puzzled parent; "so I suppose I must know his neck. Why?"

"Well," said Willie, "he just now fell into the back-water up to it."

Shift Your Gears From The Steering Wheel

THE same power that cranks your motor will shift the gears of your automobile at the touch of a button. The



C-H Magnetic Gear Shift

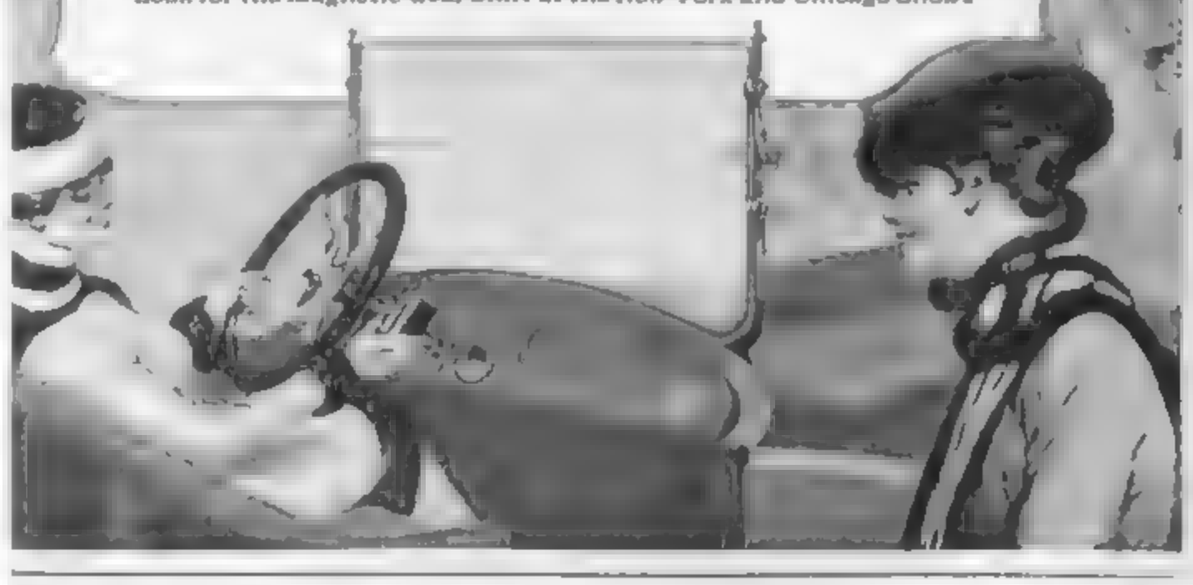
controlled by push buttons mounted on the steering column at your finger tips, out of the way of lap robe and overcoat, makes the gear shift lever unnecessary and permits you to shift *from* any speed *to* any speed—instantly and surely—by merely pressing a button.

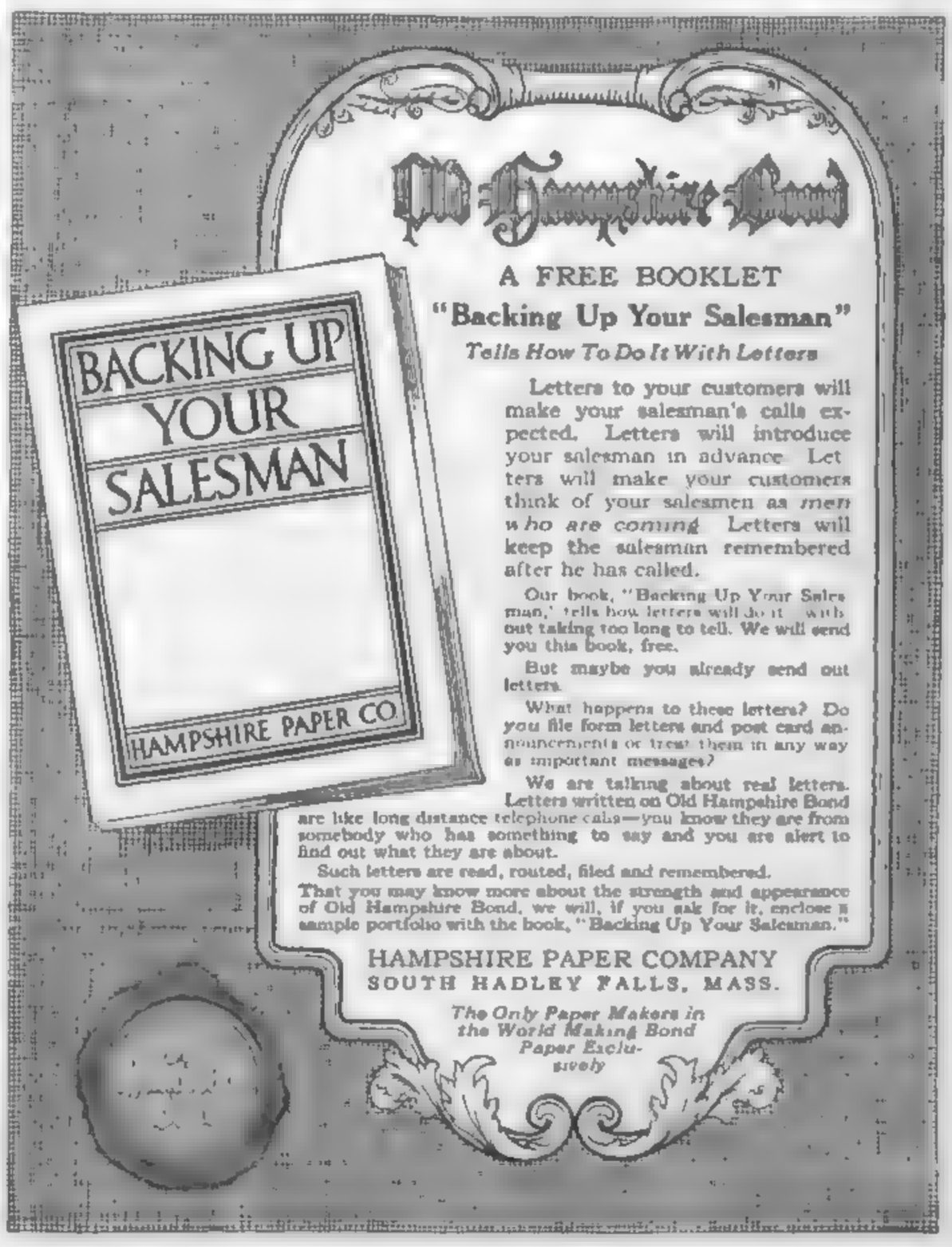
No need to take the eyes from the road or to lose steering control for a single instant. No stripping or clashing of gears. The C-H Magnetic Gear Shift makes the most powerful gasoline car as easy to drive as an electric coupé. Practical! Economical! Simple in operation—startling in efficiency. The century's greatest gift to Motordom. Insist that your next car be equipped with the C-H Magnetic Gear Shift.

Write for Booklet

Cutler Hammer Mfg. Co., 1220 St. Paul Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Look for the Magnetic Gear Shift at the New York and Chicago Shows





Old Hampshire Bond

A FREE BOOKLET

"Backing Up Your Salesman"

Tells How To Do It With Letters

Letters to your customers will make your salesman's calls expected. Letters will introduce your salesman in advance. Letters will make your customers think of your salesmen as *men who are coming*. Letters will keep the salesman remembered after he has called.

Our book, "Backing Up Your Salesman," tells how letters will do it—without taking too long to tell. We will send you this book, free.

But maybe you already send out letters.

What happens to these letters? Do *you* file form letters and post card announcements or treat them in any way as important messages?

We are talking about real letters. Letters written on Old Hampshire Bond are like long distance telephone calls—you know they are from somebody who has something to say and you are alert to find out what they are about.

Such letters are read, routed, filed and remembered.

That you may know more about the strength and appearance of Old Hampshire Bond, we will, if you ask for it, enclose a sample portfolio with the book, "Backing Up Your Salesman."

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

The Only Paper Makers in the World Making Bond Paper Exclusively

TOP NOTCH
BEACON FALLS
RUBBER FOOTWEAR

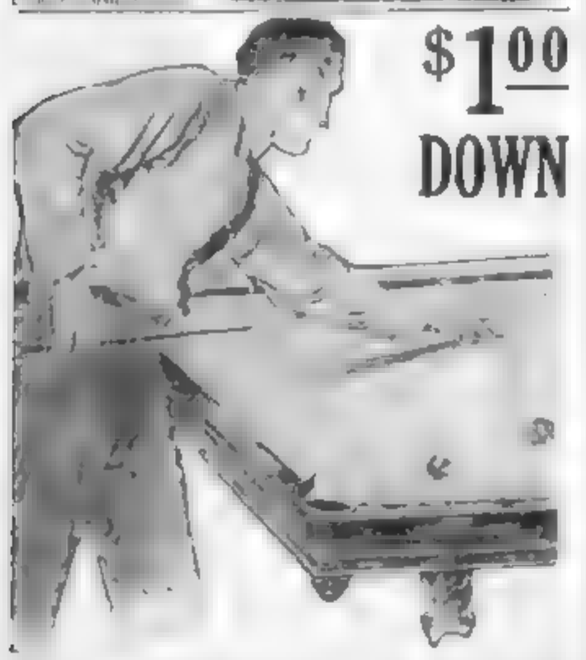
Not "How much do they cost?" but "How long will they wear?"—that's the real test in buying rubbers.

Top Notch Rubbers outlast all others. The patented clincher cushion heel lasts as long as the sole and lengthens the life of the entire rubber. The few cents of extra cost come back to you many times in extra wear.

Top Notch Rubber Footwear is light in weight, comfortable and stylish. Made in a wide variety of up-to-the-minute styles for men, women and children.

Sold by dealers everywhere. Write for names of Top Notch dealers in your town and free copy of Booklet B.

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
Beacon Falls, Conn.



$1.00 DOWN

Play Billiards at Home

Have you any idea how little it will cost to have your own Billiard and Pool Table—to learn the games or perfect your play at home? Under our easy payment plan the expense is very small. You will be surprised to find how easily you can own a

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

You can play on [illegible] Complete playing equipment of [illegible]

No special room is needed. The Burrowes Table can be set on your dining room or library table, or mounted on its own legs or folding stand, and quickly set aside when not in use. Burrowes Tables are

Used by Experts

for home practice. The most delicate shots, calling for almost that chest type, can be executed with the utmost accuracy. Great experts say that the Burrowes Regulation High Speed Rubber Cushions are the best made.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory, return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This insures you a free trial. Write to-day for illustrated catalog, giving prices, terms of payment and full information.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO.
512 Center Street, Portland, Me.

ANTON THE TERRIBLE

(Continued from Page 18)

"In my dream—*ech, matushka*, how vivid it was! Behind the general crept one"—the girl clung to the old woman's knees like a terrified child—"came one who—who killed ——"

"*Bozhe moi! Bozhe moi!*" moaned Babushka, clutching the girl's hands. "Don't, dearest! Don't! God have mercy ——"

"*Da da da*, it was he!" cried Vera, her terror mounting now to an ecstasy. "It was he, he—Anton Kazoff! He smiled, he gloated, he lifted his great, hard hands, and I saw—I saw blood on them—blood! Blood!"

The sound of heavy boots coming up the marble stairs of the hall saved the girl from swooning. While the two women clung to each other, listening, a key was inserted noisily in the lock, the heavy, padded door was shoved open, and a scabbard banged against the jamb. Vera sprang to her feet as the black-velvet curtains parted and a massive figure swathed in a gray military cloak entered the room. He was huge though not obese. Large as the room was, he seemed to fill it. Babushka was the first to speak.

"Your health, Anton," she said timorously. "The samovar is still boiling. We have finished. You won't mind?"

Kazoff threw off his greatcoat and stood forth in the splendor of a new dark-blue uniform edged with gold braid and ornamented with a row of bright, newly purchased medals strung across the left side of his great chest. His wide brow and fleshy jowls made his head seem abnormally large. When not talking he protruded his thick, mobile lips. His eyes were small and pale blue like a pig's. His hair was close-cropped and his face flushed and crimson.

"Your health, *baba*—Vera Petrovna," he said ponderously, with a slight bow to each of the women. He strode to Babushka's chair, bent over and touched his lips to her gray hair. Then he turned slowly about and faced Vera. Their eyes challenged each other an instant. Vera, instead of extending her hand for him to kiss, shrank slightly backward. Kazoff saluted, turned on his heel and addressed himself to the buffet. He poured out and tossed off three wineglasses of cognac, returned, smacking his thick lips, and sat down facing Babushka, who was pouring his tea.

"Blood of the devil, but I'm hungry!" he complained as he spread black caviar thickly on a slice of black bread and shoved it into his mouth. "Four lumps, *da*, and jam a-plenty. Color it strong."

Babushka, her eyes fixed anxiously on the provocator, handed him his tea, then suddenly exclaimed: "*Ech*, Anton, forgive me! I almost forgot. I made a special trip this morning to the market to get ——" She rose in a flutter of excitement, limped on her cane to the buffet and took a plate of fish from under a silver cover. "*Nooka*, here we are. He likes raw fish, and raw fish he shall have. God have mercy, I almost forgot!"

Babushka's movements incited Tiko, the parrot, to call out: "*Nooka*, thou rascal, now I've caught thee!" a phrase it had learned by imitating Vera's customary greeting.

"That accursed parrot again!" growled the officer. "Vera Petrovna, for God's sake teach that bird another tune."

Vera, who had somewhat recovered her composure, held a lighted cigarette at her lips with trembling fingers. Babushka gazed absorbedly at Kazoff. The latter bolted food, gulped tea and announced that that night at *oozhen*, the midnight supper, their guest of honor would be Adjutant David Burkin, of the staff of the Grand Duke.

Vera was startled. David Burkin! Her lover! She knew he had been given a post of high honor in the army, but—on the Grand Duke's staff! The news thrilled her. Since the beginning of the war Vera had not seen him. Such are the vicissitudes of being a "pohtical" in Russia! Now he was to be their guest! How had it happened? With the Grand Duke opposed to the German faction in the court and the Ochrana favoring it, how did it happen that the Grand Duke's adjutant was to visit Major Kazoff? The mingled emotions of happiness and fear that gripped the girl's heart were turned to terror by the look of smiling triumph that played over the fleshy countenance of her jailer.

"You women must prepare yourselves," Kazoff threatened. "There may be a little violence here when ——"

"*Bozhe moi!*" exclaimed Vera. "You won't harm David, you won't dare ——"

"Dare?" laughed Kazoff. "One dares anything in time of war, my dear Vera Petrovna. Besides, *chère mademoiselle*, the young man has gallantly bargained for your freedom. To-night we will simply carry out a little agreement we came to this afternoon. I have promised to withdraw my guards from the house and let you go in return ——"

"Return for what?" cried the girl, gasping, her fingers at her throat. "What are you going to do to ——"

"God knows!" smiled the officer. "We shall see. The young man will have a fine chance to serve His Imperial Majesty's—— But see here." The major suddenly clenched his huge fists and glowered at the girl. "If you say a word to him—bang! bang! there'll be two dead!"

The speaker, his coarse, red-veined face flushed with eating and with the inciting thought of bloodshed, leaned ponderously over the dishes and gazed with deep enjoyment at the look of terror on the women's faces. Then with a simulated air of gayety he bantered the girl:

"Vera Petrovna, you're not begrudging the empire the pleasure of staining your carpet with a little blood? It will brighten up your home a bit, Vera Petrovna. *Da da*, blood is a handsome red, eh? Ha, ha!"

Anton the Terrible slumped down in his chair, spread his great legs under the table, stretched his arms languidly and yawned.

He rose and paced the floor. The little Pekingese dog leaped from Vera's lap and began playfully to bark at the officer's legs. Kazoff turned upon it, lifted it upon the toe of his heavy boot and hurled it against the white tiling of the stove. The dog yelped piteously. Vera sprang up, gathered the silky little body to her breast, and facing her jailer exclaimed:

"You brute! Are you mad?"

Kazoff grunted unconcernedly and continued his pacing.

"I believe he's broken one of poor Mumu's legs!" commiserated the girl. "Babushka, ring for Egor, please. We must get something. *Bozhe moi!* How could you? Beast! Demon!" she blazed at Kazoff.

As if emerging from the wall itself, an undersized man in the summer uniform of a common soldier, with a pale, pock-marked face, dirty, colorless, drooping mustache and fear-haunted eyes appeared. Upon seeing Kazoff, he cracked the heels of his freshly tarred boots together, saluted smartly and said: "Your orders, your excellency!"

Kazoff gazed at his confederate contemptuously and said with feigned jocularity: "*Noo*, Egor, how is everything going?"

"Very well, your excellency," replied the peasant, saluting again briskly; "and very glad indeed to serve you."

"Mesdames," said Kazoff, still contemplating the servant as an anxious engineer examines a small, possibly weak cog in a mighty piece of machinery just before throwing on the power that will put all its complicated mechanism in motion, "Egor is a pillar of His Imperial Majesty's Government. He never fails. You'd rather not have your eyes gouged out and your tongue cut off, would you, Egor, eh?"

"Indeed I would not, your highborn excellency," replied Egor, saluting a third time.

"Whatever is in your noggin, see that you keep it there," threatened Anton.

"Obedience is my duty, your highborn excellency!" replied the servant as he turned to do Vera's bidding.

Kazoff grunted and strode from the dining room into the music room. He gazed at the rich tapestries and paintings and tapped the furniture with his boot toe as if to test it for coming events. Babushka laid down the glasses she was washing in the brass basin and attentively followed the *nachalnik's* movements.

As Kazoff again entered the dining room Tiko cracked his bill, swung himself from his golden wires and sang out cheerily: "*Nooka*, thou rascal, now I've caught thee!" and rattled off his mechanical laughter.

"Bird of hell!" exclaimed Kazoff. He poured a glass full of scalding water from the samovar, stepped to the bird's cage and began to pour it over Tiko's head. Vera, looking up from her bandages, saw him just in time. She leaped from her chair, crying out: "*Bozhe moi!* What are you doing, Anton Kazoff?" and dashed the glass from his hand.

The power of the great *seshchik* to cause suffering had bitten deep into his soul. The Russian Ochrana, with its ruthless training, had in him achieved the diabolical perversion of a talented mind. The absolute powers given to its members developed to an exceptional degree the oriental trait of cruelty latent in his nature. He was a characteristic, an inevitable product of government by assassination. Like the religionists, the revolutionists, the nihilists, and most other human phenomena in Russia, Anton the Terrible permitted a mental tendency to become a morbid obsession. He took a Neronian pleasure in the spectacle of suffering.

Before ten o'clock that night the Ochrana servants had transformed the large, white-walled dining room. The life-sized portrait of the Czar was draped in bright silken flags. Festoons of roses were tied to the pendent crystals of the brilliantly lighted chandelier with red, blue and white ribbons; more roses and lilies lay upon a bed of bright green fern in a huge shallow glass bowl in the center of the table. The table and the dark buffet were heaped in the Russian fashion with every conceivable Russian delicacy.

By a quarter to ten, Kazoff, Babushka and the girl were seated at the table, nibbling and sipping at the different viands and drinks, waiting for their guest. Tiko cracked his bill and emitted his weird phrase and laughter. Babushka, in a black silk dress with black lozenge earrings and a white lace cap on her gray head, kept calling Egor to place some special viands near Kazoff's plate. Vera, gowned in white, gazed moodily at her fingers, her mind busy trying to find a reason for her lover's approaching visit. Was he really about to risk his life for her freedom?

The great *seshchik* tossed off glass after glass of vodka—he had found a way of securing all he wished in spite of the prohibition—and growled aloud: "Why doesn't he come?"

Burkin arrived eight minutes after ten. Egor helped him remove his coat in the outer hall, parted the curtains, stepped to one side and saluted as the Grand Duke's adjutant entered the room.

Kazoff and Vera Petrovna rose slowly to their feet. After glancing rapidly about the room, Burkin stepped beside Babushka's chair and kissed her hand. Then he faced the girl. The rapture of joy in Vera's heart was checked by the strange, wild look in the young man's eyes and the timidity of his deportment.

Burkin wore a handsome dark-green uniform with a gold-chased stiletto hung from silken silver cords at his left side. On his chest—Vera noted it with pride—hung from a black-and-yellow ribbon, gleamed the jeweled Cross of St. George. Had Burkin stood straight and looked at her with the old light of humor and enthusiasm flashing in his eyes, Vera would incontinently have thrown herself into his arms. But now he appeared like a man utterly exhausted, haunted by some fear, on the point of committing some dreadful violence. He seemed crushed and broken. His black eyes looked furtively about the room, resting on nothing in particular. Vera was stricken to the heart to see that he did not even realize that it was she, his beloved, who stood before him. He merely caught her outstretched hands in his trembling fingers, kissed them quickly and returned to the opposite side of the table.

"You haven't changed your mind, adjutant?" finally inquired Kazoff, grandly raising his great chest.

"No no no," returned Burkin, feeling forward with one hand for his chair as if he wished to sit and cover his confusion. "I have the papers here in my pocket—all the maps and plans. May we sit down?"

Vera and the two men seated themselves. Burkin tossed off three wineglasses of vodka as fast as Egor could pour them, while Vera stared in puzzled wonderment. Kazoff worked his heavy jaws, smacked his lips and murmured with satisfaction:

"The Grand Duke's favorite actor, eh, and now his confidential agent in the

(Continued on Page 45)

"The Honor Mark of a Great Company"

The Company behind this Seal makes the year's most Important Announcement to Automobile Owners and Tire Dealers

on the following pages

TWO WONDERFUL NEW TIRES

United States Nobby Tread Tires

The United States 'Nobby' tread tire —the aristocrat of all fabric tires.

United States Chain Tread Tires

The United States 'Chain' tread tire— the most efficient anti-skid tire at its price.

The United States Tire Company now offers for the first time in the history of the tire business a complete line of tires made by one great company to meet every individual need, and dares to say that United States Tires are now developed to a point of tire efficiency never before attained in rubber tires. One proof—our remarkable sales increase.

A Vital Part of the Largest Rubber Company

THE United States Tire Company is a vital part of the largest rubber company in the world.

It cannot afford to make mistakes—it must have only one policy: **certainty and honesty.**

A smaller company may adopt a policy based on one season's prosperity only.

The largest rubber company in the world must build solidly—must have the future always in mind.

The seal of the largest rubber company in the world must stand for inviolable, unimpeachable honesty in its methods and its products.

This Means Tremendous Responsibility

The largest rubber company in the world is the most responsible rubber company in the world because it is

—responsible to the users of its product for the integrity of its product.

—responsible to hundreds of thousands of retail dealers for fair treatment in marketing its immense product.

—responsible in the highest moral sense to the communities in which are located its 46 factories.

—responsible to over 50,000 employees for their permanent prosperity and continued employment.

Our total 1915 Tire Production Increased 58% Over 1914

The United States Tire Company is a vital part of this immense organization.

The tires that it builds can make or unmake the good reputation of the largest rubber company in the world.

Fully aware of this the United States Tire Company dares to say that it now offers tires, for both personal and commercial use, which give greater tire efficiency than ever before attained in the rubber tire.

Some remarkable 1915 Sales Increases
September, 77%
October, 144%
November, 168%

For example, our 1915 production increased 58% over 1914. For September, October and November, 1915, our domestic sales increases have averaged over 125% above the same three months in 1914.

These are "proof examples" of what we, the makers of these tires, know.

'ROYAL CORD' & 'USCO' TREAD

There are now five United States Tires—the incomparable 'Nobby' Tread, the extremely popular "Sales record-breaking" 'Chain' Tread, the United States 'Plain' Tread; plus the two wonderful new tires, the 'Royal Cord' and the 'Usco' Tread. These two new tires have been actually "road tested" for months in every known way.

United States 'Royal Cord' Tires

The New United States 'Royal Cord' tire—a royal real cord tire for long, hard, slow or fast service.

Our New 'Royal Cord' Tire

In making our new 'Royal Cord'—depending on the size of the tire—four to ten plys of powerful, costly cabled cord of tough Sea Island cotton are laid into the shape of a tire casing. This tire of cabled cord is then impregnated with new rubber. These two elements are finally unified into one cohesive whole.

Result—a tire which has all the toughness and strength inherited from the best cabled cord while still maintaining all the resiliency of rubber—a tire for long, hard, slow or fast service.

* * * * * * *

Our New 'Usco' Tread Tire

Our new 'Usco' Tread is a practically perfect union of fabric and rubber. The plys of fabric are so absolutely unified by rubber that the plys cannot possibly separate. And here is another vital fact about this new 'Usco' Tread Tire—**it has the most rubber where there is the most wear.**

This new tire we christened the 'USCO,' because we know it to be a product worthy of bearing a name that symbolizes the greatness of its parent—the United States Rubber Company.

It is the triumphant result of the united experience and best ideas of the engineering staffs of our four great tire factories and the laboratories of the largest rubber company in the world.

* * * * * * *

United States 'Usco' Tread Tires

The New United States 'Usco' tread tire—with the most rubber where there is the most wear.

To Automobile Owners

For years and years have automobile manufacturers, dealers and owners been looking for just what the United States Tire Company has accomplished and produced: "individualized" rubber tires that are more understandable articles of merchandise—rubber tires that will behave more like dependable articles of commerce.

* * * * * * *

To Automobile Tire Dealers

The United States Tire Company offers to you, for your customers, a complete line of "individualized" tires.

Every diversified automobile need is met in the 'Nobby' Tread, the 'Chain' Tread, the 'Plain' Tread, and the two new tires, the 'Royal Cord' and the 'Usco' Tread.

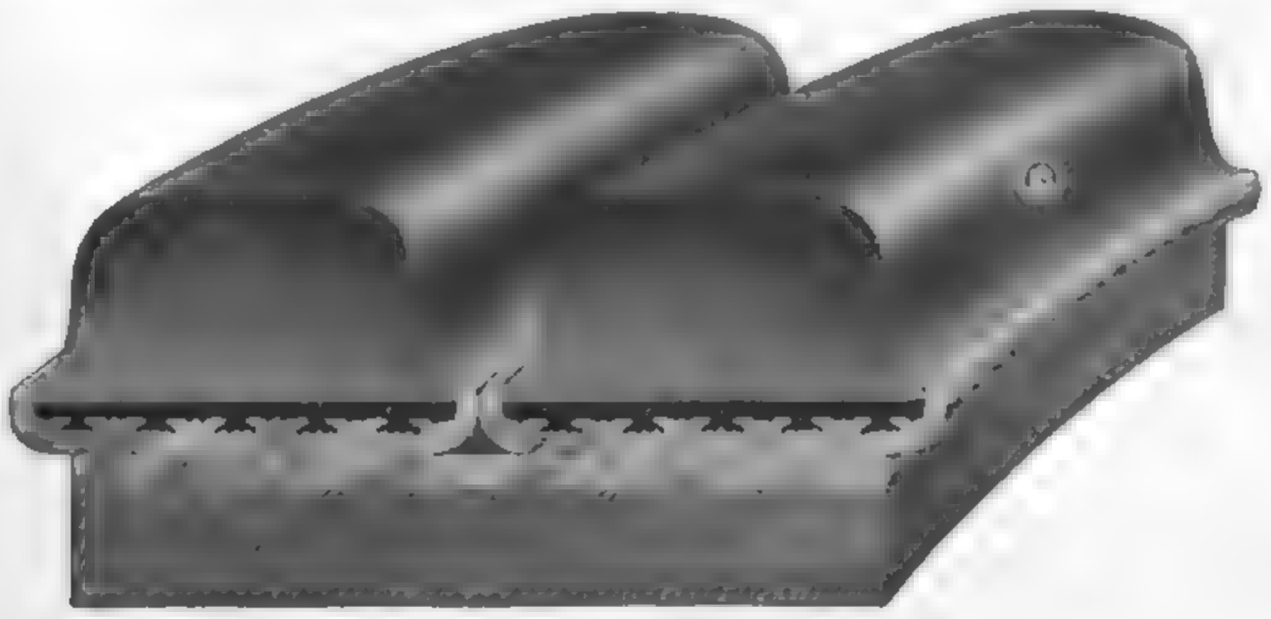
In fact, the five different United States "individualized" automobile tires for every tire need, which you can now offer to automobile owners, will do more than make money for you—the "United States line" will individualize you and your standing in your community.

With this "complete line" of tires you can erect a structure of sound, certain business success which has heretofore been unobtainable by tire dealers.

on the following Page →

Continued from Preceding Page

Just as in our pneumatic automobile tires we know that we have worked out the fundamentals of sane pneumatic tire building, so it is with our other rubber tires. Of these our new solid truck tire is a supreme example.



The New United States Pressed-On Truck Tire

MONTHS of the most exacting tests on different trucks—under all possible road conditions—have convinced us that this new truck tire is the most fully developed, most thoroughly efficient truck tire ever made.

We use in this tire **a larger volume of rubber** than used in ordinary truck tires.

Put under an exclusive pressure process of 800 tons—four times that used in making ordinary truck tires—**the rubber and its steel base are inseparably and forever united,** thereby overcoming the most frequent failings of truck tires.

Its remarkable real rubber resiliency affords proper protection and proper insurance against the wear and tear of the truck mechanism, positively reducing truck maintenance costs.

Our new design prevents side stripping and insures absolute evenness of wear. It maintains with mathematical certainty its original shape until it is completely worn out, thus overcoming another great failing of the ordinary solid rubber truck tire.

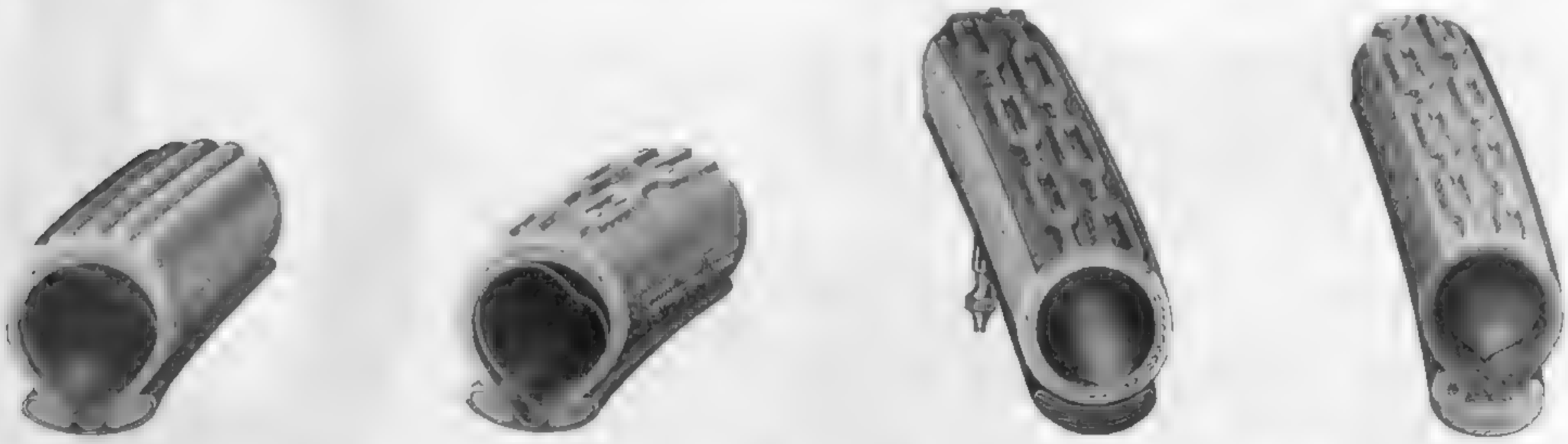
Motorcycle Tires

Our now famous 'Chain' Tread Motorcycle Tire is simply the celebrated 'Chain' tread automobile tire in miniature. We claim that in durability and mileage it is by far the most serviceable motorcycle tire made—with all the anti-skid qualities which have made the 'Chain' tread automobile tire famous.

Bicycle Tires

United States Bicycle Tires are a combination of all the best qualities of the world-famous "Morgan & Wright" and "Hartford" Tires.

Our original Gormully and Jeffery, 'G & J', is too well known and too generally a favorite to need any praise to those who know bicycle tires.



No matter what your tire needs, no matter how exacting your individual requirements, you will find in one of the tires of the United States Tire Company a particular tire which will fill your requirements exactly—and more—we claim that this tire will give you more efficient, more satisfactory rubber tire service than you have ever known before.

United States Tire Company

NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 40)

capital! *Nooka*, the Grand Duke has his ways of doing things. He—— *Noo*, there's a fine bird that'll be plucked before long too. Let's see the papers."

Burkin drew a stout envelope from inside his blouse and passed it to the major. The latter ran over the papers, murmuring to himself: "Corps intrenched . . . corps in reserve . . . officers commanding . . . ammunition arsenals . . . arsenals depleted." He looked up at the actor, his face aglow with satisfaction, and exclaimed:

"Blood of the devil, but you are a clever young man! This is excellent, most excellent! Shake, comrade!" He rose and gripped the hand timidly presented by the adjutant.

Turning to the amazed girl, Kazoff declared:

"*Ma chère mademoiselle*, Russians are good lovers, if they are nothing else. Your young man, Vera Petrovna, has paid for your freedom. An excellent price, too, stab my soul!"

Anton the Terrible smiled. He smacked his lips, crashed a huge red fist on the table and shouted at Babushka:

"*Ech, baba*, where are your kitchen devils? Food, food and drink! Come, let us celebrate! Comrade, I congratulate you!" The aproned servants scrambled into the room.

"Egor, champagne! Fill to the brim! Friends, to the German Kaiser!"

The two men rose, tipped glasses and drank.

Vera gasped her astonishment. Anton Kazoff was a German spy! David, in order to free her from Kazoff's clutches, was betraying secrets of the army! Horrible thought! "David, David!" cried Vera. "What are you doing? *Bozhe moi*, don't, for my sake ——"

"Hush, Vera, hush; it is for the best," interrupted Burkin without looking at the girl. "It is the only way. Please, please don't interfere. There are things not for women ——"

"But, David, I won't allow ——" The girl's voice was distraught with fear.

"Peace, peace, Vera Petrovna!" bellowed Kazoff, glowering at the girl. "This is our affair."

With the two men against her, Vera could do nothing. She clenched her fists in her lap and choked down the words rising in her throat.

As the meal progressed the spirits of the party rose. Kazoff, hugely delighted at the successful turn in events, ate and drank wolfishly; his heavy red face grew more crimson, his voice louder and more peremptory as he called for food and demanded that his guest indulge himself. He was jubilant; he took on the air of a feudal baron lording it among his vassals. Exultingly he played the rôle in which his soul delighted—that of tyrant, merciless, cruel, successful.

Burkin became less timorous and conducted himself with an air of confidential understanding of his host. Yet, as Kazoff glowered at him, he betrayed fitful, almost imperceptible panics of fear which he seemed to be endeavoring to suppress. Babushka ate meekly and gazed at Kazoff with that unfathomable expression of—was it hypnotic attraction or the undisguised admiration of a confederate? Vera, her mind torn with doubts and terror, forced herself to eat while she narrowly watched the men before her.

The thought of David Burkin becoming a German spy staggered her. Her David, whose loyalty and capacity had won the friendship and trust of the Grand Duke! No, no, it could not be!

While Vera was tormenting herself with these thoughts and the two men were absorbed in talk about the army and a discussion of the Grand Duke's plans, Vera became aware that Burkin was gently tapping her slipper under the table with the toe of his boot.

After an instant's reflection she understood his purpose. Her heart leaped within her as she realized that he was attempting to tap a message to her in the Siberian code used by revolutionists throughout the prisons of Russia.

First Vera caught the three sharp taps that spell "Are you there?"—sweet greeting that has so often brought together in warm human companionship two desolate souls separated by a cold stone wall! Happily both had learned the code during their confinement in the fortress.

Vera answered Burkin's triple tapping. Then, while simulating absorption in his eating and the questions of the officer, the actor tapped out to Vera the following message:

"Do you know what has become of General Stanovitch?"

Vera tapped back: "I know nothing."

With waves of exultation sweeping over her body Vera next deciphered the following: "Control yourself; trust me; follow Kazoff's talk; show terror of him; be ready to turn on lights in music room when I say."

Vera tapped an affirmative "*Da*," showing that she understood, and without betraying the slightest indication of what happened, set herself resolutely to obey her lover's strange injunctions.

Soon Kazoff noted increased fears gathering on the faces of Burkin and Vera Petrovna. He began to grow more confidential, more reminiscent. Finally he launched into a narrative of his achievements as a provocator. As Kazoff spoke, Burkin betrayed a growing nervousness. His large black eyes, wide with terror, seemed to say: "*Bozhe moi!* I wish I were out of this frightful business!" The more violent became these panics of fear, the more heartily Kazoff laughed and the more pitiless became the recollections which he summoned from the storehouse of his hideous memories.

As the great provocator spoke, Burkin and Vera let the food drop from their fingers and sat back in their chairs with paling faces. Such were his words that Vera's fear, at least, was genuine. Noticing their terror, Kazoff laid down his fishbones, wiped his thick, greasy lips with a masterful flourish, cleared his coarse throat, and gave even more revolting accounts of his revolutionary provocations and traps.

He provided a horrible entertainment. Slowly, deliberately, with an appalling memory for sordid details, gazing with triumphant satisfaction at the terror-stricken faces of the young man and woman, without a shade of feeling, without emphasis, without comment, Kazoff told how the anarchist student, Salkin, was duped into shooting Yugovitch, the sole anarchist deputy in the Duma, in the belief that he was killing the minister of the interior. He told the story of Marie Strelka, the hysterical young patriot who came to Kazoff begging for an opportunity to give her life for Russian freedom. Kazoff gave the girl a fake bomb, told her to leave it under a certain window of a ministerial palace on the Quay and then jump into the river. "The thing was done," Anton the Terrible concluded, and at once began another story.

There was horrible splendor to his indifference. The narrator was like a monster god dictating the tragedy of life for the impartial records of eternal judgment. Babushka fell back weakly in her chair and closed her eyes. Vera had often seen her guardian fall asleep at table, but it was evident now, from the old woman's trembling lips, moving as if in prayer, and from her drawn, colorless face, that she was not drowsing. What was she thinking? Was her heart being crushed with pity, or was she striving to find justification for deeds which revolted her?

Suddenly Burkin rose from his chair, pointed a trembling finger at Vera Petrovna and exclaimed: "*Bozhe moi!* How frightened she is! Look at her face! Again major, again! Another tale, another ——" He dropped rigidly into his chair with a maudlin chuckle.

A faint smile of amused triumph played on the massive countenance of the *seshchik*. As if to prostrate the girl completely he told the story of Anna Daline, the pretty Jewess who, after she shot the Governor of Pskov, was subjected to nameless tortures. "The officers reported," Kazoff concluded, "that the girl died much sooner than they expected, and now, comrades—— *Ech*, you kitchen devils, where is that trout? Egor! Blood of the devil, bring on that—— Do you want your eyes gouged out, eh?"

The servants brought the *pièce de résistance* of the banquet. It was Kazoff's celebration to his own peculiar appetite, his love for raw fish. A large square glass tank filled with crystal water, in which could be seen golden and silver-sided fish swimming over and through a tiny landscape of colored trees and castles, was placed beside the officer. He plunged a long steel fork into the water, caught a trout by the gills, drew it out, gleaming and wriggling, and laid it across his plate. Vera covered her eyes with her fingers, Babushka fervently crossed herself, and Burkin's jaw dropped with horror as Anton the Terrible told them of the plan he had formulated for concluding the evening.

"I trust it must be clear to you, my dear adjutant, and to you, *chère mademoiselle*, that you have been intrusted with information which, if known to certain persons, would endanger the safety and happiness of Anton Kazoff. You will, therefore, appreciate the urgency of the matter when I inform you, my dear adjutant, that you cannot reasonably expect to leave this room alive. You, *chère mademoiselle*, will be returned to your favorite cell in Peter-and-Paul before dawn."

At these words the young man began to cringe and whimper piteously, and Vera fell forward as though in a faint.

Kazoff pricked the fish on his plate. His eyes bulged; he smacked his lips; he spread his heavy legs under the table. The blood left his heart and flooded his already blowzy countenance.

"You won't kill me, you won't—kill me!" pleaded the actor, leaning supplicatingly toward the major.

Anton the Terrible smiled calmly. He enjoyed the sight. "*Da da*, comrade, the remedy is a bit unpleasant, perhaps, but—remember, we drank to the German Kaiser. We must be loyal, eh, unto—death!"

Burkin fell upon his knees by the major's chair, clung to his hand and whined: "You won't kill me, *me!* Why I—I am—am a friend of the Grand Duke—I ——"

"Friend of the Grand Duke!" Kazoff roared with laughter. "So! And who is the Grand Duke? A horse trader and the son of a horse trader! Bah! We, we"—he smote his breast—"are the ruler of Holy Russia! What's to be done, eh, what's to be done?"

Burkin's acting was superb. He groveled on the floor; his white face was drawn with horror; he cried out with the anguish of hopeless despair: "Why, then, you—you—you have done this—other—the general—general ——"

Anton the Terrible fell into the actor's trap. Drunk with pleasure over the actor's simulated paralysis of terror, he told his terrible secret. Why not tell? The actor would soon be dead.

"General Stanovitch?" he exclaimed triumphantly, leaning over the adjutant. "*Da da*, you have guessed it! How clever! I will tell you. Dead men tell no secrets. You can talk it over with the old fox when—— *Noo*, after you have given your life to your country!" He chuckled.

"General Stanovitch," he continued, "was a friend of the master of this house. I learned that he was also rather fond of this little maiden here." Vera began to sob softly. "The general seldom left the admiralty; he slept there; he was a busy old fellow. Yet in Vera Petrovna's name I persuaded him one day to join us here at *oozhen*. We promised him some Manchurian rose tea, of which his excellency was very fond.

"He came. Mademoiselle chanced to be away that evening. Ah, I see that mademoiselle remembers." The narrator said nothing about Babushka, whether or not she was present. Burkin listened as if he were paralyzed with horror.

"*Noo*, we sat here and talked. The general had the very same chair, dear adjutant, which you now occupy. I suspect that the old fellow had not had much experience with spies. Certainly his frankness and amiability were charming. *Da*, most satisfactory. He stroked his long white beard, sighed profoundly, and announced that unless the Dardanelles was opened by the Allies within two months, so that more ammunition could be rushed to the front, the whole Russian Army would be compelled to begin a general retreat from Hungary and Poland. His excellency then favored me with a few facts and figures explaining his assertion. These facts were, of course, coded to Berlin the next day.

"In return for his excellency's entertainment I favored him with a recital of how I served my emperor by exterminating the revolutionists after the Japanese war. When I told his excellency how I intended to make use of the information he had given me, he seemed rather affected. In fact, my friends, his heart must have been somewhat weak—it was not necessary for Egor to serve him a last glass of wine flavored with arsenic which we had prepared for him."

Burkin's body was now rigid; his breath came in quick gasps; his mouth gaped open; and his eyes gazed at the great spy with the hypnotic stare of a maniac beholding the beckoning vision of death. With her fingers over her ears Vera murmured:

"God have mercy on you! God have mercy ——"

(Continued on Page 48)

TYPEWRITER MUFFLER

In this bustling, bustling age your nerves and your brains are racked by the NOISES which surround you on all sides. Your head aches, your nerves tingle, your temper is irritated, and your CAPACITY for CONCENTRATION and, in consequence, your EARNING CAPACITY, are restricted.

You cannot control the noise of the street, but you CAN REDUCE noise in the office by using our TYPEWRITER MUFFLER (patent applied for).

Manufactured and sold only by

BROWN-WHITE, Inc.

Weightman Building Philadelphia, Pa.

Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00—Canada $1.15

MEN WANTED

To sell "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Ware

$5.40

per day of seven hours is the average profit made by

3,169 men

Experience unnecessary. References required. Send postal for free booklet, *The Man Who Does*.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., Dept. A, New Kensington, Pa.
Or, if you live in Can., Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Dept. 147, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search.
BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

ANY leisure hours which you have can be turned into money. Let us tell you how. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia, Pa.

The New 3400 r.p.m. Chalmers Has Brought 100,000 Discriminating

It is now two months since the veil was lifted from the new 3400 r.p.m. Chalmers.

Six hundred able merchants went to Detroit for the unveiling, took one look at it, and bought $22,000,000 worth in forty minutes.

A hundred thousand people have since flocked to the salesrooms of Chalmers dealers all over America.

They admired it—and what they have said about it makes the 3400 r.p.m. Chalmers the new season's most talked-of car.

For one look lures. It makes you feel that here's the car you would like to own.

Those who have had the rare treat of a run in the open country with a foot on the accelerator have reached for their check-books.

Though many will buy this car because of the name on its radiator, it will go down in history for its ability.

Others are buying it because it ties up big value and low price.

But most names leap to the dotted line because of the car's great roadability.

The car has been named the 3400 r.p.m. Chalmers because of its wonderful acceleration.

3400 r.p.m. means 3400 revolutions per minute—that's the speed of its engine.

It's the highest engine speed ever developed for stock car use in America.

Some cars do 1400. Some 1800. Several attain 2200. One or two turn up 2600. One develops 3000 r.p.m.

Now, the speed of an engine means everything.

In Europe, where petrol is high in cost and cars are taxed according to their horse power rating, engineers have for years been forced to get more and more power out of smaller and smaller engines.

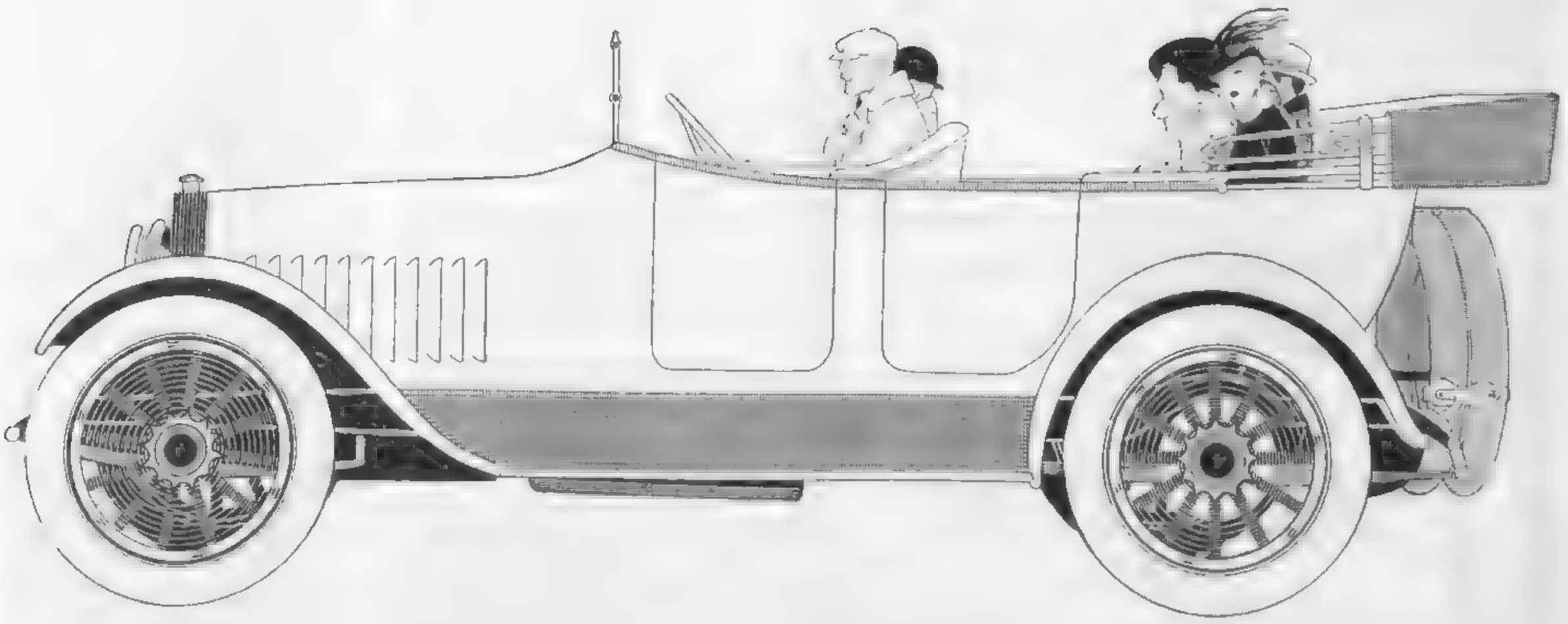
Their success depended on speeding up the engine. That's why so many foreign cars have such high-speed engines—and why they have latterly beaten so many American cars on the race-track.

Building a smaller engine, they were able to build a lighter chassis.

Here was the cue for Chalmers engineers.

They have built a rather small motor—six cylinders, 3¼ by 4½—which achieves 45 horse power at 2650 r.p.m.

They were able to develop well over 70 horse power from



Car Enthusiasts to the Sales Rooms of Chalmers Dealers in 603 Cities

the same engine—but at the cost of acceleration and fuel economy.

So they stood pat at 45 H. P. They knew this would provide the better car for all-round performance.

Having built an engine which measured up to their desire, they were now able to design a relatively light chassis. Ready for shipping, the whole car weighs only 2660 pounds.

Yet it is as able a car as ever bore the Chalmers name.

This 3400 r.p.m. Chalmers thus gives you what the big brute of a car used to offer, only it provides high power and light weight at low operating cost—you find the same trait in a spirited, nimble-footed horse.

And yet, unlike so many so-called light-weight cars, you do not get the feeling that you are riding behind a little horse that takes short steps.

More important than that, it furnishes magnificent acceleration. Mr. Chalmers was long in doubt whether to make this initial announcement of the acceleration tests at all—felt that many would doubt the figures—wanted to let the customer discover for himself the amazing acceleration.

The great thing nowadays in a motor car is acceleration—and in the new 3400 r.p.m. Chalmers you have the finality of desire in a motor car: a small engine, a light-weight chassis—a light-weight chassis, quick acceleration—the goal of engineers.

Specifications no longer mean much as to motor cars. To say that this car has a 115-inch wheel-base conveys nothing to you as to what it can do.

The equation of this car cannot be stated in terms of mere specifications. They mark the car for unquestionable superiority—but they do not—cannot—reveal its ability.

You must step on the little button yourself, and speed the engine up—and up—and up. Then you will say that the "last throb" has been removed.

Go to your Chalmers dealer today and try it.

Or see it at the Automobile Show in your city. You can easily tell where the Chalmers exhibit is. Go where you see the biggest crowd.

You will find a motor of might in a car of charm.

$1050 f. o. b. Detroit.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan.

Back of this Purple Ribbon

—accuracy
—durability
—beauty

The purple ribbon encircling a South Bend Watch quickly identifies it at your jeweler's. It's your guarantee that every detail which makes these watches famous for timekeeping has been met.

South Bend Watches

The watch shown here is a popular *Extra-Thin* Chesterfield model—17 extra-fine jewels; adjusted to three positions. Finely finished and closely timed in case at factory. Complete in 14K Solid Gold case and beautiful leather box—$55.00. Other Chesterfields $17.50, $25.00, $37.50, $65.00 and $100.00.

There is also a wide variety of other South Bend Watches to select from, including Studebaker Railroad Grades and Ladies' Dainty Models. You may have your choice of many unusually artistic cases and dials. Or a South Bend movement can be fitted to your own case.

SOUTH BEND WATCH CO.
11 Studebaker Street, South Bend, Ind.

Send for our latest catalog

Friction and Ratchet Feeds

"YANKEE" Bench Drill does away with hand feeding.

Friction feed moves drill to the work; ratchet feeds drill.

Ratchet thrown off automatically, top or bottom; no jamming. Positive, fixed feed avoids breaking drills.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

No. 1005—Two speeds; 3-jaw chuck holds up to ½ inch in diameter.

No. 1003—One speed; 3-jaw chuck holds up to ¼ inch in diameter.

Your dealer can supply you

If not as for "Yankee Tool Book," showing Bench, Chain, Breast and Hand Drills with ratchet movement.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

Music Lessons Sent Free

You, too, can now quickly satisfy your musical ambitions—learn to play your favorite instrument, whether for [illegible] or to teach music, by our wonder [illegible] under great American and European [illegible]. The lessons are [illegible] endorsed by Paderewski and other great authorities.

Any Instrument

Write today telling us your musical ambitions [illegible] and we will at once send you [illegible] and [illegible] PIANO, [illegible] HARMONY, [illegible] COMPOSITION, [illegible] VOICE, [illegible] PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC [illegible]

This offer is absolutely Free—we do not ask you [illegible] one cent for the six lessons, either now or later. We want to prove in this remarkable way what grand lessons they really are—seeing is believing. This offer is limited so write today. A few Special Introductory Scholarships are now being awarded by our Faculty. Full particulars sent free along with the free lessons. Write today. Send no money.

SIEGEL-MYERS CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF MUSIC
CLARENCE EDDY, Dean
1326 Siegel-Myers Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from Page 45)

Babushka closed her eyes and crossed herself, muttering unintelligibly.

"*Da da*," continued Kazoff, again casually stabbing the fish on his plate, "his excellency looked at me somewhat as you're looking at me now, dear adjutant, then trembled violently, clutched at the corner of the table right here where you are clutching it now and fell back dead. It was quite strange, and rather convenient too.

"And now," the spy confided as he seized a steel carving knife and with one deft stroke stripped the skin from the side of the trembling fish, "I have the honor, my dear Burkin, of presenting you—Egor, the wineglass—with the same glass of wine which his excellency so considerately left for you. You, dear Burkin, are younger and will need a little assistance —— Our guest, Egor!"

The servant placed the slender wineglass beside the actor's plate.

Burkin sprang to his feet, seized the glass, hurled it crashing against the spy's chest, kicked his chair backward on the floor, and with burning black eyes wrathfully bit off his words:

"You hound! You bloodthirsting brute! Caught at last!"

Vera rose to her feet and, seeing Burkin gesture toward the music room, darted toward the velvet curtains.

"Stop!" roared Kazoff, now on his feet. "It is useless to try to escape. There are *seshchiks* everywhere! Egor! Ivan! You lazy devils! Your guns! Call up the porter!"

Neither of the men wore his pistol. Finding herself face to face with the spy, Vera fell back, looking imploringly at Burkin. The actor leaped toward the portrait of the Czar, seized one of the cavalry sabers, whipped out the blade and faced Kazoff. Instantly Kazoff drew his sword. The two men faced each other.

"Egor, dog, where are you?" shouted Kazoff, a note of fear in his thick voice.

Vera, in attempting to slip behind the major, found herself face to face with the servant, Egor. As the latter tried to grasp her, Vera seized a steel carving knife from the table and screamed "Stand back or I'll kill you!" and ran into the music room. Instantly the great room was flooded with light.

When Vera returned to the dining room the men were fighting. Babushka leaned against the wall, praying piteously: "Anton! Anton! God have mercy!" Burkin, who had been taught the art of fencing at the ballet school, lunged furiously at his heavy antagonist. The steel blades flashed and rang. Kazoff parried the actor's slashes with his powerful wrist and continued to call to the servants:

"Egor! damn you, your gun! I'll cut your—throat ——"

Egor, who had disappeared down the hall, was heard running back toward the dining room. Burkin suddenly leaped away from the spy, sprang to the hall entrance as Egor entered, wrested the servant's weapon from him and turned it upon Kazoff, who had raised his sword to slash him.

"Back, back, traitor!" cried the actor as he sent a bullet between the spy's legs. The explosion of the heavy weapon roared through the house and made the crystals of the chandelier tinkle.

Kazoff and Egor staggered backward; the outer hall door burst open; a clatter of boots was heard, and the next instant Governor-General Volkonski and three army officers crowded into the room. The governor was an undersized Russian with raven-black whiskers and mustache and brusque manners and voice.

"Up with your weapons, officers!" he commanded sharply, stepping between the actor and the spy. Then, turning to Burkin, he said: "Adjutant, report!"

"There he stands, your excellency," said Burkin, saluting, and pointing to Kazoff. "Our trap worked well. He has confessed himself a German spy and the murderer of General Stanovitch."

All eyes fell upon the great provocator. Already the shadow of defeat fell slowly across his soul. Before he could fully grasp what had occurred, Burkin continued his accusation. His voice blazed forth with all the passionate revolt of Russian youth against the treacherous despots of the Ochrana:

"Anton Kazoff, chief of the Ochrana, spawn of tyrants, traitor to his country, degenerate, murderer of the innocent! Oh, God, how I abhor him! He tortures others; he smiles at their agony; he lusts after it. He returned to his dastardly crimes like a dog to its vomit. While the motherland is struggling heroically with her enemies, he strikes at her heart ——"

"You lie! You lie!" Kazoff boomed. His great hairy fingers doubled into fists, and his massive, empurpled jowls trembled.

"I know nothing of the death of General Stanovitch," he roared. "I merely joked with this poor actor. He himself has confessed his guilt as a German spy. I have proof of it—here, these papers."

He drew forth the envelope and laid it on the table. The governor glanced at the papers and declared:

"*Da*, I know all about these papers. I helped prepare them—false, every one. For once, Anton Kazoff, you have been beaten at your own game. Come, you'd better confess. Let's get this business over with. You'd better make a clean breast of the whole matter, major."

"I know nothing, your excellency," again boomed the spy, glowering at Burkin. "If these papers fail to prove this young actor a German spy, then my evening's work has come to nothing. That is all I can say." He picked up a chair and sat down as if he deemed the matter settled.

The governor and Adjutant Burkin whispered together for a moment. Then the governor turned to Vera Petrovna and Babushka, who still shrank against the wall.

"Mesdames," said the governor, addressing the women, "you have heard. What do you say?"

Vera Petrovna faltered timidly: "Your excellency, I only know—the young man is not a German spy. I'm sure of that, your excellency. I know nothing about General Stanovitch."

Babushka came next. She leaned upon her cane, her gaze fixed upon Kazoff. The hysteria that had risen within her as the quarrel grew more and more violent was now abated. A strange serenity transfigured her. When she spoke her voice was quiet: "I have seen and I understand, gentlemen." She hesitated an instant. "I swear that Anton Kazoff speaks the truth. He is not a traitor to his country. He is not a German spy. No no, he is not a German spy."

Governor Volkonski turned sharply to his assistants and commanded: "Boys, search the apartment."

The officers saluted and entered the rear hall.

"The scoundrel confessed, eh?" sneered the governor as he took a step in Kazoff's direction, his little gloved fists on his hips, scorn and contempt in his voice and on his face. "I congratulate you, adjutant. This night's work will get you the Cross of St. Stanislaw. How did you do it?"

"Just a bit of acting, your excellency," said the adjutant.

"He thought you were selling out too?"

"*Da da*, very simple!" The actor looked at his boot toes. "He decided to kill me, too, and got so worked up over the idea that he confided to me the manner of the general's end."

"How did it happen?" asked the governor.

"Oh, he lured the general here to visit mademoiselle, induced him to give up military secrets, which he later coded to Berlin, and then tried to poison him. But there was no need for that. His excellency's heart, you remember, was weak, and this hound so frightened him that ——"

"Liar! Impudent pup!" cried Kazoff.

The major's restless black eyes dwelt on the girl. Vera shook her head.

"David Burkin is not a German spy," she said firmly.

"The girl lies!" snorted Kazoff. "They are lovers and are in a German plot. They have both been in Peter-and-Paul. Political criminals, both of them. Bah!" He spat.

"Magnificent defense!" exclaimed the governor ironically. "And your old *baba* here—you've trained her to lie ——"

Suddenly Burkin sprang to Babushka's side. He saw her, her eyes closed, beginning to totter, to raise a hand for support. The governor jerked her low easy-chair from the corner of the room and the two men lowered her gently into it.

"A thousand thanks, gentlemen," she murmured as she sank into the accustomed hollows.

Vera looked down into the quiet old face with mingled pity and misgiving. What part had this gentle soul in such a scene? The girl's perplexity transmitted itself to all in the room.

The governor turned to Kazoff and demanded sharply: "Major Kazoff, who is this woman?"

"You know well enough, your excellency, that Babushka has been an assistant of mine for several years; that is all," returned the provocator.

"She knows all that has gone on in this house?"

Kazoff hesitated for a fraction of a second, then replied: "Perfectly, your excellency."

"You will accept her testimony in this matter absolutely?"

This time the spy, detecting a look of reassurance in Babushka's eyes, replied promptly: "I will, your excellency. Question her."

All eyes now became fixed on the relaxed form of Babushka. She was breathing easily; the faint flushes had returned to her wrinkled cheeks; again she opened her blue eyes and rested them upon the black-bearded face of the governor. Save for the ticking of the clock, the sound of the parrot's feet on the paper flooring of its case and the faint scuffling of boots in the inner hall, the room was silent.

"Madame," began the governor, "in the name of His Imperial Majesty, I charge you to tell me the truth. You are acquainted with the acts of Anton Kazoff in this house?"

Babushka nodded.

"You know then whether or not Anton Kazoff is guilty of the death of General Stanovitch?"

Again she nodded.

"*Noo?*"

Clearly, with a tone of deep satisfaction, Babushka answered:

"He is not guilty, your excellency."

"*Bozhe moi!*" exclaimed Burkin; "this is perjury and treason!"

"Patience, adjutant," said the governor. Then turning again to Babushka:

"Madame, do you know who killed General Stanovitch?"

"I do—I ——" She hesitated and closed her eyes. Kazoff's great fingers clutched slowly at the tablecloth.

"Madame," persisted the governor, this time encouragingly, "let us hear the truth."

The suspense was more than the spy could endure. He blurted out:

"Let the men search the house. They'll find nothing. Do not torture the old lady. What can she know? I am innocent, your excellency, on my soul as a Christian ——"

A rough, muffled exclamation was heard down the inner hall, followed by a rapid shuffling of boots on the polished floor. The steps were heard approaching. The governor, Kazoff, Vera and Burkin held their breath. The next instant the three officers burst into the brilliantly lighted room. They held out to the governor the gold-braided trousers and bemedaled military blouse of General Stanovitch.

"Here are his clothes, your excellency, found between the mattresses in the *baba's* bedroom!" they exclaimed, saluting.

Anton the Terrible strode before the governor, seized the garments and roared: "Hell's blood, what's this? As I live, I know nothing of this. Your excellency, this is a plot against me!"

"You say you know nothing about these clothes?" the governor demanded of the spy.

"Nothing, your excellency; absolutely nothing!" Kazoff shouted.

The governor took the garments and stood before Babushka. She alone had seen without surprise the officers display their find.

"Madame," said the governor sternly, "what can you say about these things being hidden in your room?"

Some incomprehensible joy illumined Babushka's face.

"Your excellency," she said slowly, "I put them there myself. I invited the general to come to see Vera Petrovna when she was away and—I—I poisoned him—the general. And I—*da da*—I am a German spy, your excellency. I wanted to get the maps and papers you will find—in the pockets. May God forgive me!" She crossed herself slowly.

The consternation caused by these words made further speech for a moment impossible. Maps and papers were taken from the pockets and placed on the table. The company in the room stared at each other, speechless. Some mental torture twisted the deep-lying muscles of Kazoff's heavy face.

The little governor was impatient, exasperated. He hurled the clothes on a chair and exclaimed:

"Enough of this! Major Kazoff, our orders from His Imperial Grace, Grand Duke Nicholas, are to show no mercy. Your confederate has been found guilty and has confessed to killing General Stanovitch. What have you to say? Speak sharply."

"I have nothing to say, your excellency," he said, almost in a whisper. "I know nothing."

"Know nothing!" cried the governor, his wrath mounting still higher, his voice growing sharper. "As the chief of the Ochrana you have sworn to be responsible for your subordinates. As a fellow officer of the empire I cannot call you a liar. But if you are lying, you know what this woman has been doing. If you are telling the truth—*noo*, you have heard her confess. You have permitted this to go on right under your nose. In accordance with my authority in Petrograd and my instructions from the Grand Duke, I command you, Major Anton Kazoff, to do your duty. Women have been shot before. Officers, stand back! Vera Petrovna, you may retire. Major Kazoff ——" The speaker took a cavalry pistol from one of the officers and handed it to the spy.

The men stood back. The spy faced the old woman in the low chair. Vera, too paralyzed with terror to speak, shrank into her lover's arms. Burkin, recovering his wits, exclaimed:

"This woman is not guilty! I can't believe it! Wait, your excellency!"

"Wait?" the governor cried, his face reddening with rage and excitement. "She not guilty? We will see. Has she not confessed? We will do our duty. Russia is at war. No more speeches. Major Kazoff—fire!"

Burkin led Vera into the hall. The girl's ashen face looked over her lover's shoulder.

Again the ticking of the clock and the feet of the parrot tramping about on the paper flooring of its gilded cage alone disturbed the profound silence of the night.

The spectators of the approaching tragedy were awed by the transformation taking place on the great provocator's fleshy face. His terror-haunted eyes, fixed upon the glittering ikon high in a corner of the room, bulged from their sockets. The coarse texture of the cheeks and brow, instead of flushing a bloody red, as they generally did in moments of excitement, now began slowly to blanch. His trembling lower lip protruded itself horribly. He seemed about to burst into tears. The thick chest shook with sudden spasms. He struggled for breath. The fingers of his right hand curled and uncurled about the weapon which he scarcely had strength enough left to hold.

Suddenly, Tiko, languidly preening his yellow wings, called out cheerily: "*Nooka*, thou rascal, now I've caught thee!" and rattled off his mechanical laughter. One of the officers laughed hysterically.

Babushka's composure was serene and pathetic. Her lips moved slightly in prayer. Her blue eyes, fixed gently upon the face of Kazoff, burned with a mysterious light.

"Come, major," urged the governor, even his voice trembling. "Come, we must finish this and get away."

Slowly, ponderously, Anton Kazoff dropped his gaze from the ikon, turned toward the old woman's chair, took one step and stopped. His eyes met those gazing at him yearningly. He shuddered, stiffened, and slowly closed his eyes. Then Babushka spoke.

Her voice betrayed the quietness of a life of pious resignation, of endless suffering cheerfully endured. She spoke softly, as if for Kazoff's ears alone:

"I am ready, Antonushka, I am all ready. Do not fear ——"

She never finished. The weapon dropped with a thump to the floor. Groaning, the great spy collapsed as if he were made of rags. He sank to his knees before the smiling figure in the chair. His great head fell into her lap, and he cried out:

"Oh, my mother! My mother! Matushka! Matushka!"

"My son, Antonushka! Oh, my son, my darling son!" murmured the mother with tender yet passionate affection as she bent over and touched her lips to his hair. "I could have saved you, my precious, I could have saved you!"

Sobbing inarticulately, Kazoff seized the old hands that caressed him and covered them with kisses.

The frozen body of General Stanovitch was found concealed at the bottom of a wood-box on a rear fire escape.

Anton the Terrible was hanged by the Grand Duke's orders in Peter-and-Paul Fortress. Tiko was right.

JONES
DAIRY FARM
SAUSAGE

The JONES farm is located in the corn belt in the dairying section of southern Wisconsin, that produces the best milk and corn-fed pigs.

We are glad to have you inspect our methods.

The
Jones Farmhouse

Place an order with your dealer for a Jones Dairy Farm Ham

A few of the dealers handling Jones Dairy Farm Products:

Connecticut, Massachusetts and New York
Hartford, [illegible] New London [illegible]
Smith; Brookline, S. Burkham & [illegible], Salem, [illegible]
Woodman Co.; Buffalo, Henry Ziemer & Co.

South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana
Greenville, [illegible] Atlanta, [illegible]
[illegible] Mobile [illegible] Vicksburg,
[illegible] Fort Smith, [illegible] Little Rock, [illegible]
[illegible] New Orleans, [illegible]

Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee
Cincinnati, Robt. J. [illegible] R. Peebles Sons Co.,
Cleveland, [illegible]
[illegible] Dayton, [illegible]
Springfield, [illegible] Toledo [illegible]
[illegible] Philadelphia, [illegible] Clarksburg, [illegible] Louisville, [illegible] Chattanooga, [illegible] Memphis, [illegible]

Minnesota, North Dakota and South Dakota
Minn. Write for list. Dickinson, Dickinson Mer. Co.;
Deadwood, Hattenbach

Pacific and Western States
California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico
Los Angeles, [illegible] Oakland [illegible]
[illegible], Sacramento, [illegible] San Diego,

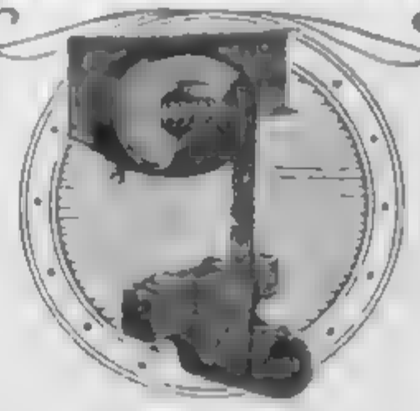
Hamilton; San Francisco [illegible] Santa Barbara, [illegible] Portland, [illegible]
Seattle, August [illegible] & Co.; Spokane [illegible]
Tacoma, Melvan, McMillan [illegible] Billings, [illegible]
Bozeman, Thos. [illegible] Butte, [illegible] Great Falls, Strain Bros., Havre, [illegible] Laying [illegible]
[illegible] Cheyenne, [illegible]
Denver, [illegible] Boise, [illegible]
Salt Lake City [illegible]
Goodland [illegible] Hubbell, J. B. [illegible]
Roswell, [illegible]

Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Michigan
Bloomington, [illegible] Springfield (Geo. S. Connelly;
[illegible] La Fayette, Jos. Beck, Jr.;
Cedar Rapids [illegible] Des Moines, Chas.
[illegible] Detroit, [illegible]
Grand Rapids, [illegible] Jackson, [illegible]
[illegible] Kalamazoo, [illegible] Saginaw, [illegible]

Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas
Kansas City, [illegible] St. Louis, [illegible]
[illegible] Lincoln, [illegible] Omaha, [illegible]
[illegible] Topeka, [illegible]
Wichita, [illegible] Oklahoma City, [illegible]
Texas, [illegible] El Paso, [illegible] Fort Worth, [illegible] Houston, [illegible] Beaumont, [illegible]
Waco, [illegible]

MILO C. JONES, JONES DAIRY FARM, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

Another Achievement
for
GABRIEL
SNUBBERS



To be part of the 1916 equipment of
THE *Packards*
"TWIN-SIX"
Ask any Snubber user

GABRIEL MANUFACTURING CO.
1408 E. 40th ST. CLEVELAND, O.

"Today the name of Herbert Kaufman is better known than that of any living writer of editorials."—*Chicago Tribune*

HERBERT

His Greatest Newspaper Series Will Start Next Week

THE authority behind the body of comment quoted on this page makes it probably the most extraordinary tribute ever paid an American writer.

It establishes beyond doubt the fact that Herbert Kaufman is the greatest genius regularly contributing to the newspapers of America.

"Kaufman's name," says James M. Thomson editorially in the New Orleans Item, "is as widely known as that of any man of his time. He is a man of marvelous versatility, for he is probably as well acquainted with modern engineering and the latest labor-saving devices as with the early English poets.

"His editorials reach millions of subscribers to the newspapers, weekly and monthly magazines and periodicals to which he is a contributor.

"Kaufman won his way to recognition in the advertising world—and his brief, pointed style was developed in a school where every surplus word means waste of money, dissipation of effort, and confusion of thought. For many years he has been the associate and the advisor of the men who captain American industry and lead, reflect, or respond to public thought.

"His connection with a number of leading American and English publications, as well as his wide acquaintance among men of thought and accomplishment in the new and old worlds, give him a first-hand knowledge and a grasp of many problems that the ordinary man has not the opportunity to master."

C. Arthur Pearson declares:

"Herbert Kaufman is one of the great thought moulders of our day; indeed, I think he must be the greatest."

Cosmo Hamilton, writing in the London Academy, says:

"Every one who knows anything in America knows how potent an influence Herbert Kaufman wields. He sends forth from the end of his golden pen loud trumpet calls that bring his countrymen all upstanding. He is for honesty, duty, fearlessness, love of humanity, courage, and above all, optimism. He stands sensitive to every cry from a great, unwieldy, melting pot of a nation. As a figure, a personality, a force, he has no living rival."

Kaufman has many publics. One knows him as a practical business man—a student of organization and industrial management—another through his advertising work—but to the many he exists solely as an editor, a writer of editorials, short stories, verses, and books.

It is his unique power to reduce unusual and technical aspects of life and affairs to the words of multitudes. He possesses the greatest art of writing—the art of being simple.

His big type half page editorials, first published in the Chicago Tribune, are known throughout the world.

Kaufman is not a theorist—he practices what he prints.

His knowledge of business is basic and has brought him in contact with all types of workers.

Fundamentally, the man is an analyst. He *must* be sound and practical to be retained by the great interests which he serves and advises.

The International Harvester Company, the Rock Island-Frisco railroad group, the United Cigar Manufacturers, the National Cash Register Company, are among the industries that have employed his services.

As editorial director of "Woman's World", with 2,000,000 subscribers among the farms and small towns, he was for years kept in intimate touch with agricultural and village life.

He has spent much of his time abroad studying European trade and political conditions.

Stead was among the first to recognize his promise. He was struck by the young American's comprehension of world forces, his wide range of information, and made him his personal representative in the United States.

C. Arthur Pearson, when owner of the London Standard, the Express, the Evening Standard, and a group of weekly and monthly magazines, retained him as American Advisor.

He is the author of ten books, five of which have been printed abroad.

"No man will ever learn," writes Edgar Beecher Bronson, "how Herbert Kaufman in his short life has found time to burgle the human heart and possess himself of its treasures and foibles; to

SAN FRANCISCO CALL

"Kaufman's editorials have made him famous wherever men of our speech hire or are hired. They seem to me of the finest, strongest, most helpful deliverances that have been penned 'since spoken word man's spirit stirred beyond his belly's need.'"

"Every young man should be induced, nay, compelled to study Herbert Kaufman's philosophy of human efficiency."—Western Mail, England.

LONDON STANDARD

"A master of epigram, a cunning weaver of words, playing with their color and rhythm, glowing, militant, courageous, energetic and red-blooded by turns, this hater of humbug, cant, idlers and cowards has leapt to the forefront in a very few years."

"A new King Solomon, with a dash of Robert Louis Stevenson in his makeup."—Portland Oregonian.

JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE

"Human efficiency, the new watchword, is his text. The picturesque vigor, brilliancy and directness of his style may be appreciated by those suffering from the obsession that literature is the product of a dead writer."

"Every sentence is an epigram. Every paragraph contains the material for a full-sized sermon"
—Elgin Courier, New South Wales.

OTTAWA CITIZEN, CANADA

"His dynamic word has revealed the greatest of human power. * * * He has seen the sins and injustice of life and has realized the power inherent in man to conquer environment, both individually now and socially ultimately."

"The spirit of America is in his pages. His books, in the revelation of a nation's mind, are interesting and a little terrifying."—London Daily Express.

GEORGE W. PERKINS

"If there is a man in this whole world who knows the value of efficiency and twentieth-century methods as applied to business, it is this man."

"Herbert Kaufman's books ought to be in every school, library and home."—Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

HARTFORD COURANT

"Herbert Kaufman is one of the best preachers of the age—yet he is a preacher without church, without creed, save the creed of efficiency and understanding."

"No reader can fail to be stirred by his vigorous call to arms."—Educational Times, London.

YORKSHIRE POST

"The pith of the whole gospel of work and success is condensed in the short, staccato sentences."

"He is a torpedo, shot from the torpedo tube of the twentieth century, aimed at the obstacles that stand in the way of the twenty-first century."—Houston Chronicle.

CATHOLIC HERALD, LONDON

"His message is very much to the point, straight from the shoulder, epigrammatic and brilliant * * *"

"Great virility and power."—Review of Reviews.

WASHINGTON STAR

"A heart that appears to be about as big as the world is behind these pictures. And, in the making of them, there is a gift for getting this bigness out in terms of human sympathy and good cheer, a power that seizes one and either convinces him or convicts him."

"Mr. Kaufman has given us a book worthy of the great hour that has brought it forth."—London Daily Mail.

AUSTRALASIAN NATION

"He will be the pathfinder for an army of conquerors."

"Will be read and cherished as a kind of text-book."
—Asian, Calcutta, India.

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

"Sympathy with mankind in all its lowest and highest manifestations is the keynote of Mr. Kaufman's writings. He sees into the heart of the man to whom he writes. He is keen and clear eyed, and the common humanity that is in all men, and that if uncovered would bind all men together, is his theme."

KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, Inc.

"I would rather own Kaufman's God-driven pen than Rockefeller's and Morgan's combined fortunes."—*Thomas W. Lawson*

KAUFMAN

Find Out Which Newspaper in Your Town is Going to Print It

master so much of world history; to tread as safely the field of mythology as the mazes of science and the paths of modern social, commercial and political life; to develop a style that for lucidity, trip-hammer vigor, fertility and virility of epigram has no equal among the writers of English of his time."

HERBERT KAUFMAN'S big work, his real work, his best work, is still to come. It starts next week. King Features Syndicate, Inc., announces the immediate publication of

'Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page'

Simultaneously printed by a continent-wide chain of newspapers, we predict that this feature will prove the greatest constructive force in the history of journalism.

The millions of readers who have followed Herbert Kaufman during the past decade, subscribing to magazines and weeklies for his poems, his essays, his stories and his international editorials—searching through the great Sunday newspapers of the country for his messages of inspiration and encouragement—will now, and for the first time, find concentrated in their local newspapers the full range of his unique genius.

The present moment is the most important period in human experience. Tremendous and unexpected forces are disrupting society and reshaping the ideas and ideals of all mankind.

Civilization is passing through an epoch of universal readjustments.

Never before has America felt greater need for an optimistic interpretative pen—for the expression of a mind trained in the workings of the world machine and able to explain simply and vividly how these bewildering changes affect our welfare and our works.

Recognized as "perhaps the greatest living force in shaping the world thought currents of today"—as "one of the great influences of the world" and as "the greatest thought moulder of our times," Herbert Kaufman, by the breadth of his experience, and by virtue of his "God-driven pen," has established his authority and his ability to speak to and for his country.

"Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page" will be devoted to facts that every family must face, to problems every thinker and worker must deal with. In it you will find the vital, urging conditions of American life and industry, translated in branding iron phrases, to the understanding of every reader—colored with a keen sympathy and comprehension of the average man's and woman's needs and handicaps.

We believe that the grouping of Herbert Kaufman's editorials, essays, poems, verses and contemporary portraits, advertising and business analyses will prove the most notable, the most influential, the most popular and the most *productive* serial feature published by the newspapers of the United States.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY and get a Kaufman Book for a Postage Stamp.

35 W. 39th ST., NEW YORK CITY

NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE

"As an editorial writer of international influence, Herbert Kaufman is perhaps the greatest individual force in shaping the world thought currents of today."

"Sledge-hammer blows at pessimism, cowardice and lack of confidence."—The Globe, Toronto.

BOOKMAN, LONDON

"He preaches a gospel of energy, common sense, and resolute self-confidence. Strong, healthful thoughts, that blow through a reader's mind like the bracing morning air on a mountain."

"He writes with a sword."—Duluth Herald.

R. H. DAVIS, EDITOR "MUNSEY'S"

"Like notes from a silver bell hit with a steel hammer, they will reverberate around the world."

"His clear thinking and sound grasp of vital truths have placed him high among the practical philosophers."
The Gentlewoman, London.

ASSOCIATED ADVERTISING

"He admirably performs a definite mission. He carries to many thousands of business men, a new gospel of self-development, constructive philosophy and purposeful ambition."

"The good Herbert Kaufman is doing cannot be estimated. Like the brook, it will roll on forever."
—John H. Patterson, National Cash Register.

DUBLIN DAILY EXPRESS

"He writes in a spirit of splendid Optimism, very stimulating to the reader nauseated by the wretched pessimism of many of our modern philosophers."

"There is the love of mankind in all of them—that is why Mr. Kaufman writes, and that is what makes his writings popular; also, it is that which makes him one of the great influences in the world."—Binghamton Press.

RELIGIOUS TELESCOPE

"No man can read his law and logic, whether written in prose or poetry, and not feel the thrill of new energy. When it comes to verse, no man speaks with more passion, or with a keener sense of beauty, or with a truer trend of thought and feeling."

"We do not remember having read a more vigorous series of brief, emphatic and inspiring essays. Admirable literary style."—Age, London.

COLUMBUS JOURNAL

"In such close sympathy with the spirit of the age, its beauties, its quality of the picturesque, and its evils, that he is recognized at once as distinctly of our own. He is as sympathetic with modern life as was Robert Burns with his peasant life."

"His books blaze with genius and common sense." —Young Men, London.

METHODIST TIMES, LONDON

"Books which exhilarate by their sheer common sense. Directness, force and humor are in every chapter, and we pity the man who is not stirred as he reads these pages."

"A remarkable book."
—Rand Daily Mail, South Africa.

With This Coupon Get Without Charge—

A Little Book of Big Things by Kaufman.

Containing "The Dreamers", "Maggie", "Do It", "The Clock That Had No Hands", "Why Are You Weeping, Sister?", "The Little Brothers of Destruction" and other masterpieces by Herbert Kaufman.

Fill out this coupon NOW and mail with 2c stamp for postage to

KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, Inc.
33 WEST 39th STREET, NEW YORK

Name _____

Address _____

Post Office _____ *State* _____

THE FARGO WAY IS YOUR WAY

A REPUTATION for prompt deliveries to your customers is as valuable to you as your reputation for making good goods. The final assurance of prompt deliveries can come only through a transportation service which is efficient in the essentials of speed, reliability, and responsibility.

Wells Fargo is such a service.

Wells Fargo service is prompt, accommodating, resourceful, complete. Its cost is in many cases less than that of any other form of transportation service.

Study your shipping problems with this in mind and you will discover what many others have discovered—that responsibility, dispatch, intelligence and safety—four articles of the Fargo creed—mean much when figured in dollars and cents.

Send to 51 Broadway, New York, for pamphlet, which will tell you why "It Is To Your Interest To Use The Express."

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco has given the grand prize, —the highest possible award—to Wells Fargo for perfected and extensive express service.

Wells Fargo & Co Express

THE AMERICAN BOY

The RIGHT KIND OF READING for red-blooded boys who [illegible] with active interest in putting things [illegible] A real developer of [illegible] and boy hobbies. Lots of pictures. 500,000 other boys are reading and enjoying it. 1400 Y M C A Secretaries and Public Librarians endorse it

A Whole Year for $1.00

10c a copy at news-stands

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 295 American Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

FORD OWNERS The wind hits the back of your neck!

The ANTI-DRAFT SHIELD keeps out wind and rain

[illegible] strikes the back of his neck

The Anti-Draft Shield holds its position in strongest wind and does not interfere with operating windshield, curtains or top. Any body can attach it.

Guaranteed absolutely satisfactory or money refunded

Stop that wind on your neck—order the ANTI-DRAFT SHIELD today [illegible] to any bank in the United States. Additional information on request.

Price to U. S. $1.50 by prepaid parcel post.

ACORN BUGGY CO. 500 East Fifth St. CINCINNATI, O.

DEALERS, write for proposition to the trade.

Prosperity and Power for You

LEARN LAW AT HOME

[illegible] guarantee to coach you in [illegible] Complete Law Library Furnished if you enroll now.

GIVEN Written by Dr. [illegible] College of the City of New York. Special Offer now [illegible] you to secure this course at a trifling cost in connection with law [illegible]

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. F 224, Chicago, Ill.

Health—Looks—Comfort

[illegible] Wear this [illegible] and [illegible] the Weil Health Belt [illegible] the abdomen with [illegible] and [illegible] the abdominal muscles.

THE "WONDER" HEALTH BELT

[illegible] Write for descriptive folder or send $2 for the [illegible] and we will prepay [illegible]

The Weil Health Belt Co. 36 Elm St. New Haven, Conn

DRUGGISTS [illegible]

RED LIGHTS ON THE SWITCH

(Concluded from Page 13)

Other things of like nature irk Mr. Bryan, and he works up to his well-known climax concerning the change he asserts was made in the Lusitania note after he had seen it and had resigned because of its tone. These grievances were followed, as is known, by the issuing of various statements and pronouncements by Mr. Bryan leading up to the one of the day before Congress assembled, when Mr. Bryan gave it as his opinion that the President should suggest peace again, thus, as we say, throwing a monkey wrench into the presidential machinery.

The politicians look for an active campaign by Mr. Bryan, similar, perhaps, to the campaign he made against Parker and his supporters in 1904. Likewise they expect him to work as much as possible in Congress, with his friends there, and against the Wilson preparedness program. Mr. Bryan has had strength in Congress. There is no doubt of that. He claims, his friends say, to have made the Federal Reserve Law a success by insisting on the removal of the note feature of it. He exerted his influence in other ways. He will try to exert that influence again.

And, snugly stowed away in the sleeve of his frock coat, Mr. Bryan has the one-term plank he placed in the Baltimore Platform, on which Mr. Wilson was elected. Mr. Bryan holds that in reserve. When the time came to place the name of President Wilson on the Nebraska primary ballot, as required by law, Charles Bryan, Mr. Bryan's brother, was asked to be one of the petitioners. He refused, it was said at Washington, on the ground that he had no information as to whether Mr. Wilson was a candidate.

"What about the one-term plank?" a friend recently asked Mr. Bryan.

"When the President announces his position on that I shall announce mine," he replied.

However, the President is in good shape on that. Probably it wasn't politics, but if it was it was good politics, when the Panama Canal toll repeal law was passed, at the insistence of the President, though that repeal was directly in contravention of a plank in the Baltimore Platform. Most likely the President never thought of that; but if he didn't others did, for if one plank in a platform can be nullified, why cannot another? The only answer is that another can, as is likely to be proved at St. Louis next June.

Annoying But Not Formidable

There is no desire to do an injustice to Mr. Bryan when the statement is made that he intends to do all he can to defeat the President's preparedness program, and that he intends to do what he can to defeat the President for renomination. His close friends admit that. They may be entirely mistaken. At any rate, that is what is expected, not only by the friends of Mr. Bryan but by the friends of Mr. Wilson.

Moreover, if Mr. Bryan makes too much of a point about that one-term affair there is a letter in existence, written by Mr. Bryan in the first exuberant days of his Wilsonia, in which he says that in his opinion that specification need not apply to Mr. Wilson, or, as things stood then, to Mr. Taft or Mr. Roosevelt.

It would be quite idle to say that if Mr. Bryan proceeds as his friends say he will proceed he will not make some trouble; but it would be equally futile to say that Mr. Bryan will make as much trouble as he thinks he will. If Mr. Bryan goes into this enterprise of defeating the President's legislative program, or of embarrassing his renomination, it is more than likely that Mr. Bryan will find that, though he has not left his former friends, his former friends have left him in considerable measure. He is not the influence he was. He will annoy, no doubt; but he will not seriously impede. He will be making his last stand. It is predicted that after this flurry is over Mr. Bryan will become in fact what he is in spirit—an evangelist.

He has other grievances—many of them. He feels that the President made a great mistake when he spoke at the dinner given by the Manhattan Club in New York in November, outlining for the first time his ideas on preparedness.

"If," said Mr. Bryan, commenting on that appearance, "the Manhattan Club was on trial, charged with Democracy, every member could prove an alibi."

This foray of Mr. Bryan's, if it comes to that, will be interesting. He made a similar one in 1904 against Judge Alton B. Parker—that is, the foray was similar, though the situation was not, for Parker was not president then, as Wilson is now. Mr. Bryan bitterly opposed everything in sight that year, denounced Parker and his supporters, and ran amuck in the convention, where he designated some fellow Democrats as train robbers and cast the votes of his Nebraska delegates for Senator Cockrell, of Missouri. He was quite silent—for him—in that campaign; but he made speeches for Parker in Indiana during the last week of it, and they were pretty good Parker speeches too.

He was more powerful then than he is now. Indeed, the general opinion is that he has lost not only his punch but, to a great extent, his following; and there is no very serious apprehension that he will do much more than create diversion while he is fighting the President and his policies.

The Roosevelt Trouble

Thus, we come to Colonel Roosevelt. It will be observed by all those who have the time to keep up with the Colonel's denunciatory output that he isn't assailing the Democrats. He isn't generalizing. He is banging away at Mr. Wilson personally and individually. The Colonel doesn't make it a party question. He assails the President directly and charges him with all sorts of weaknesses, derelictions, lack of patriotism, and thus and so.

What does this mean? You ask a Democratic politician what it means and he will tell you it means that the Colonel is very likely to be the nominee of the Republicans for president. You ask Democratic senators and representatives and they will tell you the same thing. The reason for these predictions is that the Democratic politicians are afraid the Colonel will be the nominee. They point to his direct assaults on President Wilson and say they can have no other meaning than that the Colonel is getting himself in a position where, not perhaps as a party man but as the man who can make it most difficult for Wilson, he will be the ill-logic of the Republican situation.

More of that will develop later; but there is a firmly rooted idea in the minds of many Democrats that the man they will have to fight with Mr. Wilson will be Mr. Roosevelt. This isn't Republican talk, mind you. It is Democratic talk. Republicans are not talking much as yet. They are waiting for something to happen. It isn't talk based so much on expectation as it is based on fear. They do not think Republicans could or would do so preposterous a thing as to nominate the Colonel after what the Colonel did to them in 1912, but they realize that nothing is preposterous to politicians who think they can win thereby.

But that is of the future. The present of it is that Mr. Roosevelt is a very irritating thorn in the side of the President, and that that thorn may develop to a spear. Whether, spearing the President, Mr. Roosevelt would be a liability or an asset is entirely another question. The main thing is that, of the President's troubles, Mr. Roosevelt is an active one.

These are the red lights on the presidential switch. They mean danger. They are plain enough to be seen—neither concealed by fog nor burning dimly. There is another one, which I doubt that the President or any but the timid professional politicians—who are the most timid people in the world—would consider. And that is, we hear stories that the President, having reached the top of his wave of popularity last summer, is now receding. It is claimed that he isn't so popular as he was. I doubt that Mr. Wilson considers this a trouble, for he is enough of a psychologist to know that the psychology of the crowd means just as much of the crowd as it means to the crowd, which is nothing.

It is a favorite consolation of Uncle Joe Cannon's, when he is in defeat, that the pendulum swings back and forth—the political pendulum and all other kinds; and it is a long time between now and November, 1916—a long time, wherein many things are bound to happen.

THE PRACTICAL JOKER

(Continued from Page 11)

The warning will come over the telephone—you fellows stick to this joint like you was nailed. 'Mr. Sanderson will keep that appointment' is the office. 'Mr. Sanderson will keep that appointment at nine o'clock' means we are going to be raided at nine, and so on. He's promised to drop us the word two or three hours ahead."

"And when's all this coming?" inquired Turner again.

"Can't tell. Let's see—it's Tuesday—he may not get round to it till next week."

Silence fell upon the three. Barry Turner, the boss in adversity as well as prosperity, first broke it.

"Well, boys," he said, "you know what I said when I started. This game can't keep going forever. You have to pay out your three per cent a week right along; minute you stop that the suckers begin to complain, and it's all up. After the first rush of money—that's the time. It looks awful good just now, but there's no telling when it will let up. And we're thirty-one thousand ahead—thirty-one thousand in the little safety-deposit vault. I guess we'd better be going away from here while the going's good."

"And the receipts sixteen hundred dollars yesterday!" said Lew Milliken ruefully. "Can't you stall the police for a while?"

"Can't be done," said Pete Creigan. "Positively can't be done. Tell you what can be done though: We can hold on until we get the office that the raid's coming our way. Two hours is plenty of time to vamoose."

"That's the play, I guess," said Barry Turner, the boss, decisively. "Here's what we'll do: We'll meet before the safety-deposit box to-morrow morning, make the divvy and just carry it round with us. We can't take any chances on that vault. The cute little cops will garnishee it or something if they've found out where we bank."

"No, we don't!" said Pete Creigan decisively. "Not on your life! Didn't I tell you we've got to keep close to the office and watch the phone? Let Lew draw that money the minute the safety deposit opens to-morrow morning, and beat it up here. We'll divvy here, and to-morrow night each of us'll cache it outside—you see?"

"Sure," said Barry Turner. "And say, Lew, bring it in conspicuous-like in a satchel. If anybody's watching he'll see it go in and he'll be expecting it to come out—helps in the getaway."

"Well, I'll go out and look for more good news," said Creigan. And on this he moved toward the door.

That was not the only movement started in the offices of the Circle Syndicate Ltd. by these words of farewell. The private office of Barry Turner was a kind of box projecting into the rest of the suite—on three sides it had merely a wooden partition. At one point where the partition joined the main wall the wood had warped, leaving a very inconspicuous crack. During the latter stage of that conversation Mr. Breece, in the outer office, had stood just beside that crack busily turning a pile of letters. And just as Pete Creigan started this farewell remark he returned to his desk. When Pete passed into the main office Mr. Breece was working busily over a book.

IV

PROMPTLY at half past nine, his usual hour, Mr. Breece arrived at the office. When Louise entered, glancing at the clock as she peeled off her gloves, he was opening a package.

"Good morning," said Mr. Breece. "Say, you've got something on your skirt—there in the back."

"Is that some of the April-fool stuff?" asked Louise. Nevertheless, she craned neck and shoulders to look.

"No fooling," said Mr. Breece. "Here, I'll brush it for you." The package lay open on his desk now, disclosing a small clothes brush. Picking this up, he made a dab along the hem of the lady's skirt, and the strains of Alexander's Ragtime Band filled the air with sweet though tinny music. Breece poised the brush, and it stopped in the middle of a bar.

"What's that?" asked three feminine voices in chorus.

"Dunno," said Mr. Breece. He took another dab at the skirt and the music started again.

"Aw, I know!" exclaimed Rosie. "It's in the brush!"

Everyone crowded round while Mr. Breece explained the new device in mechanical humor. The music box played only one tune. Pressure on a spring among the bristles started or stopped the music.

"Let me use that on Mr. Milliken when he comes in!" cried Louise, clapping her hands with enthusiasm.

"Certainly," said Mr. Breece. Then on an afterthought: "And I'll go you one better. While you hold him I'll get something of his, even if it's only his watch again."

"That's right!" said Rosie. "And we'll see this time if he's game enough to pretend he hasn't missed it—like you did when he took your money."

"Oh, he'll be game all right, he'll have to be!" said Louise.

It was just twenty minutes past ten when Lew Milliken entered the main office of the Circle Syndicate and bade his employees a cheerful good morning. He was carrying a smart English bag. There were two doors in the Circle Syndicate offices. The main entrance fronted a rail, behind which customers were kept waiting until admitted by Louise. The side door opened into the office proper. It let out on a little hall which ran to the main corridor.

"Good morning," said Lew Milliken. He moved over to the hatrack, took off his coat as usual, hung it up, and in so doing he laid down the bag.

His back was scarcely turned before Mr. Breece flashed an eye signal to Louise, and made dumb show.

"Mr. Milliken, there's a mud spot on your shoulder," said Louise. "Here, let me brush it."

When Alexander's Ragtime Band sounded on the air Mr. Milliken gave a little start. When it stopped he reached over his shoulder and captured the hand that held the brush.

"Such a little, little hand to be so mischievous!" he said, lightly slapping her wrist. "Let me see the pretty thing. That's kindergarten stuff, kid!"

Rosie and Cora were paying little attention to this episode. For, on the instant when Lew Milliken turned his head over his shoulder, Mr. Breece had risen, had taken two or three light, quick steps, had picked up the bag, and had vanished through the door, throwing back at the girls, as he vanished, a mirthful grin.

Milliken, his face as imperturbable as ever, turned to pick up the bag. The girls, watching without looking, were mightily amused to see him stiffen up, throw a suspicious glance over the office. Then with great deliberation he crossed to a desk in the corner, sat down and began to fidget through the pigeonholes.

"He's going to be game and see if we bring it back!" flashed Rosie's mind; and Rosie was right. A minute passed, a long minute, during which Louise put the brush back in a drawer and resumed her tapping. Rosie scratched busily at a pile of new stock certificates, and Cora, artistically transforming a giggle into a yawn, studied her notes. Mr. Milliken seemed to be growing a bit nervous; but it was a full minute before he spoke without turning round.

"Say," he said, "whoever's got my bag had better bring it back—sudden. The drinks are on me. I own up."

"What bag?" asked Louise indifferently.

"Oh, you know very well. The one I brought in."

"First," said Rosie, "he thinks he hears music and then he thinks he had a bag. Say, where was you last night?"

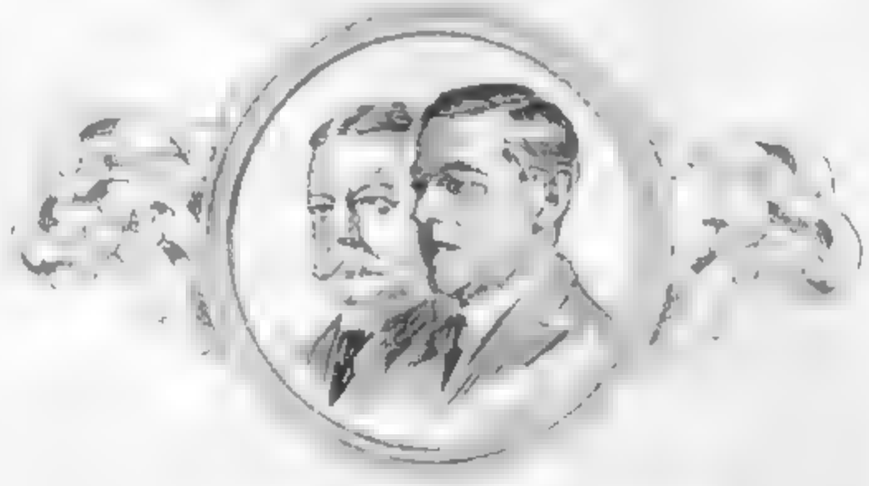
"All right," said Lew, "but I give you just a minute to bring it back." His voice sounded squeezed and odd.

There ensued, however, only half a minute of further silence before Milliken wheeled in his chair. His shell of imperturbability had cracked a little; there was almost expression in his face as he said:

"Say, see here, girls, a joke's a joke. But that bag was—was valuable. There was money in it—a lot of money! If you don't want to get fired ——" Then his eye clutched at the bookkeeper's desk. He seemed to perceive for the first time that it was empty. "Where's Breece gone?"

"Well," said Rosie still nonchalantly, "he usually goes to the bank about this time of day ——"

The words died down to nothing and she grew suddenly white about the lips, for she also had noted something. On that



A hotel distinguished by its patronage. President Wilson, Ex-President Taft and many other notables have been our guests

HOTEL SHERMAN
CHICAGO

Men prominent in every field of endeavor are seen daily in its lobbies and in the College Inn.

Rooms with bath $2.00 upward

Randolph Street at Clark
Near everything that brings you to Chicago

HOTEL SHERMAN COMPANY

BEECH-NUT
PEANUT BUTTER

FATHERS AND MOTHERS:

Glass of Full Cream Milk

Sandwich of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

Each Will Feed Your Child the Same Amount of Strength, Heat and Energy

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
CANAJOHARIE, NEW YORK
Makers of

Famous Beech-Nut Bacon; Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup; Beech-Nut Chili Sauce; Beech-Nut Oscar's Sauce.

Also the Beech-Nut Jams, Jellies and Marmalades—Grape, Crab-apple and Red Currant Jellies; Strawberry, Red Raspberry, Blackberry, Damson Plum and Peach Jams; Orange Marmalade. And the Beech-Nut Confections—Chewing Gum and Mints.

ASK YOUR DEALER

Eaten on Bread, Crackers or Toast—Fine on Saltines

This Illustrates What Happens When You Start A Cold Motor

When you "light the gas" under your cold spark plugs the effect is much the same as if you poured boiling water on a spark plug half buried in a cake of ice.

Unless the materials are exactly conditioned—

Unless the parts are accurately tooled and fitted—

Unless the contact points are properly cushioned where the strains come—something is bound to break.

If you would have absolutely reliable service, under all the varying strains of temperature, speed and load, see to it that your motor is equipped with

Champion

"TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD'S TRADE"

Dependable Spark Plugs

Every detail of their construction makes for endurance and dependability.

But to make them so dependable, we go to extremes of engineering and of processing which you would never dream of.

These extremes are practical only because their cost is distributed over such an enormous production.

Year after year our output has been greater than that of all other makers of spark plugs combined.

This season our output is *doubled* compared with last.

The spark plug which we designed to serve your motor we know, by actual comparative tests, will serve that particular kind of motor with greater efficiency than any other kind of plug you can buy.
Your dealer knows which one it is and will gladly supply you.
Be sure the name "Champion" is on the porcelain—not merely on the box.

Champion Spark Plug Co., 104 Avondale Ave., Toledo, O.

Nathan Flexible No-Metal Arch Supports

Fit any shoe.

Nathan Anklet Support Co., 90-C Reade St., N. Y.

DINGEE ROSES

Sturdy as Oaks

are always grown on their own roots. 68 years' experience. Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed. Dingee "Guide to Rose Culture." Describes over 1000 varieties of roses and other flowers and how to grow them. It's free. Send today

The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 142, West Grove, Pa.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

Cartoonists are well paid.

Develop your talent ... practical, individual way. Make money and ... for portfolio of cartoons ... this interesting profession.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning
915 Leader Bldg. Cleveland, O.

Went Blind Over Night

Because of ignorance and neglect 64,000 blind persons in United States. 52,000 went blind after 21 years of age. Buy the

FEATHERWEIGHT EYESHADE

Sold at Bankers' Office Lunch ... Before ... At stationer's, optician's or postpaid ... 25c in stamps.

FEATHERWEIGHT EYESHADE COMPANY, Merchantville, N. J.

ACCOUNTANCY

Instruction by Certified Public Accountants and Practicing Lawyers—At your home by mail

... Courses in Accountancy and Business Administration are taught this year to 4000 students in 30 Schools, Business Organizations and ... You may study the same courses by mail. Details free. Send for Bulletin C 4.

PACE & PACE, 30 Church St., New York

VENUS PENCILS

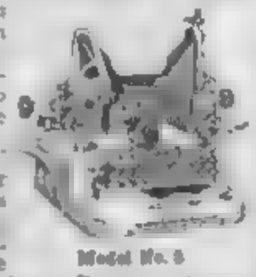
In 17 degrees (6B softest to 9H hardest). Never varying, ... uniformly graded quality, also 2 copying

Write ... for free ... sample.

American Lead Pencil Co.
223 Fifth Ave. New York

The Typewriter Opportunity

Will you let me send you this Standard Visible Typewriter—the Famous Model No. 5 OLIVER with Inbuilt Tabulator and Back Spacer—on FREE TRIAL? No ... in advance—no deposit—no C.O.D. If you find it to be the best typewriter you ever saw and want to keep it, I will make you a price that is lower than wholesale: lower than the lowest agents' prices and you can let typewriter pay for itself out of what it earns for you. Full Standard ... ment with machine. LIFE GUARANTEE. Because there are no American Typewriters going to Europe just now I can make you a wonderful price inducement. BE SURE ... of this Greatest of Typewriter Offers. All information absolutely free.



Model No. 5

General Manager, TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
1510-28M Wabash Ave., Chicago (045)

Learn Music At Home!

New Method—Learn to Play By Note—Piano, ... Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Cornet, Trombone, Clarinet, Flute, Piccolo, Sight Singing, Harmony, Voice Culture, Ear Training, Advanced Composition. Every ... illustrated, plain, simple, systematic. Free lectures each course. 16 years ... Start at once. Write for Free Booklet Today. ...

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 226
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

hatrack which had been the center for so much of their jesting hung Mr. Breece's alpaca office coat. Always before, he had changed his street coat as soon as he entered the office. To-day he had remained dressed for the street.

"Mr. Breece took it," faltered Rosie. "He—he went outta the side door."

Lew jumped to his feet and hurried into the hall. They heard his step in the corridor, heard it returning. And while he stood there on the threshold the last shred of his mask dropped from him. His voice had a high, shrill tension as he said:

"Is he coming back—does anybody know if he's coming back?" The sound of his voice reached the inner office, where Barry Turner and Pete Creigan sat waiting. Barry threw open the door; he and Pete stood facing their frantic confederate. And as he met their eyes Lew Milliken drew on the mask again. He became once more the knight of his own wits. With all his old nonchalance he sauntered into the inner room, leaving behind three women, white, anxious, half-frightened.

"Breece has beat it with the bag—the roll," he said as he closed the door. "I don't know yet if it's a joke."

"Joke, you merry little jester!" cried Turner. "Joke! Here—you fellows, get to the elevator starters on the ground floor—both sets! Find out if he's still in the building. If you get him grab that bug—slug him—anything!"

"Shall we telephone to the police on a chance?" asked Pete Creigan, rattled for the first time in his life.

"Police!" growled Turner. "Police, you boob! Get out—quick—I'll stay by the telephone ——"

And as though on that cue the telephone bell rang.

"Mr. Sanderson to speak to you," said the uncertain voice of Louise.

"Put him on."

"Hello!" came a thick, low voice. "Mr. Turner? Well, Mr. Sanderson wanted me to tell you he'd keep that appointment at twelve sharp—twelve—noon. Understand?"

Barry Turner had almost recovered his calm when he broke the glad news to his associates.

"Get to the elevator starters—quick!" he said. "And hunt—hunt till the bulls come!"

But the elevator starters were miles behind the trail. At that very moment a subway express, the fastest thing that travels in Manhattan, had just flashed without stopping past the Sixty-sixth Street station. In the last car but one sat Mr. Breece. On his head was a light linen cap taken from his pocket to replace the hat which he had left in the office. The bag lay on his lap. Before him he held a newspaper, which he was reading with ostentatious absorption.

▼

ALEC SWAYNE, alias Cooper, alias the Corduroy Kid, alias A. M. Breece, was talking last week to his cellmate. Breece, as I shall call him—though he used that alias but once—did not go to prison for this job. Having spent his thirty thousand dollars in Paris, Monte Carlo, and other points where money travels fast, he had returned to America and been caught in the act of sneaking a hundred dollars—an offense so small that the judge, in spite of the prisoner's long record, could not see the way to give him more than five years.

His bit is drawing to a close, and long intimacy has given him confidence in his cellmate, a gentleman in his own line, so that often, in the brief space for conversation between supper and "lights out," they talk shop. That night they were discussing getaways.

"The best one I ever pulled," said Breece, "was easy enough when it came; but, gee, I was a month getting it ready! A bunch of New York con men, who were sore on some Western grafters tryin' to break in, tipped me off to that job. I had to plant myself on an employment agency, and I had to brush up that double-entry bookkeeping I learned when I was a kid—yes, and work at it for a month and be a good office dog too! Nearly died of it—that and a lot of simp practical joking that wouldn't 'a' went down with the Boy Scouts. That joking was part of the plant, understand me? But when the getaway came it was a wonder. I had all eternity for that getaway, bo, just all eternity. After I got out of the Hundred-and-Sixteenth-Street subway, with the wad right in my fist, I took time to stop at a cigar stand and buy a smoke!"

Have You a Rainy-Day Fund?

EVERY wise man and woman sets aside a sum for unexpected expenses.

WORRY about tomorrow is not one of their trials.

THEY look the future confidently in the eye; there is no trouble in store for them.

THEY have a rainy-day fund set aside for emergencies.

Your Spare Time Will Provide That Fund

IF your living expenses now equal your income, start the New Year by increasing your earnings.

DEPOSIT the increase in bank.

THOUSANDS are doing it by selling their spare time to us. We will pay cash for the odd minutes you can give to looking after the renewals and new orders of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

EARN the extra money that you need and the insurance it offers against debt and trouble.

LET us explain our offer.

Agency Division, Box 219

The Curtis Publishing Company

Independence Square
Philadelphia

Proved Saving—Or Your Money Back

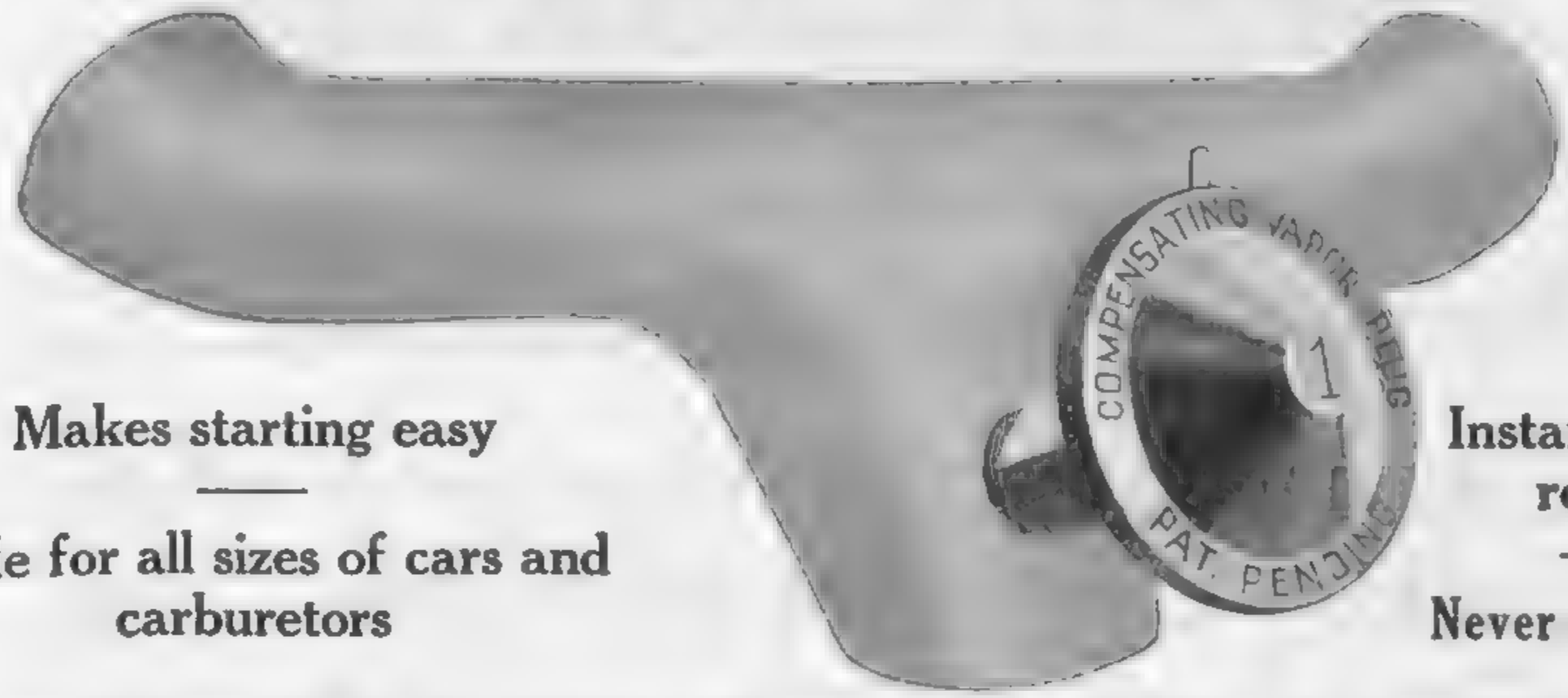
Lifetime guarantee to any automobile owner

"30% more speed"
"30% more power"
"40% more mileage"
Less carbon
(See test below)

$5
Parcel Post Prepaid

Can be attached in 5 minutes. No adjustments needed. No connections—simply tap hole and screw in.

COMPENSATING VAPOR PLUG



Makes starting easy

Made for all sizes of cars and carburetors

Instantaneous results

Never wears out

This announcement is the biggest money-saver ever written to automobile owners

Has your car these weaknesses?

Does your car in actual usage develop any of these symptoms?

1. Did you ever try to start your motor and have it spit and die?
2. Are you afraid of one or more hills that you have tried to make on high?
3. Do you make a quick get-away?
4. Are you continually apologizing to your friends because your engine is a noise maker?
5. In a friendly brush on the road have you been just "nosed out"?

All these defects will be things of the past once you equip your car with the **Compensating Vapor Plug** under our money-back if not-satisfied guarantee.

Advantages we prove

The Compensating Plug is simple in construction and positive in performance—nothing to be oiled, adjusted or regulated at any time

In addition to 30% more speed, 30% more power, 40% more mileage, and practically no carbon deposit—drive as long and fast as you please and you can't make the water in your radiator boil, if your motor is in good condition

Your motor will run smoother and quieter than ever before—you can idle her down to two miles per *hour*—and you know that no Ford car with regular equipment can be idled down to less than six miles per hour.

Pretty strong claims these—but we *prove* them or we refund every penny of your deposit

Startling Exhibition at Detroit

We selected the city of Detroit for a test—for two reasons. It's the home of most of the biggest car manufacturers, and if you know this vicinity, you will agree that it has some pretty stiff hills that will cause grief" to most any car.

Here's the proved record

On September 13th, we bought a new Ford Touring Car from the Ford Detroit Sales Co. On the 14th, 15th, and 16th we ran it on the streets of Detroit and up the steepest hills in Wayne County.

On September 14th, we tested the car with regular Ford equipment, showing *24.2 miles* to the gallon and *40 miles* speed to the hour.

On September 15th, we climbed two-thirds to three-quarters up Bald Mountain road, the one impossible hill around Detroit, on high—without our plug

Then we issued a challenge

On September 16th equipping the same car with the **Compensating Vapor Plug**, we repeated the test of September 14th, showing *44.2 miles per gallon and 46 miles per hour speed.*

On September 17th, we repeated tests of September 15th and easily climbed Bald Mountain all the way to the top *on high*

Then on September 18th, in the leading Detroit newspaper we challenged any maker of any car or carburetor to equal or surpass our performance but no one accepted our challenge, although during the tests mentioned above our car was followed and observed unofficially by makers of carburetors and cars.

Through crowded traffic with low gear locked

Then we performed another sensational feat on September 19th. With the same car equipped with the **Compensating Vapor Plug** we drove all day through the streets of Detroit, selecting the thoroughfares that were the most crowded with traffic at the busiest hours—with the *low gear locked* by a plate so it could not be used. Never once was it necessary to stop or start—and remember, this remarkable feat was accomplished with a Ford.

Same results on all cars

Each day the results were published in the "Detroit Free Press."

Almost every car manufacturer in Detroit wrote, telephoned us or sent his engineer.

Hundreds of owners of all makes of cars tried to purchase the device. Managers of concerns operating batteries of cars for their salesmen flocked in. Large numbers of dealers applied for the sales agency.

Special note to dealers. We are ready and willing to duplicate this Detroit test in your city.

Owners that obtained the **Compensating Vapor Plug** were satisfied before they drove out of our service station because of the quiet running of the motor and the demonstration that it would idle down to two miles per hour.

WANTED—Exclusive Dealers

The Compensating Vapor Plug will sell like wildfire to every car owner. Exclusive contracts for counties. As soon as you get your contract we will prove results on cars in your territory—ready for you to start sales. We will back you with big national and local advertising. Prove to us that you are the best equipped and responsible. Write, wire, phone or jump the first train for Chicago—get this fastest selling accessory—a money-saver for any car owner and a money maker for you.

You want this money-saver for your car

We don't have to devote any space to prove to you that you want this wonderful money-saver for your car—especially when we offer it to you *at our risk.*

Accept this money-back-if-not-satisfied offer here and now—you simply can't afford to pass it by.

The price is $5 to you and to everybody—and all we ask is that you send us the coupon with a $5 bill, check, P. O. or express order attached—as a *deposit*—until you are more than satisfied.

If after a 30 day trial you decide you can do without the **Compensating Vapor Plug**—simply send it back and we will refund your $5 deposit.

Without the **Compensating Vapor Plug** you are losing money every day—it can be attached to any car in five minutes—full directions will be sent you—so why delay?

Tear or cut off the coupon—mail it now—today.

Automatic Carburetor Co. (Not Inc.), 2021 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Makers of famous Automatic Carburetors — *Specialists in Gasoline Vapor Devices for Motors*

Cut this out—mail today

Automatic Carburetor Co.
Dept. 180, 2021 Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed find $5 in full payment for one **Compensating Vapor Plug**—with the understanding that you guarantee it for life and will refund my $5 deposit in full if I return your device to you collect within 30 days.

I use a _____ sized carburetor, name of car, _____ model _____ year

Name _____

Address _____

I recommend as a good dealer _____

of _____

GRANT SIX $795

A Remarkable Combination of High Quality, Large Size and Low Price

IN those few words, you have the story of the Grant Six.

And you also have the reason why the Grant Six is enjoying unheard-of popularity.

It explains why we have never been able to build enough cars to meet the demand. Why, even *on the basis of nine thousand cars a year,* this season's program, we have been unable to keep pace with orders for immediate delivery, even with greatly increased facilities.

It has always been the Grant idea to make its product the literal expression of the utmost in motor-car value.

We were the first to build a high quality six-cylinder car priced below a thousand dollars—and it is our sincere conviction that the Grant Six still leads in Quality, Size and Power for its price.

This car has marvelous flexibility. It throttles down to one and one-half miles an hour on high gear—and it speeds up to fifty miles. It has power to spare. Moreover, it is economical—goes twenty miles to the gallon of gasoline (some owners say twenty-eight miles) and 900 miles to the gallon of oil. Of course, it is easy on tires.

And its true cantilever spring suspension makes it *easy riding* on any road. We emphasize this feature of the Grant Six because it deserves emphasis.

Consider the facts mentioned and you will quickly realize why the Grant Six looms large on the horizon of value.

There are three models, all built on one chassis: Five-passenger Touring Car $795; Three-passenger Roadster $795; Three-passenger Cabriolet $1025.

Send at once for the latest Grant literature.

GRANT MOTOR COMPANY, FINDLAY, OHIO

"ARE WE DOWNHEARTED? NO!"

(Continued from Page 6)

never do go at rehearsal. Give me a good house at the opening and she'll show you what she can do."

But in his soul he was worried. There was a change in Edith O'Hara. Even her voice had altered. It was not only her manner to him. That was marked enough, but he only shrugged his shoulders over it. Time enough for that when the production was on.

He had engaged a hoyden, and she was by way of becoming a lady. During the first week or so he had hoped that it was only the strangeness of her surroundings. He had been shrewd enough to lay some of it, however, to Cecil's influence.

"When your soldier boy gets out of the way," he sneered one day in the wings, "perhaps you'll get down to earth and put some life in your work."

But to his dismay she grew steadily worse. Her dancing was delicate, accurate, even graceful, but the thing the British public likes to think typically American, a sort of breezy swagger, was gone. To bill her in her present state as the Madcap American would be sheer folly.

Ten days before the opening he cabled for another girl to take her place.

He did not tell her. Better to let her work on, he decided. A German submarine might sink the ship on which the other girl was coming, and then where would they be?

Up to the last, however, he had hopes of Edith. Not that he cared to save her. But he hated to acknowledge a failure. He disliked to disavow his own judgment.

He made a final effort with her, took her one day to luncheon at Simpson's, and in one of the pewlike compartments, over mutton and caper sauce, he tried to "talk a little life into her."

"What the devil has come over you?" he demanded savagely. "You were larky enough over in New York. There are any number of girls in London who can do what you are doing now, and do it better."

"I'm doing just what I did in New York."

"The hell you are! I could do what you're doing with a jointed doll and some wires. Now see here, Edith," he said, "either you put some go into the thing, or you go. That's flat."

Her eyes filled.

"I—maybe I'm worried," she said. "Ever since I found out that I've signed up, with no arrangement about sending me back, it's been on my mind."

"Don't you worry about that."

"But if they put some one on in my place?"

"You needn't worry about that either. I'll look after you. You know that. If I hadn't been crazy about you I'd have let you go a week ago. You know that too."

She knew the tone, knew instantly where she stood. Knew, too, that she would not play the first night in London. She went rather white, but she faced him coolly.

"Don't look like that," he said. "I'm only telling you that if you need a friend I'll be there."

It was two days before the opening, however, when the blow fell. She had not been sleeping, partly from anxiety about herself, partly about the boy. Every paper she picked up was full of the horrors of war. There were columns filled with the names of those who had fallen. Somehow even his uniform had never closely connected the boy with death in her mind. He seemed so young.

She had had a feeling that his very youth would keep him from danger. War to her was a faintly conceived struggle between men, and he was a boy.

But here were boys who had died, boys at nineteen. And the lists of missing startled her. One morning she read in the personal column a query, asking if anyone could give the details of the death of a young subaltern. She cried over that. In all her care-free life never before had she wept over the griefs of others.

Cecil had sent her his photograph taken in his uniform. Because he had had it taken to give her he had gazed directly into the eye of the camera. When she looked at it it returned her glance. She took to looking at it a great deal.

Two days before the opening she turned from a dispirited rehearsal to see Mabel standing in the wings. Then she knew. The end had come.

Mabel was jaunty, but rather uneasy.

"You poor dear!" she said, when Edith went to her. "What on earth's happened? The cable only said—honest, dearie, I feel like a dog!"

"They don't like me. That's all," she replied wearily, and picked up her hat and jacket from a chair. But Mabel was curious. Uncomfortable, too, as she had said. She slipped an arm round Edith's waist.

"Say the word and I'll throw them down," she cried. "It looks like dirty work to me. And you're thin. Honest, dearie, I mean it."

Her loyalty soothed the girl's sore spirit.

"I don't know what's come over me," she said. "I've tried hard enough. But I'm always tired. I—I think it's being so close to the war."

Mabel stared at her. There was a war. She knew that. The theatrical news was being crowded to a back page to make space for disagreeable diagrams and strange, throaty names.

"I know. It's fierce, isn't it?" she said.

Edith took her home, and they talked far into the night. She had slipped Cecil's picture into the wardrobe before she turned on the light. Then she explained the situation.

"It's pep they want, is it?" said Mabel at last. "Well, believe me, honey, I'll give it to them. And as long as I've got a cent it's yours."

They slept together in Edith's narrow bed, two slim young figures delicately flushed with sleep. As pathetic, had they known it, as those other sleepers in their untidy billets across the Channel. Almost as hopeless too. Dwellers in the neutral ground.

■

NOW war, after all, is to each fighting man an affair of small numbers, an affair of the men to his right and his left, of the A. M. S. C. in the rear and of a handful of men across. On his days of rest the horizon is somewhat expanded. It becomes then a thing of crowded and muddy village streets, of food and drink and tobacco and a place to sleep.

Always, of course, it is a thing of noises.

This is not a narrative of war. It matters very little, for instance, how Cecil's regiment left Salisbury and went to Soissons, in France. What really matters is that at last the Canadian-made motor lorries moved up their equipment, and that, after digging practice trenches in the yellow clay of old battlefields, they were moved up to the front.

Once there, there seemed to be a great deal of time. It was the lull before Neuve Chapelle. Cecil's spirit grew heavy with waiting. Once, back on rest at his billet, he took a long walk over the half-frozen side roads and came without warning on a main artery. Three traction engines were taking to the front the first of the great British guns, so long awaited. He took the news back to his mess. The general verdict was that there would be something doing now.

Cecil wrote a letter to Edith that day. He had written before, of course, but this was different. He wrote first to his mother, just in case anything happened, a long, boyish letter with a misspelled word here and there. He said he was very happy and very comfortable, and that if he did get his he wanted her to know that it was all perfectly cheerful and not anything like the war correspondents said it was. He'd had a bully time all his life, thanks to her. He hadn't let her know often enough how he felt about her, and she knew he was a dub at writing. There were a great many things worse than "going out" in a good fight. "It isn't at all as if you could see the blooming thing coming," he wrote. "You never know it's after you until you've got it, and then you don't."

The letter was not to be sent unless he was killed. So he put in a few anecdotes to let her know exactly how happy and contented he was. Then he dropped the whole thing in the ten inches of mud and water he was standing in, and had to copy it all over.

To Edith he wrote a different sort of letter. He told her that he loved her. "It's almost more adoration than love," he wrote, while two men next to him were roaring over a filthy story. "I mean by that, that I feel every hour of every day how far above me you are. It's like one of these *fusées* the Germans are always throwing up over us at night. It's perfectly dark, and then something bright and clear and

Anticipating Telephone Needs

When a new subscriber is handed his telephone, there is given over to his use a share in the pole lines, underground conduits and cables, switchboards, exchange buildings, and in every other part of the complex mechanism of the telephone plant.

It is obvious that this equipment could not be installed for each new connection. It would mean constantly rebuilding the plant, with enormous expense and delay. Therefore, practically everything but the telephone instrument must be in place at the time service is demanded.

Consider what this involves. The telephone company must forecast the needs of the public. It must calculate increases in population in city and country. It must figure the growth of business districts. It must estimate the number of possible telephone users and their approximate location everywhere.

The plant must be so designed that it may be added to in order to meet the estimated requirements of five, ten and even twenty years. And these additions must be ready in advance of the demand for them—as far in advance as it is economical to make them.

Thus, by constantly planning for the future and making expenditures for far-ahead requirements when they can be most advantageously made, the Bell System conserves the economic interest of the whole country while furnishing a telephone service which in its perfection is the model for all the world.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

Asphalt Shingles
Make the Efficient Roof

LONGER LIFE with fewer repairs because made of Asphalt, Nature's permanent waterproofing. Many beautiful colors, low cost, three thicknesses, no leaking—these are some of Asphalt Shingles' many advantages.

You will be agreeably surprised to see what a handsome and efficient roof they make, without increasing the cost.

Every Home Owner Needs This Book

You can use Asphalt Shingles to re-roof your old house. This book tells how. It will save money for you if building a new home. Write for free copy of *"The Roof Distinctive."*

Asphalt Shingle Publicity Bureau
867 Marquette Building, Chicago

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

It is interesting to stop and recall how many good things you have heard of the car and how very few of the other sort

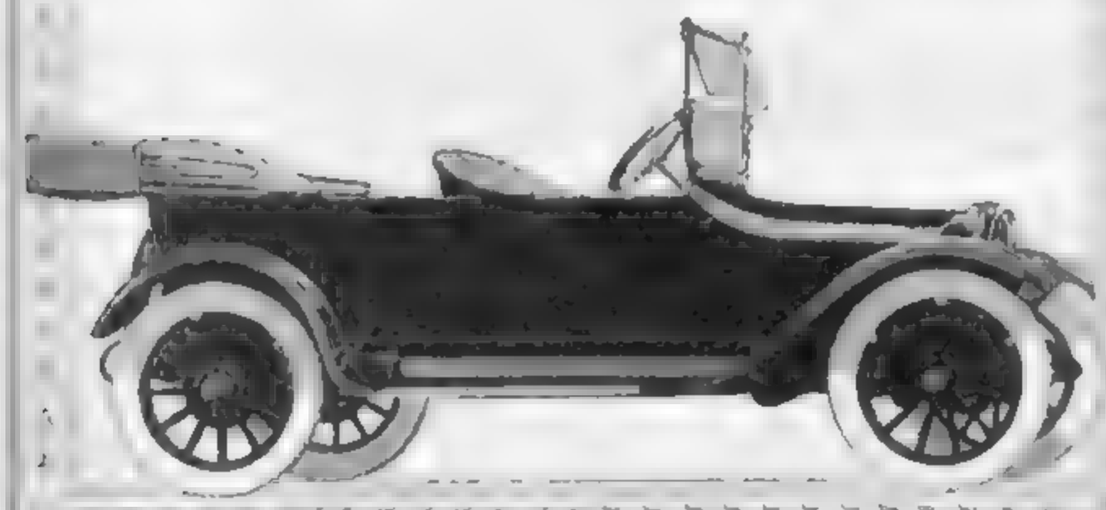
It is not over-stating the case to say that the very large first year's production did not develop a single serious fault. This notable achievement surely justifies public confidence in Dodge Brothers as close and careful manufacturers.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)

Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Copy This Sketch

My practical system of personal lessons by mail will develop your talent. Send you a test lesson plate, also book of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
1434 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

SALESMEN A Company of national reputation wants salesmen to sell typewriter, adding machine cash register, computing scale or check protector salesmen, or those who believe they can sell high-grade office specialty.

An unusual opportunity for you.

Over 100 men now earning excellent salaries. Many good territories open. Write for our attractive proposition and proof of what our men are making.

John Price, Mgr., 450 Fourth Avenue, New York

ASK FOR and GET
HORLICK'S
THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK
Cheap substitutes cost YOU same price.

HERZ PLUG

It Burns Up The Soot

Does Not Force It Down Into Your Cylinders

This [illegible] Herz [illegible] outlines the motor. Ask your dealer.

HERZ & CO., 245 W 55th St., New York

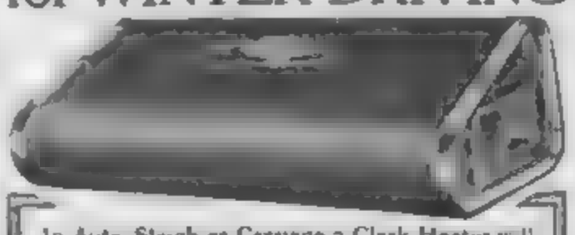
OYSTERO

Oyster broth powder made from fresh, whole oysters with only the moisture evaporated by vacuum. Delicious Oyster Broth instantly prepared simply by adding Oystero to milk and heating it.

Send 10c for a sample sufficient to make four cups.

Schieffelin & Co., *Distributors* New York

Clark Heaters for WINTER DRIVING



In Auto, Sleigh or Carriage a Clark Heater will keep out [illegible] no flame, smoke or smell. [illegible] Complete from $9.00 to $10.00 [illegible] carpet covered. Ask your dealer for a Clark Heater or write us for FREE catalog.

Chicago Flexible Shaft Company, 6180 Loo St., Chicago, Illinois

like a star, only nearer, is overhead. Everything looks different while it floats there. And so, my dear, my dear, everything has been different to me since I knew you."

Rather boyish, all of it, but terribly earnest. He said he had wanted to ask her to marry him, but that the way he felt about it, a fellow had no right to ask a girl such a thing when he was going to a war. If he came back he would ask her. And he would love her all his life.

The next day, at dawn, he went out with eighty men to an outpost that had been an abandoned farm. It was rather a forlorn hope. They had one machine gun. At nine o'clock the enemy opened fire on them and followed it by an attack. The major in charge went down early. At two Cecil was standing in the loft of the farmhouse, firing with a revolver on men who beneath him, outside, were placing dynamite under a corner of the building.

To add to the general hopelessness, their own artillery, believing them all dead, opened fire on the building. They moved their wounded to the cellar and kept on fighting.

At eight o'clock that night Cecil's right arm was hanging helpless, and the building was burning merrily. There were five of them left. They fixed bayonets and charged the open door.

When the boy opened his eyes he was lying in six inches of manure in a box car. One of his men was standing over him, keeping him from being trampled on. There was no air and no water. The ammonia fumes from the manure were stifling.

The car lurched and jolted along. Cecil opened his eyes now and then, and at first he begged for water. When he found there was none he lay still. The men hammered on the door and called for air. They made frantic, useless rushes at the closed and barred door. Except Cecil, all were standing. They were herded like cattle, and there was no room to lie or sit.

He lay there, drugged by weakness. He felt quite sure that he was dying, and death was not so bad. He voiced this feebly to the man who stood over him.

"It's not so bad," he said.

"The hell it's not!" said the man.

For the time Edith was effaced from his mind. He remembered the wounded men left in the cellar with the building burning over them. That, and days at home, long before the war.

Once he said "Mother." The soldier who was now standing astride of him, the better to keep off the crowding men, thought he was asking for water again.

Thirty hours of that, and then air and a little water. Not enough water. Not all the water in all the cool streams of the earth would have slaked the thirst of his wound.

The boy was impassive. He was living in the past. One day he recited at great length the story of his medals. No one listened.

And all the time his right arm lay or hung, as he was prone or erect, a strange right arm that did not belong to him. It did not even swell. When he touched it the fingers were cold and bluish. It felt like a dead hand.

Then, at the end of it all, was a bed, and a woman's voice, and quiet.

The woman was large and elderly, and her eyes were very kind. She stirred something in the boy that had been dead of pain.

"Edith!" he said.

VI

MABEL had made a hit. Unconscious imitator that she was, she stole Edith's former recklessness, and added to it something of her own dash and verve. Lethway, standing in the wings, knew she was not and never would be Edith. She was not fine enough. Edith at her best had frolicked. Mabel romped, was almost wanton. He cut out the string music at the final rehearsal. It did not fit.

On the opening night the brass notes of the orchestra blared and shrieked. Mabel's bare feet flew, her loose hair, cut to her ears and held only by a band over her forehead, kept time in ecstatic little jerks. When at last she pulled off the fillet and bowed to the applause, her thick short hair fell over her face as she jerked her head forward. They liked that. It savored of the abandoned. She shook it back, and danced the encore without the fillet. With her scant chiffons whirling about her knees, her loose hair, her girlish body, she was the embodiment of young love, of its passion, its fire.

Edith had been spring, palpitant with gladness.

Lethway, looking with tired eyes from the wings, knew that he had made a commercial success. But back of his sordid methods there was something of the soul of an artist. And this rebelled.

But he made a note to try flame-colored chiffon for Mabel. Edith was to have danced in the pale greens of a water nymph.

On the night of her triumph Mabel returned late to Edith's room, where she was still quartered. She was moving the next day to a small apartment. With the generosity of her class she had urged Edith to join her, and Edith had perforce consented.

"How did it go?" Edith asked from the bed.

"Pretty well," said Mabel. "Nothing unusual."

She turned up the light, and from her radiant reflection in the mirror Edith got the truth. She lay back with a dull, sickening weight round her heart. Not that Mabel had won, but that she herself had failed.

"You're awfully late."

"I went to supper. Wish you'd been along, dearie. Terribly swell club of some sort." Then her good resolution forgotten: "I made them sit up and take notice, all right. Two invitations for supper to-morrow night and more on the way. And when I saw I'd got the house going to-night, and remembered what I was being paid for it, it made me sick."

"It's better than nothing."

"Why don't you ask Lethway to take you on in the chorus? It would do until you get something else."

"I have asked him. He won't do it."

Mabel was still standing in front of the mirror. She threw her head forward so her short hair covered her face, and watched the effect carefully. Then she came over and sat on the bed.

"He's a dirty dog," she said.

The two girls looked at each other. They knew every move in the game of life, and Lethway's methods were familiar ones.

"What are you going to do about it?" Mabel demanded at last. "Believe me, old dear, he's got a bad eye. Now listen here," she said with impulsive generosity. "I've got a scheme. I'll draw enough ahead to send you back. I'll do it to-morrow, while the drawing's good."

"And queer yourself at the start?" said Edith scornfully. "Talk sense, Mabel. I'm up against it, but don't you worry. I'll get something."

But she did not get anything. She was reduced in the next week to entire dependence on the other girl. And, even with such miracles of management as they had both learned, it was increasingly difficult to get along.

There was a new element too. Edith was incredulous at first, but at last she faced it. There was a change in Mabel. She was not less hospitable nor less generous. It was a matter of a point of view. Success was going to her head. Her indignation at certain phases of life was changing to tolerance. She found Edith's rampant virtue a trifle wearing. She took to staying out very late, and coming in ready to meet Edith's protest with defiant gayety. She bought clothes too.

"You'll have to pay for them sometime," Edith reminded her.

"I should worry. I've got to look like something if I'm going to go out at all."

Edith, who had never thought things out before, had long hours to think now. And the one thing that seemed clear and undeniable was that she must not drive Mabel into debt. Debt was the curse of most of the girls she knew. As long as they were on their own they could manage. It was the burden of unpaid bills, lightly contracted, that drove so many of them wrong.

That night, while Mabel was asleep, she got up and cautiously lighted the gas. Then she took the boy's photograph out of its hiding place and propped it on top of her trunk. For a long time she sat there, her chin in her hands, and looked at it.

It was the next day that she saw his name among the missing.

She did not cry, not at first. The time came when it seemed to her she did nothing else. But at first she only stared. She was too young and too strong to faint, but things went gray for her.

And gray they remained—through long spring days and eternal nights—days when Mabel slept all morning, rehearsed or played in the afternoons, was away all

(Continued on Page 61)

You can figure bigger profits

and a wider territory with the right hauling equipment

There is one sure way to make your hauling equipment right—*equip with GMC trucks.*

From the GMC line you can select the right truck for whatever purpose you have in mind—a fleet of gasoline machines for serving new suburban trade, or an efficient gasoline or electric truck for congested city traffic.

You will find at *"truck headquarters"* the right trucks for *your* needs, whether you require gasoline or electric power; worm, chain, or shaft drive. We are the only manufacturers in the world making a complete line of both gasoline and electric trucks, ranging in capacities from 1000 pounds to 6 tons.

Because of this, our advice on *better trucking* is sought by business men everywhere. They have come to know that our recommendations are fair and unbiased.

If you care to have us suggest an equipment that, in our judgment, would better *your* trucking in 1916, write us today and tell us the nature of your business, also the condition and kind of roads you have.

"We make a truck to fit your business"

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY

One of the Units of General Motors Co.

Pontiac Michigan

Direct Factory Branches:

New York *St. Louis* *Kansas City*
Philadelphia *Boston* *Chicago*

DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

THE Motor Car Manufacturers who use Delco starting, lighting and ignition are manufacturers who are not willing to sacrifice safety and endurance in order to save a few dollars in cost.

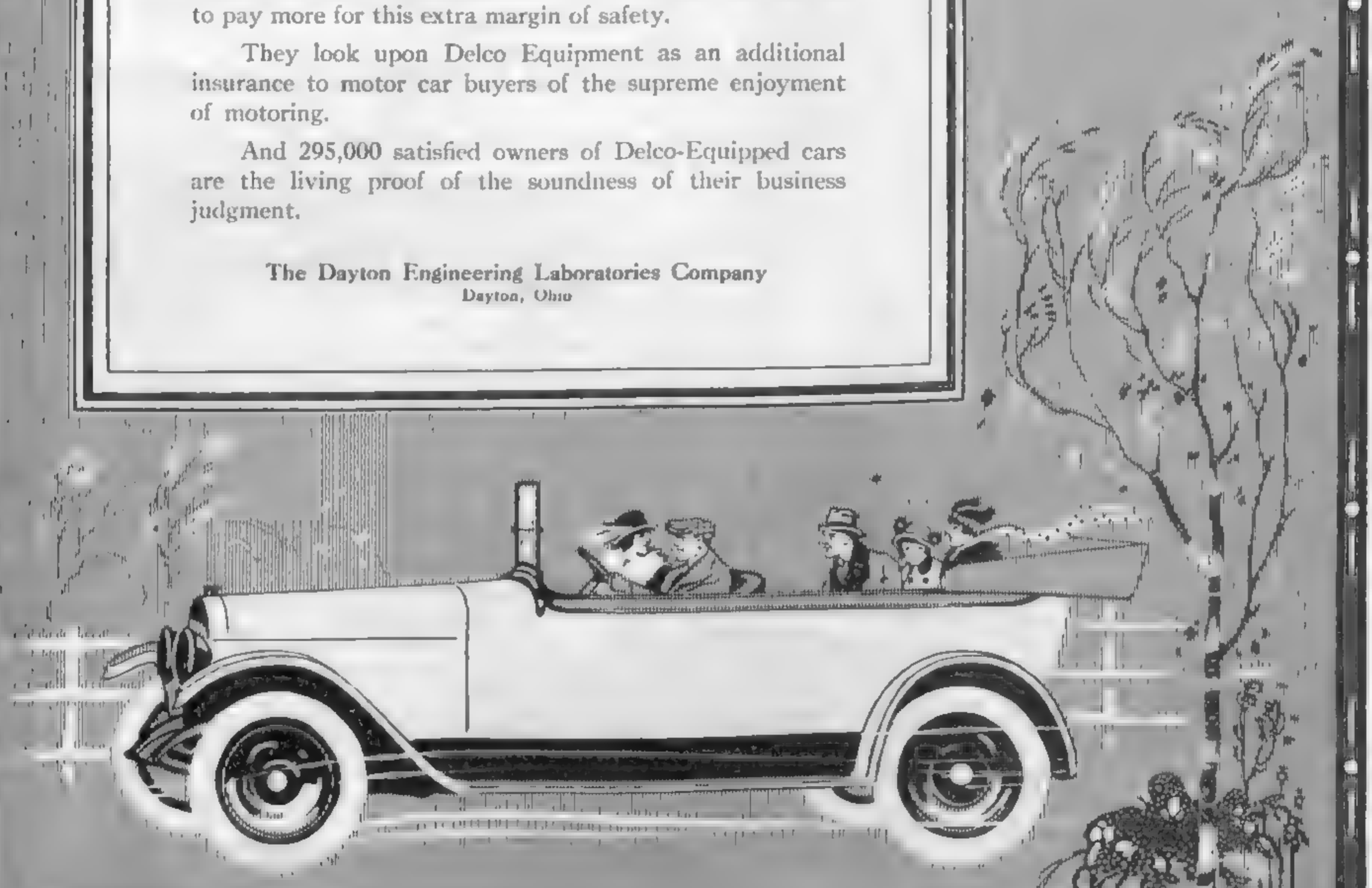
They believe it to be sound business judgment to pay three-quarters of a million dollars more for Delco Equipment than they would have to pay for other standard electrical systems.

They demand an Electrical Equipment with endurance that will stand up under hard, continued service and with a degree of efficiency that is unfailing, no matter how severe may be the demands upon it. And they are willing to pay more for this extra margin of safety.

They look upon Delco Equipment as an additional insurance to motor car buyers of the supreme enjoyment of motoring.

And 295,000 satisfied owners of Delco-Equipped cars are the living proof of the soundness of their business judgment.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company
Dayton, Ohio



A DELCO EQUIPPED CAR—
INSURANCE OF THE SUPREME
ENJOYMENT OF MOTORING

(Continued from Page 58)

evening and far into the night. She did not eat or sleep. She spent money that was meant for food on papers and journals and searched for news. She made a frantic but ineffectual effort to get into the War Office.

She had received his letter two days after she had seen his name among the missing. She had hardly dared to open it, but having read it, for days she went round with a strange air of consecration that left Mabel uneasy.

"I wish you wouldn't look like that!" she said one morning. "You get on my nerves."

But as time went on the feeling that he was dead overcame everything else. She despaired, rather than grieved. And following despair came recklessness. He was dead. Nothing else mattered. Lethway, meeting her one day in Oxford Circus, almost passed her before he knew her. He stopped her then.

"Haven't been sick, have you?"

"Me? No."

"There's something wrong."

She did not deny it and he fell into step beside her.

"Doing anything?" he asked.

She shook her head. With all the power that was in her she was hating his tall figure, his heavy-lashed eyes, even the familiar ulster he wore.

"I wish you were a sensible young person," he said. But something in the glance she gave him forbade his going on. It was not an ugly glance. Rather it was cold, appraising—even, if he had known it, despairing.

Lethway had been busy. She had been in the back of his mind rather often, but other things had crowded her out. This new glimpse of her fired him again, however. And she had a new quality that thrilled even through the callus of his soul. The very thing that had foredoomed her to failure in the theater appealed to him strongly—a refinement, a something he did not analyze.

When she was about to leave him he detained her with a hand on her arm.

"You know you can always count on me, don't you?" he said.

"I know I can't," she flashed back at him with a return of her old spirit.

"I'm crazy about you."

"Old stuff!" she said coolly, and walked off. But there was a tug of fear at her heart. She told Mabel, but it was typical of the change that Mabel only shrugged her shoulders.

It was Lethway's shrewdness that led to his next move. He had tried bullying, and failed. He had tried fear, with the same lack of effect. Now he tried kindness.

She distrusted him at first, but her starved heart was crying out for the very thing he offered her. As the weeks went on, with no news of Cecil, she accepted his death stoically at last. Something of her had died. But in a curious way the boy had put his mark on her. And as she grew more like the thing he had thought her to be the gulf between Mabel and herself widened. They had, at last, only in common their room, their struggle, the contacts of their daily life.

And Lethway was now always in the background. He took her for quiet meals and brought her home early. He promised her that sometime he would see that she got back home.

"But not just yet," he added as her color rose. "I'm selfish, Edith. Give me a little time to be happy."

That was a new angle. It had been a part of the boy's quiet creed to make others happy.

"Why don't you give me something to do, since you're so crazy to have me hanging about?"

"Can't do it. I'm not the management. And they're sore at you. They think you threw them down." He liked to air his American slang.

Edith cupped her chin in her hand and looked at him. There was no mystery about the situation, no shyness in the eyes with which she appraised him. She was beginning to like him too.

That night when she got back to Mabel's apartment her mood was reckless. She went to the window and stood looking at the crooked and chimney-potted skyline that was London.

"Oh, what's the use?" she said savagely, and gave up the fight.

When Mabel came home she told her.

"I'm going to get out," she said without preamble.

She caught the relief in Mabel's face, followed by a purely conventional protest.

"Although," she hedged cautiously, "I don't know, dearie. People look at things sensibly these days. You've got to live, haven't you? They're mighty quick to jail a girl who tries to jump in the river when she's desperate.

"I'll probably end there. And I don't much care."

Mabel gave her a good talking to about that. Her early training had been in a church which regarded self-destruction as a cardinal sin. Then business acumen asserted itself:

"He'll probably put you on somewhere. He's crazy about you, Ede."

But Edith was not listening. She was standing in front of her opened trunk tearing into small pieces something that had been lying in the tray.

VII

NOW the boy had tried very hard to die, and failed. The thing that had happened to him was an unbelievable thing. When he began to use his tired faculties again, when the ward became not a shadow land but a room, and the nurse not a presence but a woman, he tried feebly to move his right arm.

But it was gone.

At first he refused to believe it. He could feel it lying there beside him. It ached and throbbed. The fingers were cramped. But when he looked it was not there.

There was not one shock of discovery, but many. For each time he roused from sleep he had forgotten, and must learn the thing again.

The elderly German woman stayed close. She was wise, and war had taught her many things. So when he opened his eyes she was always there. She talked to him very often of his mother, and he listened with his eyes on her face—eyes like those of a sick child.

In that manner they got by the first few days.

"It won't make any difference to her," he said once. "She'd take me back if I was only a fragment." Then bitterly: "That's all I am—a fragment! A part of a man!"

After a time she knew that there was someone else, someone he was definitely relinquishing. She dared not speak to him about it. His young dignity was militant. But one night, as she dozed beside him in the chair, he reached the limit of his repression and told her.

"An actress!" she cried, sitting bolt upright. "*Du lieber*—an actress!"

"Not an actress," he corrected her gravely. "A—a dancer. But good. She's a very good girl. Even when I was—was whole"—raging bitterness there—"I was not good enough for her."

"No actress is good. And dancers!"

"You don't know what you are talking about," he said roughly, and turned his back to her. It was almost insulting to have her assist him to his attitude of contempt, and to prop him in it with pillows behind his back. Lying there he tried hard to remember that this woman belonged to his hereditary foes. He was succeeding in hating her when he felt her heavy hand on his head.

"Poor boy! Poor little one!" she said. And her voice was husky.

When at last he was moved from the hospital to the prison camp she pinned the sleeve of his ragged uniform across his chest and kissed him, to his great discomfiture. Then she went to the curtained corner that was her quarters, and wept long and silently.

The prison camp was overcrowded. Early morning and late evening prisoners were lined up to be counted. There was a medley of languages—French, English, Arabic, Russian. The barracks were built round a muddy inclosure in which the men took what exercise they could.

One night a boy with a beautiful tenor voice sang Auld Lang Syne under the boy's window. He stood with his hand on the cuff of his empty sleeve and listened. And suddenly a great shame filled him, that with so many gone forever, with men dying every minute of every hour, back at the lines, he had been so obsessed with himself. He was still bitter, but the bitterness was that he could not go back again and fight.

When he had been in the camp a month he helped two British officers to escape. One of them had snubbed him in London, months before. He apologized before he left.

"You're a man, Hamilton," he said. "All you Canadians are men. I've some things to tell when I get home."

Stop Hitting at Nothing!

Some men are like a shot gun that scatters without much force in any one spot. Others are like the rifle that sends the bullet straight to the bull's eye. How about you?

Herbert P. Mee, Material Accountant of the Southern Pacific Railroad, aimed at nothing and hit it—*until*—but let him tell his story himself.

His Letter

Like most people, I was a drifter, admiring success, weakly wishing for better things to come, with no conception of what those better things were or how to proceed to get them.

"I aimed at nothing and hit it.

"I performed each task that presented itself, did it fairly well and then lay back awaiting the next task, using the spare time to build castles in Spain.

"Paragraph One, Lesson One, of your

Course in Personal Efficiency

started me to thinking. If the Course had done nothing else for me than this it was well worth the price paid. But it did more.

"As an immediate benefit, I have an increased capacity for work which my superiors were not slow to recognize, so that for the most part I am relieved of my old duties and assigned to much more important work.

"Young people who wish to get ahead, but don't know the why, the how or the way, can get the information very cheaply through this Course.

"Old people, given over to pessimism, loss of interest and with apparently weakened vitality and enthusiasm, will get the jolt of their life reading the Course through but once."

Is it Skill you want? Efficiency taught the U. S. Navy to shoot 1200 times as well today as at Santiago. Is it Money? Efficiency brought a great western railroad a million and a half in one year. Is it Economy? A California state official saved $2700 on one job after he had his third lesson of this course. Is it Education? A prominent man of Louisville, Ky., got his first big step that way from the first lesson of this course.

Harrington Emerson acquired in practical work with many corporations the knowledge and experience that enabled him to write this course. He is still the president of an Efficiency Company directing efficiency work in a number of corporations. In his work he had to teach and train many young men, some of whom today hold highly paid positions. He has thought efficiency for forty years; he has taught it for thirty years; during twenty years he slowly collected the data for this course. You can learn from this course how you can save an hour, two hours a day, two dollars out of each dollar you earn, how you can make the days it takes you to make a week's income in your own line in 15 minutes a day and for little more than a dollar a lesson.

FREE—This Book

14 Chapters—In Colors—Illustrated

Send for this book. It contains the answer to the ever-present question of "Where is the money coming from?" Some of the chapters:

What is Efficiency? For whom is Efficiency? How you are taught Efficiency. Are you ear-minded or eye-minded? Find out what you are actually doing with your time. Most failures are due to guesswork. You use only half your power. To what do some men owe their success? Health culture. Personal finances. Mr. Emerson's message to you.

There is no standing still in life. If you're not going forward, you are going backward. If Efficiency doesn't grow on you, inefficiency will. This course will send you forward to your goal—it will put you on the shortest, quickest, easiest road to success. Send the coupon for information now—today. It costs you nothing and may be the biggest thing you ever did in your life.

REVIEW of REVIEWS CO., 30 Irving Place, New York

Review of Reviews, 30 Irving Place, New York

Send me free booklet ... Coming From?" ... particulars about ... Efficiency, and Story of Emerson."

Name

Address

Occupation

AUTO OWNERS, TEST THE GASOLENE YOU USE.

High test gas gives greater power, speed, mileage and less carbon and engine troubles. Send 60 cents for a LATZ GASOLENE HYDROMETER guaranteed to be accurate and satisfactory, and know what grade gasolene you are using.

H. L. LATZ & CO., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

140 Egg Neubert Incubator $7.50

The Pioneer Hatcher of Quality ...

Neubert Incubator Factory, Box 33, Mankato, Minn.

BILLINGS & SPENCER TOOLS

Your dealer probably has them. If not, write us.

HARTFORD, CT

Wrenches
Pliers
Sc. Drivers
Hammers
Ratchets
Wrench Kits
Tool Kits

Improve Your Sight

CALI-E-YE GLASS CLEANSER CO., 4 East High St., Waynesburg, Pa.

WOULD YOU

show this standard high grade 42 key fully visible typewriter to your friends and let them see wherein it excels any other $100 typewriter, if by ... other ... you could ... GIVEN YOU ... to keep as your own ...

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 203, Chicago, Ill.

LAW STUDY AT HOME BECOME AN LL.B.

Only recognized resident law school in U. S. Conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL.B. by correspondence ... prominent lawyers ... Complete Course in Oratory, Public Speaking ... Others Business Men Need Lawyers and Students ... Large Handsomely Illustrated Prospectus ... courses for Business Men and Bankers.

HAMILTON COLLEGE OF LAW, 481 Advertising Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

The most satisfactory investment is a Savings Account at 4% interest with this strong bank. Your principal is always worth one hundred cents on the dollar and the interest is compounded twice a year. Send for booklet "M" explaining our system of receiving deposits by mail.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO ... CAPITAL & SURPLUS ... 50

The Pathé
Pathephone
Satisfies Every Musical Longing

It releases the imprisoned world of music from Disc Records of any make just as the artist sang or played the selection originally, reproducing the most delicate over-tones with all the expression, shading and skill of the musician—every tone true, rich and full.

The Pathé Sapphire Ball

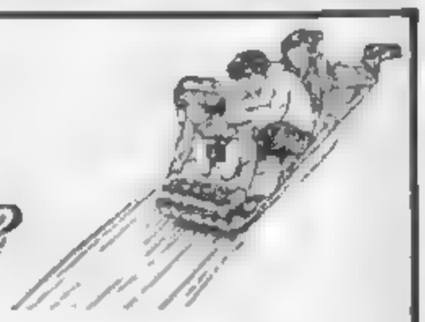
—used instead of a needle—never requires changing, never wears out and cannot injure the surface of a PATHÉ Disc.

Pathephone Prices, $15. to $300.
Pathé Double-Disc Prices, 75c to $2.50

If there is no dealer in your city, write us!

PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
New York, U.S.A.

Are you provided?



IF YOU want a splendid new pair of hockey skates, a new coaster, a pair of skis or any other of the things which any live boy wants in winter, you can obtain them without expense. They will be given in addition to your cash profits earned by selling

The Saturday Evening Post and
The Ladies' Home Journal

Thousands of boys and young men are making money, building up bank accounts, establishing business reputations for themselves—and at the same time winning bicycles, tool chests, cameras, rifles and other splendid prizes.

Upon request we will tell you how thousands of the brightest boys in America are earning their own spending money and the sort of premiums which every boy wants. Address

BOX 220, SALES DIVISION
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The boy could not go with them. There would be canals to swim across, and there was his empty sleeve and weakness. He would never swim again, he thought. That night, as he looked at the empty beds of the men who had gone, he remembered his medals and smiled grimly.

He was learning to use his left hand. He wrote letters home with it for soldiers who could not write. He went into the prison hospital and wrote letters for those who would never go home. But he did not write to the girl.

He went back at last, when the hopelessly wounded were exchanged. To be branded "hopelessly wounded" was to him a stain, a stigma. It put him among the clutterers of the earth. It stranded him on the shore of life. Hopelessly wounded!

For, except what would never be whole, he was well again. True, confinement and poor food had kept him weak and white. His legs had a way of going shaky at nightfall. But once he knocked down an insolent Russian with his left hand, and began to feel his own man again. That the Russian was weak from starvation did not matter. The point to the boy was that he had made the attempt.

Providence has a curious way of letting two lives run along, each apparently independent of the other. Parallel lines they seem, hopeless of meeting. Converging lines really, destined, through long ages, by every deed that has been done, to meet at a certain point and there fuse.

Edith had left Mabel, but not to go to Lethway. When nothing else remained that way was open. She no longer felt any horror—only a great distaste. But two weeks found her at her limit. She, who had rarely had more than just enough, now had nothing.

And no glory of sacrifice upheld her. She no longer believed that by removing the burden of her support she could save Mabel. It was clear that Mabel would not be saved. To go back and live on her, under the circumstances, was but a degree removed from the other thing that confronted her.

There is just a chance that, had she not known the boy, she would have killed herself. But again the curious change he had worked in her manifested itself. He thought suicide a wicked thing.

"I take it like this," he had said in his eager way: "life's a thing that's given us for some purpose. Maybe the purpose gets clouded—I'm afraid I'm an awful duffer at saying what I mean. But we've got to work it out, do you see? Or—or the whole scheme is upset."

It had seemed very clear then.

Then, on a day when the rare sun made even the rusty silk hats of clerks on tops of omnibuses to gleam, when the traffic glittered on the streets and the windows of silversmiths' shops shone painful to the eye, she met Lethway again.

The sun had made her reckless. Since the boy was gone life was wretchedness, but she clung to it. She had given up all hope of Cecil's return, and what she became mattered to no one else.

Perhaps, more than anything else, she craved companionship. In all her crowded young life she had never before been alone. Companionship and kindness. She would have followed to heel, like a dog, for a kind word.

Then she met Lethway. They walked through the park. When he left her her once clear, careless glance had a suggestion of furtiveness in it.

That afternoon she packed her trunk and sent it to an address he had given her. In her packing she came across the stick of cold cream, still in the pocket of the middy blouse. She flung it, as hard as she could, across the room.

She paid her bill with money Lethway had given her. She had exactly a sixpence of her own. She found herself in Trafalgar Square late in the afternoon. The great enlisting posters there caught her eye, filled her with bitterness.

"Your king and your country need you," she read. She had needed the boy, too, but this vast and impersonal thing, his mother country, had taken him from her—taken him and lost him. She wanted to stand by the poster and cry to the passing women to hold their men back. As she now knew she hated Lethway, she hated England.

She wandered on. Near Charing Cross she spent the sixpence for a bunch of lilies of the valley, because he had said once that she was like them. Then she was for throwing them in the street, remembering the thing she would soon be.

"For the wounded soldiers," said the flower girl. When she comprehended that, she made her way into the station. There was a great crowd, but something in her face made the crowd draw back and let her through. They nudged each other as she passed.

"Looking for someone, poor child!" said a girl and, following her, thrust the flowers she too carried into Edith's hand. She put them with the others, rather dazed.

To Cecil the journey had been a series of tragedies. Not his own. There were two hundred of them, officers and men, on the boat across the Channel. Blind, maimed, paralyzed, in motley garments, they were hilariously happy. Every throb of the turbine engines was a thrust toward home. They sang, they cheered.

Now and then some one would shout: "Are we downhearted?" And crutches and canes would come down on the deck to the unanimous shout: "No!"

Folkestone had been trying, with its parade of cheerfulness, with kindly women on the platform serving tea and buns. In the railway coach to London, where the officers sat, a talking machine played steadily, and there were masses of flowers, violets and lilies of the valley. At Charing Cross was a great mass of people, and as they slowly disembarked he saw that many were crying. He was rather surprised. He had known London as a cold and unemotional place. It had treated him as an alien, had snubbed and ignored him.

He had been prepared to ask nothing of London, and it lay at his feet in tears.

Then he saw Edith.

Perhaps, when in the fullness of years the boy goes over to the life he so firmly believes awaits him, the one thing he will carry with him through the open door will be the look in her eyes when she saw him. Too precious a thing to lose, surely, even then. Such things make heaven.

"What did I tell you?" cried the girl who had given Edith her flowers. "She has found him. See, he has lost his arm. Look out—catch him!"

But he did not faint. He went even whiter, and looking at Edith he touched his empty sleeve.

"As if that would make any difference to her!" said the girl, who was in black. "Look at her face! She's got him."

Neither Edith nor the boy could speak. He was afraid of unmanly tears. His dignity was very dear to him. And the tragedy of his empty sleeve had her by the throat. So they went out together and the crowd opened to let them by.

At nine o'clock that night Lethway stormed through the stage entrance of the theater and knocked viciously at the door of Mabel's dressing room. Receiving no attention, he opened the door and went in.

The room was full of flowers, and Mabel, ready to go on, was having her pink toes rouged for her barefoot dance.

"You've got a nerve!" she said coolly. "Where's Edith?"

"I don't know and I don't care. She ran away, when I was stinting myself to keep her. I'm done. Now you go out and close that door, and when you want to enter a lady's dressing room, knock."

He looked at her with blazing hatred.

"Right-o!" was all he said. And he turned and left her to her flowers.

At exactly the same time Edith was entering the elevator of a small, very respectable hotel in Kensington. The boy, smiling, watched her in.

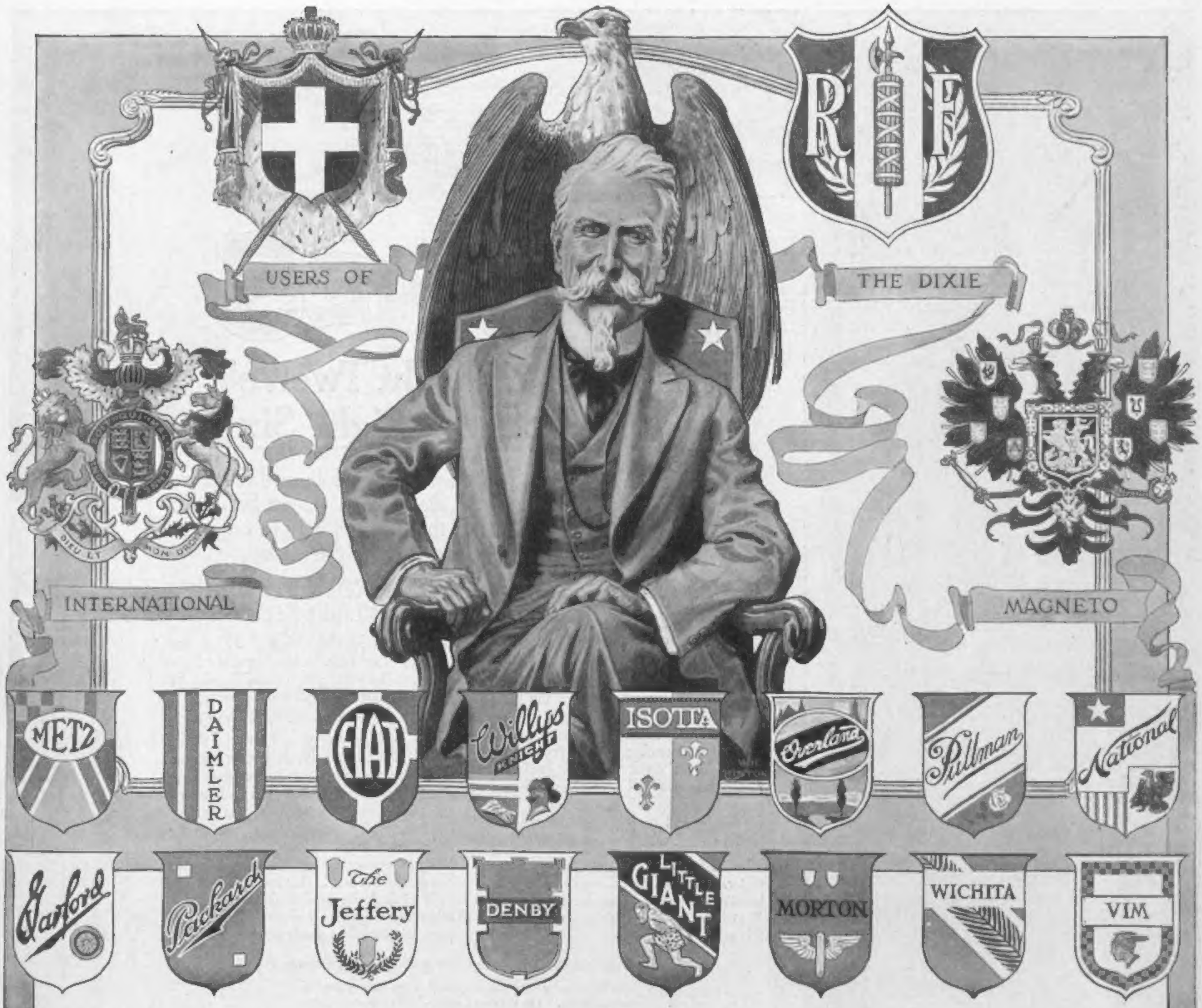
He did not kiss her, greatly to the disappointment of the hall porter. As the elevator rose the boy stood at salute, the fingers of his left hand to the brim of his shabby cap. In his eyes, as they followed her, was all that there is of love—love and a new understanding.

She had told him, and now he knew. His creed was still the same. Right was right and wrong was wrong. But he had learned of that shadowy No Man's Land between the lines, where many there were who fought their battles and were wounded, and even died.

As he turned and went out two men on crutches were passing along the quiet street. They recognized him in the light of the doorway, and stopped in front of him. Their voices rang out in cheerful unison:

"Are we downhearted? No!"

Their crutches struck the pavement with a resounding thump.



Automobile and commercial vehicle manufacturers with names known as household words throughout the world are equipping their pleasure cars and trucks with the

DIXIE Magneto

20th Century Ignition

They could have adopted cheaper ignition systems, but they have refused to profit at the expense of their reputations. — *Colonel Dixie*

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

(All Splitdorf features are fully covered by patent or patents pending)

HAYNES
AMERICA'S FIRST CAR

HAYNES

announces a "Light Twelve" and New Series "Light Six"

In producing the Haynes "Light Twelve" we followed the same success formula which developed the Haynes "Light Six," the sensation of the past year. It is the Haynes way to originate and perfect a car—and then announce it for the market.

The New Haynes "Light Twelve"

For over a year the Haynes "Light Twelve" has been in the process of development. Over seven months ago the engine for the new car was on the testing block. A few weeks later the car was on the road undergoing every possible test. In announcing the Haynes "Light Twelve" we do it with the knowledge that it has emerged triumphantly from its thorough testing—it is a car upon which we are proud to put our name and are glad to back with our reputation.

The "Light Twelve" has valve-in-head motor, aluminum pistons and embodies the latest developments in engineering practice. Watch for your dealer's announcement of this car.

The Refined Haynes "Light Six"

New Series Models 36 and 37 of the Haynes "Light Six" embody many refinements, including: seat covers, aluminum pistons, improved body lines, gipsy curtains, ammeter, hydrometer, cigar lighter, etc.

The engine in the new Haynes "Light Six" is the same light, high-speed motor that develops more horsepower than any other engine of the same bore and stroke. In actual performance this has meant flexibility, hill-climbing power, get-away ability, and economy, which have made Haynes users enthusiastic boosters. It also has resulted in a sale that for 1915 practically totalled the combined output of the other car makers of Indiana—the second state in automobile production.

Write for full information regarding the New Haynes Series

We'll be glad to send you the details in the January issue of our magazine, "The Haynes Pioneer." It's free on request.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
40 South Main St., Kokomo, Indiana

HAYNES "LIGHT SIX" PRICES—
Model 36—Five-Passenger Touring Car $1485
Model 36—Three-Passenger "So-Sha-Belle" Roadster, $1485
Model 37—Seven-Passenger Touring Car $1585

Haynes "Light Twelve" prices—to be announced shortly.

All prices f. o. b. Kokomo, Indiana.

ANNOUNCEMENT

KING EIGHT

"CHALLENGER" MODEL E—SIXTY HORSE POWER

7-Passenger Touring *5-Passenger Roadster*

Price $1350 Complete

F. O. B. DETROIT

WITH this new model the King Motor Car Company enters its second year as a builder of "Eights", after having been the *first* concern in America to manufacture and market a "popular-priced" eight cylinder automobile and the *second* in the country with a car of this type.

Thousands of the first King Eight are now in operation the world over, there being *more* KING eight cylinder cars running than *any* other make save one. This model more than doubled our business in less than one year and necessitated an increased factory area of 70,000 square feet, which is ample evidence of its success.

The finely designed boat-line body of "CHALLENGER" Model E has a grace, distinctiveness and finish beyond illustration. Only an examination of its lines and coach work will do it justice. The many points of engineering excellence require catalog enlargement, but a suggestion of what this car offers mechanically may be gathered from a brief mention of features: Motor bore and stroke 3 x 5; staggered cylinder blocks; aluminum pistons; improved King Cantilever suspension; 120 wheel-base—equal in roominess to 126 inches in a Six; emergency brake on transmission shaft; auxiliary seats folding out of sight; spiral bevel gears, and vacuum gasoline system.

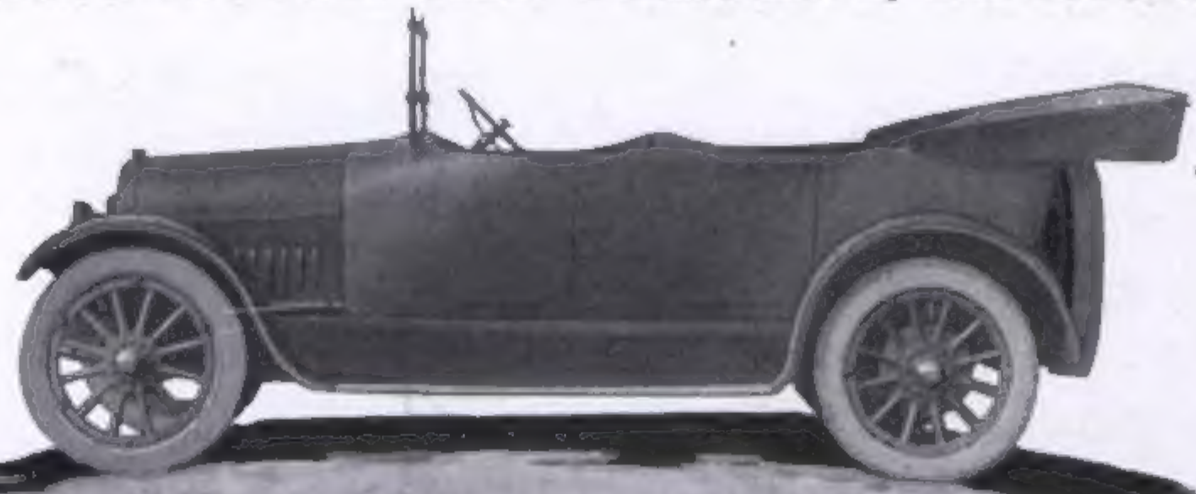
Model E has been on the trial road for months and has been put to grueling tests, under the eyes of our engineers, which would represent years of hard usage in ordinary service.

"RELIANCE"—THE IMPROVED 5-PASSENGER TOURING MODEL—*$1150* Complete.
40-45 Horse Power, Eight Cylinder. The car which made the famous official high-gear tests on the Pacific Coast—two rough trips of over 800 miles each sealed in "high", both with perfect scores. 113-inch wheel-base and 2⅝ x 5 V-type motor. Color, Salon green. IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

See King Exhibit at the Automobile Shows, and send for descriptive matter

KING MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

"The Car of No Regrets"



"Challenger" Model E

Williams'

"Gentlemen—The Big Stick"

HERE is the mightiest and yet the gentlest weapon that ever beat a stubborn beard into submission and left a smile of contentment in its wake.

It is built for men of action—ready to the hand, gentle to the skin and a steam roller to beard resistance.

A pull—and the top becomes a holder for the fingers. Dropping it back in the box after use is as natural as dropping it anywhere, and there it stays till tomorrow, protected from dust and germs.

Such, fellow shavers, is the Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick—a soap that comes down to you through three-quarters of a century without an impure strain; a lather that feels like cream and carries moisture like a sponge, and a box that's as handy as a valet.

Try this super-soap tomorrow morning. It is no farther away than the nearest dealer.

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid

Send 10 cents in stamps for a trial size of all four forms, and then decide which you prefer. Or send 4 cents in stamps for any one.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' Talc Powder.
Your choice of four odors, Violet, Carnation, Lilac, Rose.